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Edited by J. H. Agnew.

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OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1844.

EDITED BY JOHN HOLMES AGNEW.

PUBLISHED BY LEAVITT, TROW, & CO.,

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THE
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1844.

MILTON.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

We insert here one of Macaulay's finest articles, first published in the Edinburgh Review, in 1825; almost twenty years ago. It will, consequently, be new to the youthful portion of our readers; and we feel assured, that those who have read it once will relish it again. It contains a criticism on Milton's poetry, and a comparison between him and Dante, together with a fine sketch of his character and principles, accompanied also by graphic delineations of Charles I., James, Cromwell, and the Puritans.

It is far superior to any article in the last Edinburgh; and being a good accompaniment of our plate, we feel a confidence that it will be well received by our readers.

We print it in smaller type than usual, in order to leave as much room as possible for other fresher, though not better matter.

From the Edinburgh Review, 1825.

Joannis Miltoni, Angli, de Doctrina Christiana libri duo postumi. A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone. By JOHN MILTON, translated from the original by CHARLES R. SUMNER, M. A. &c. &c. 1825.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1823, Mr. Lemon, Deputy Keeper of the State Papers, in the course of his researches among the presses of his office, met with a large Latin manuscript. With it were found corrected copies of the foreign despatches written by Milton, while he filled the office of Secretary, and several papers relating to the Popish Trials and the Rye-house Plot. The whole was wrapped up in an envelope, superscribed "To Mr. Skinner, Merchant." On examination, the large manuscript proved to be the long lost *Essay on the Doctrines of Christianity*, which, according to Wood and Toland, Milton finished after the Restoration,

and deposited with Cyriac Skinner. Skinner, it is well known, held the same political opinions with his illustrious friend. It is therefore probable, as Mr. Lemon conjectures, that he may have fallen under the suspicions of the government during that persecution of the Whigs which followed the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, and that, in consequence of a general seizure of his papers, this work may have been brought to the office in which it had been found. But whatever the adventures of the manuscript may have been, no doubt can exist, that it is a genuine relic of the great poet.

Mr. Sumner, who was commanded by his majesty to edit and translate the treatise, has acquitted himself of this task in a manner honorable to his talents and to his character. His version is not indeed very easy or elegant; but it is entitled to the praise of clearness and fidelity. His notes abound with interesting quotations, and have the rare merit of really elucidating the text. The preface is evidently the work of a sensible and candid man, firm in his own religious opinions, and tolerant towards those of others.

The book itself will not add much to the fame of Milton. It is, like all his Latin works, well written—though not exactly in the style of the Prize Essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanliness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees. He does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not, in short, sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements. The nature of his subject compelled him to use many words

"That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp."

But he writes with as much ease and freedom as if Latin were his mother tongue ; and where he is least happy, his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner. What Denham with great felicity says of Cowley, may be applied to him. He wears the garb, but not the clothes, of the ancients.

Throughout the volume are discernible the traces of a powerful and independent mind, emancipated from the influence of authority, and devoted to the search of truth. He professes to form his system from the Bible alone ; and his digest of Scriptural texts is certainly among the best that have appeared. But he is not always so happy in his inferences as in his citations.

Some of the heterodox opinions which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement ; particularly his Arianism, and his notions on the subject of polygamy. Yet we can scarcely conceive that any person could have read the *Paradise Lost* without suspecting him of the former, nor do we think that any reader, acquainted with the history of his life, ought to be much startled at the latter. The opinions which he has expressed respecting the nature of the Deity, the eternity of matter, and the observation of the Sabbath, might, we think, have caused more just surprise.

But we will not go into the discussion of these points. The book, were it far more orthodox, or far more heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present generation. The men of our time are not to be converted or perverted by quartos. A few more days, and this *Essay* will follow the *Defensio Populi* to the dust and silence of the upper shelf. The name of its author, and the remarkable circumstances attending its publication, will secure to it a certain degree of attention. For a month or two it will occupy a few minutes of chat in every drawing-room, and a few columns in every magazine ; and it will then, to borrow the elegant language of the play-bills, be withdrawn, to make room for the forthcoming novelties.

We wish, however, to avail ourselves of the interest, transient as it may be, which this work has excited. The dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint, till they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors, by exhibiting some relic of him—a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. On the same principle, we intend to take advantage of the late interesting discovery, and, while this memorial of a great and good man is still in the hands of all, to say something of his moral and intellectual qualities. Nor, we are convinced, will the severest of our readers blame us if, on an occasion like the present, we turn for a short time from the topics of the day to commemorate, in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty.

It is by his poetry that Milton is best known ; and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however,

though out-voted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive, in the same breath, to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works, they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men who, born in the infancy of civilization, supplied, by their own powers, the want of instruction, and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created ; he lived in an enlightened age ; he received a finished education ; and we must therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions for these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavorable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of his clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired : and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits it, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl, who has read Mrs. Marce's little *Dialogues on Political Economy*, could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may, indeed, improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence, the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilized people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause, and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, a change by which science gains, and poetry loses. Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge, but particularly in the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more, and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury. He may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius, or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the "Fable of the Bees." But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man—a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no man can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean, not of course all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean, the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination: the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors. Thus the greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigor and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled.

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet—a fine frenzy, doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry: but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, every thing ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence, of all people, children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected, by the story of poor Red Riding-hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes: she weeps, she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones—but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could not recite Homer without almost falling into convulsions.* The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping-knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

* See the Dialogue between Socrates and Io.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title of superiority. His very talents will be a hinderance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind. And it is well, if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man, or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time, great talents, intense labor, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say, absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education. He was a profound and elegant classical scholar: he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature: he was intimately acquainted with every language of Modern Europe, from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination; nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the middle ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as an habitual drunkard to set up for a wine taster.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly, imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry, as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. That the author of the *Paradise Lost* should have written the epistle to Manso, was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed, in all the Latin poems of Milton, the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while, at the same time, the richness of his fancy and the elevation of his sentiments give to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:

“About him exercised heroic games
The unarmed youth of heaven. But o'er their heads
Celestial armory, shield, helm, and spear,
Hung bright, with diamond flaming and with gold.”

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises

for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of its fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt any thing like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism in which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations, by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests, not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the *Iliad*. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion; but takes the whole upon himself, and sets his images in so clear a light that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment; no sooner are they pronounced than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonyme for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power: and he who should then hope to conjure with it, would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, “Open Wheat,” “Open Barley,” to the door which obeyed no sound but “Open Sesame!” The miserable failure of Dryden, in his attempt to rewrite some parts of the *Paradise Lost*, is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations we may re-

mark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known, or more frequently repeated, than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the moral scenery and manners of a distant country. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood, the school-room, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamored knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*. It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others as ottar of roses differs from ordinary rose-water, the close packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are indeed not so much poems, as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a canto.

The *Comus* and the *Samson Agonistes* are works which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. They are both Lyric poems in the form of Plays. There are perhaps no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken. The effect is as unpleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of a prompter, or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newberry, in which a single movable head goes around twenty different bodies; so that the same face looks out upon us successively, from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar. In all the characters, patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers, the frown and sneer of Harold were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to the drama, is the inspiration of the ode. It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself, without reserve, to his own emotions.

Between these hostile elements many great men have endeavored to effect an amalgamation, but never with complete success. The Greek drama, on the model of which the *Samson* was written, sprung from the Ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and

naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. *Æschylus* was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time, the Greeks had far more intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer; and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus, it should seem that they still looked up, with the veneration of disciples, to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tinctured with the Oriental style. And that style, we think, is clearly discernible in the works of Pindar and *Æschylus*. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to some of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd: considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytemnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs, by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall instantly condemn them as monstrous. But, if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magnificence. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance; but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. But it was a task far beyond his powers, perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly; much more highly than, in our opinion, he deserved. Indeed, the caresses, which this partiality leads him to bestow on "sad Electra's poet," sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairy-land kissing the long ears of Bottom. At all events, there can be no doubt that this veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the *Samson Agonistes*. Had he taken *Æschylus* for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent, he has failed, as every one must have failed. We cannot identify ourselves with the characters, as in a good play. We cannot identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralize each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this celebrated piece, to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of

the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages. But we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The Comus is framed on the model of the Italian Masque, as the Samson is framed on the model of the Greek Tragedy. It is, certainly, the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the Faithful Shepherdess, as the Faithful Shepherdess is to the Aminta, or the Aminta to the Pastor Fido. It was well for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy. But he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style; but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His Muse had no objection to a russet attire; but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry, and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May-day. Whatever ornaments she wears are massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible.

Milton attended in the Comus to the distinction which he neglected in the Samson. He made it what it ought to be, essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in semblance. He has not attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has, therefore, succeeded, wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," says the excellent Sir Henry Wotton, in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain dorian delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto, I most plainly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labor of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own Good Genius, bursting from the earthly form and weeds of Thyrsis, he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty; he seems to cry exultingly,

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,"

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky winds of the zephyr scatter

through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides.*

There are several of the minor poems of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the *Paradise Regained*, which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned, except as an instance of the blindness of that parental affection which men of letters bear towards the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the *Paradise Lost*, we must readily admit. But we are sure that the superiority of the *Paradise Lost* to the *Paradise Regained* is not more decided than the superiority of the *Paradise Regained* to every poem which has since made its appearance. But our limits prevent us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production, which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions.

The only poem of modern times which can be compared with the *Paradise Lost*, is the *Divine Comedy*. The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We cannot, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet, than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture-writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for themselves:—they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent, than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the color, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveller. Unlike those of other poets, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn, not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem, but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell, were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place

* "There eternal summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedared alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells:
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew,
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinths and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound."

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where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery of Arles!

Now, let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking the measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage the fiend lies stretched out, huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea-monster which the mariner mistakes for an island. When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas; his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic spectre of Nimrod. "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St. Peter's at Rome; and his other limbs were in proportion; so that the bank, which concealed him from the waist downwards, nevertheless showed so much of him, that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach his hair." We are sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet. But Mr. Cary's translation is not at hand, and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more, compare the lazarus-house, in the eleventh book of the *Paradise Lost*, with the last ward of Malebolge in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct, but solemn and tremendous imagery—Despair hurrying from couch to couch, to mock the wretches with his attendance: Death shaking his dart over them, but in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? "There was such a moan there as there would be if all the sick, who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and of Sardinia, were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs."

We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedence between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has, wisely or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. The *Divine Comedy* is a personal narrative. Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death; who has read the dusky characters on the portal, within which there is no hope; who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon; who has fled from the hooks and the seething pitch of Barbariccia and Diaghignazzo. His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer. His own feet have climbed the mountain of expiation. His own brow has been marked by the purifying angel. The reader would throw aside such a tale in incredulous disgust, unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity, with a sobriety even in its horrors, with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante, as the adventures of Amidas differ from those of Gulliver. The author of Amidas would have

made his book ridiculous if he had introduced those minute particulars which give such a charm to the work of Swift, the nautical observations, the affected delicacy about names, the official documents transcribed at full length, and all the unmeaning gossip and scandal of the court, springing out of nothing, and tending to nothing. We are not shocked at being told that a man who lived, nobody knows when, saw many very strange sights, and we can easily abandon ourselves to the illusion of the romance. But when Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon, now actually resident at Rotherhithe, tells us of pygmies and giants, flying islands and philosophizing horses, nothing but such circumstantial touches could produce, for a single moment, a deception on the imagination.

Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him. And as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery, is that of attempting to philosophize too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry.

What is spirit? What are our own minds, the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phenomena. We cannot explain them into material causes. We therefore infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word, but we have no image of the thing: and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words indeed; but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And, if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry, than a bale of canvass and a box of colors are to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions; but the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is every reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of gods and goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the sun the worship which, speculatively, they considered due only to the Supreme mind. The history of the Jews is the record of a continual struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and

tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity, embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust! Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt. It became a new paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings; but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show, that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be *embodied* before they can excite strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations we infer, that no poet who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme, which, though far less dangerous, was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of a poetical coloring can produce no illusion when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary therefore for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings, as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges, that it was absolutely necessary for him to clothe his spirits with material forms. "But," says he, "he should have secured the consistency of his system, by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if he could not seduce the reader to drop it from his

thoughts? What if the contrary opinion had taken so full a possession of the minds of men, as to leave no room even for the *quasi-belief* which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has doubtless by so doing laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But though philosophically in the wrong, we cannot but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously, through a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world, ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque, indeed, beyond any that was ever written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault indeed on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of his poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. His supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk with his ghosts and demons, without any emotions of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. His angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful, ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Facinata is justly celebrated. Still, Facinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Facinata would have been at an *auto da fé*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it, but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet austere composure, the lover for whose affections she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence, as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

The Spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and demons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the

vagueness and tenor of the Oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. His legends seem to harmonize less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticos, in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite, in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows down to her seven-headed idols. His favorite gods are those of the elder generations,—the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart,—the gigantic Titans and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of heaven. He bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters also are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture. He is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses, that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermittent misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from any thing external, nor even from hope itself!

To return for a moment to the parallel which we have been attempting to draw between Milton and Dante, we would add, that the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncrasies on their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame, who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced, by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds. Yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely, though undesignedly, colored by their personal feelings.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought: that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time

can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth nor the hope of heaven could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!" The gloom of his character discolors all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne! All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men, by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription, facetiously termed the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate court and an inconstant people! Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome herd—which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus, grotesque monsters, half beastial, half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, losty, spotless, and serene—to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rabble of Satyrs and Goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

Hence it was, that though he wrote the *Paradise Lost* at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy-land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

Traces, indeed, of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the Sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics, who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicaji in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an unexpected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream, which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed forever, led him to musings which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style, which characterize these little pieces, remind us of the Greek Anthology; or perhaps still more of the Collects of the English Liturgy—the noble poem on the Massacres of Piedmont is strictly a collect in verse.

The Sonnets are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would indeed be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences, as to the character of a writer, from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, prose and poetry, English, Latin, and Italian, a strong family likeness.

His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high, and an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind; at the very crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes—liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human

race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles, which have since worked their way into the depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with a strange and unwonted fear!

Of those principles, then struggling for their infant existence, Milton was the most devoted and eloquent literary champion. We need not say how much we admire his public conduct. But we cannot disguise from ourselves, that a large portion of his countrymen still think it unjustifiable. The civil war, indeed, has been more discussed, and is less understood, than any event in English history. The Roundheads labored under the disadvantage of which the lion in the fable complained so bitterly. Though they were the conquerors, their enemies were the painters. As a body, they had done their utmost to decry and ruin literature; and literature was even with them, as, in the long run, it always is with its enemies. The best book, on their side of the question, is the charming memoir of Mrs. Hutchinson. May's History of the Parliament is good; but it breaks off at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. The performance of Ludlow is very foolish and violent; and most of the later writers who have espoused the same cause, Oldmixon, for instance, and Catherine Macaulay, have, to say the least, been more distinguished by zeal than either by candor or by skill. On the other side are the most authoritative and the most popular historical works in our language, that of Clarendon, and that of Hume. The former is not only ably written and full of valuable information, but has also an air of dignity and sincerity which makes even the prejudices and errors with which it abounds respectable. Hume, from whose fascinating narrative the great mass of the reading public are still contented to take their opinions, hated religion so much, that he hated liberty for having been allied with religion—and has pleaded the cause of tyranny with the dexterity of an advocate, while affecting the impartiality of a judge.

The public conduct of Milton must be approved or condemned, according as the resistance of the people to Charles I. shall appear to be justifiable or criminal. We shall therefore make no apology for dedicating a few pages to the discussion of that interesting and most important question. We shall not argue it on general grounds, we shall not recur to those primary principles from which the claim of any government to the obedience of its subjects is to be deduced: it is a vantage-ground to which we are entitled; but we will relinquish it. We are, on this point, so confident of superiority, that we have no objection to imitate the ostentatious generosity of those ancient knights, who vowed to joust without helmet or shield against all enemies, and to give their antagonist the advantage of sun and wind. We will take the naked, constitutional question. We confidently

affirm, that every reason, which can be urged in favor of the Revolution of 1688, may be urged with at least equal force in favor of what is called the great rebellion.

In one respect only, we think, can the warmest admirers of Charles venture to say that he was a better sovereign than his son. He was not, in name and profession, a papist; we say, in name and profession, because both Charles himself and his miserable creature, Laud, while they abjured the innocent badges of popery, retained all its worst vices, a complete subjection of reason to authority, a weak preference of form to substance, a childish passion for mummeries, an idolatrous veneration for the priestly character, and, above all, a stupid and ferocious intolerance. This, however, we waive. We will concede that Charles was a good Protestant; but we say that his protestantism does not make the slightest distinction between his case and that of James.

The principles of the Revolution have often been grossly misrepresented, and never more than in the course of the present year. There is a certain class of men, who, while they profess to hold in reverence the great names and great actions of former times, never look at them for any other purpose than in order to find in them some excuse for existing abuses. In every venerable precedent, they pass by what is essential, and take only what is accidental: they keep out of sight what is beneficial, and hold up to public imitation all that is defective. If, in any part of any great example, there be any thing unsound, these flesh-flies detect it with an unerring instinct, and dart upon it with a ravenous delight. They cannot always prevent the advocates of a good measure from compassing their end; but they feel, with their prototype, that

"Their labors must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil."

To the blessings which England has derived from the Revolution these people are utterly insensible. The expulsion of a tyrant, the solemn recognition of popular rights, liberty, security, toleration, all go for nothing with them. One sect there was, which, from unfortunate temporary causes, it was thought necessary to keep under close restraint. One part of the empire there was so unhappily circumstanced, that at that time its misery was necessary to our happiness, and its slavery to our freedom! These are the parts of the Revolution which the politicians of whom we speak love to contemplate, and which seem to them, not indeed to vindicate, but in some degree to palliate the good which it has produced. Talk to them of Naples, of Spain, or of South America. They stand forth, zealots for the doctrine of Divine Right, which has now come back to us, like a thief from transportation, under the *alias* of Legitimacy. But mention the miseries of Ireland! Then William is a hero. Then Somers and Shrewsbury are great men. Then the Revolution is a glorious era! The very same persons who, in this country, never omit an opportunity of reviving every wretched Jacobite slander respecting the whigs of that period, have no sooner crossed St. George's channel, than they begin to fill their

bumpers to the glorious and immortal memory. They may truly boast that they look not at men, but measures. So that evil be done, they care not who does it—the arbitrary Charles or the liberal William, Ferdinand the Catholic or Frederick the Protestant! On such occasions their deadliest opponents may reckon upon their candid construction. The bold assertions of these people have of late impressed a large portion of the public with an opinion that James II. was expelled simply because he was a Catholic, and that the Revolution was essentially a Protestant revolution.

But this certainly was *not* the case. Nor can any person, who has acquired more knowledge of the history of those times than is to be found in Goldsmith's Abridgment, believe that, if James had held his own religious opinions without wishing to make proselytes, or if wishing even to make proselytes, he had contented himself with exerting only his constitutional influence for that purpose, the Prince of Orange would ever have been invited over. Our ancestors, we suppose, knew their own meaning. And if we may believe them, their hostility was *primarily* not to popery, but to *tyranny*. They did not drive out a tyrant because he was a Catholic; but they excluded Catholics from the crown, because they thought them likely to be tyrants. The ground on which they, in their famous resolution, declared the throne vacant, was this, "that James had broken the fundamental laws of the kingdom." Every man, therefore, who approves of the Revolution of 1688, must hold that the *breach of fundamental laws on the part of the sovereign* justifies resistance. The question then is this: Had Charles I. broken the fundamental laws of England?

No person can answer in the negative, unless he refuses credit, not merely to all the accusations brought against Charles by his opponents, but to the narratives of the warmest royalists, and to the confessions of the king himself. If there be *any* historian of *any* party who has related the events of that reign, the conduct of Charles, from his accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament, had been a continued course of oppression and treachery. Let those who applaud the Revolution and condemn the rebellion, mention one act of James II. to which a parallel is not to be found in the history of his father. Let them lay their fingers on a single article in the Declaration of Right, presented by the two Houses to William and Mary, which Charles is not acknowledged to have violated. He had, according to the testimony of his own friends, usurped the functions of the legislature, raised taxes without the consent of parliament, and quartered troops on the people in the most illegal and vexatious manner. Not a single session of parliament had passed without some unconstitutional attack on the freedom of debate. The right of petition was grossly violated. Arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments, were grievances of daily and hourly occurrence. If these things do not justify resistance, the Revolution was treason; if they do, the Great Rebellion was laudable.

But, it is said, why not adopt milder measures? Why, after the king had consented to so many

reforms, and renounced so many oppressive prerogatives, did the parliament continue to rise in their demands, at the risk of provoking a civil war? The ship-money had been given up. The star-chamber had been abolished. Provision had been made for the frequent convocation and secure deliberation of parliaments. Why not pursue an end confessedly good, by peaceable and regular means? We recur again to the analogy of the Revolution. Why was James driven from the throne? Why was he not retained upon conditions? He too had offered to call a free parliament, and to submit to its decision all the matters in dispute. Yet we praise our forefathers, who preferred a revolution, a disputed succession, a dynasty of strangers, twenty years of foreign and intestine war, a standing army, and a national debt, to the rule, however restricted, of a tried and proved tyrant. The Long Parliament acted on the same principle, and is entitled to the same praise. They could not trust the king. He had no doubt passed salutary laws. But what assurance had they that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives. But where was the security that he would not resume them? They had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind, a man who made and broke promises with equal facility, a man whose honor had been a hundred times pawned—and never redeemed.

Here, indeed, the Long Parliament stands on still stronger ground than the Convention of 1688. No action of James can be compared for wickedness and impudence to the conduct of Charles with respect to the Petition of Right. The lords and commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out. He hesitates; he evades: at last he bargains to give his assent, for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent. The subsidies are voted. But no sooner is the tyrant relieved, than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very act which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years, the people had seen the rights, which were theirs by a double claim, by immemorial inheritance and by recent purchase, infringed by the perfidious king who had recognized them. At length circumstances compelled Charles to summon another parliament; another chance was given them for liberty. Were they to throw it away as they had thrown away the former? Were they again to be cozened by *le Roi le veut*? Were they again to advance their money on pledges, which had been forfeited over and over again? Were they to lay a second Petition of Right at the foot of the throne, to grant another lavish aid in exchange for another unmeaning ceremony, and then take their departure, till, after ten year's more of fraud and oppression, their prince should again require a supply, and again repay it with a perjury? They were compelled to choose whether they would *trust* a tyrant or *conquer* him. We think that they chose wisely and nobly.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelm-

ing evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues? And had James II. no private virtues? Was even Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies, which half the tomb-stones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband!—Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood.

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath—and we are told that he kept his marriage-vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates—and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them—and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase—a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations. And if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has labored with an art which is as discreditable in an historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. *He had renounced* the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money. He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.

These arguments are so obvious that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them. But those who have observed how much the events of that time are misrepresented and misunderstood, will not blame us for stating the case simply. It is a case of which the simplest statement is the strongest.

The enemies of the parliament, indeed, rarely

choose to take issue on the great points of the question. They content themselves with exposing some of the crimes and follies to which public commotions necessarily gave birth. They bewail the unmerited fate of Strafford. They execrate the lawless violence of the army. They laugh at the scriptural names of the preachers. Major-generals fleecing their districts; soldiers revelling on the spoils of a ruined peasantry; upstarts, enriched by the public plunder, taking possession of the hospitable firesides and hereditary trees of the old gentry; boys smashing the beautiful windows of cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market-place; Fifth-monarchymen shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing from the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag;—all these, they tell us, were the offspring of the Great Rebellion.

Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event, which alone has made us to differ from the slaves who crouch beneath the sceptres of Brandenburg and Braganza. Many evils, no doubt, were produced by the civil war. They were the price of our liberty. Has the acquisition been worth the sacrifice? It is the nature of the devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?

If it were possible that a people, brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system, could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a people. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a *revolution was necessary*. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people: and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our civil war. The rulers in the church and state reaped only that which they had sown. They had prohibited free discussion—they had done their best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If they suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been for sometime free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are always sober. In climates where wine is a rarity, intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres. It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon how-

ever plenty teaches discretion: and after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, skepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort are to be found? If such miserable sophisms were to prevail, there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise, were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war.* Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces—and that cure is *freedom!* When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day;—he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water until he had learnt to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

Therefore it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton and the other wise and good men who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associ-

* *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 43.

ates, stood firmly by the cause of public liberty. We are not aware that the poet has been charged with personal participation in any of the blamable excesses of that time. The favorite topic of his enemies is the line of conduct which he pursued with regard to the execution of the king. Of that celebrated proceeding we by no means approve. Still we must say, in justice to the many eminent persons who concurred in it, and in justice more particularly to the eminent person who defended it, that nothing can be more absurd than the imputations which, for the last hundred and sixty years, it has been the fashion to cast upon the regicides. We have throughout abstained from appealing to first principles—we will not appeal to them now. We recur again to the parallel case of the Revolution. What essential distinction can be drawn between the execution of the father and the deposition of the son? What constitutional maxim is there, which applies to the former and not to the latter? The king can do no wrong. If so, James was as innocent as Charles could have been. The minister only ought to be responsible for the acts of the sovereign. If so, why not impeach Jeffries and retain James? The person of a king is sacred. Was the person of James considered sacred at the Boyne? To discharge cannon against an army in which a king is known to be posted, is to approach pretty near to regicide. Charles too, it should always be remembered, was put to death by men who had been exasperated by the hostilities of several years, and who had never been bound to him by any other tie than that which was common to them with all their fellow-citizens. Those who drove James from his throne, who seduced his army, who alienated his friends, who first imprisoned him in his palace, and then turned him out of it, who broke in upon his very slumbers by imperious messages, who pursued him with fire and sword from one part of the empire to another, who hanged, drew, and quartered his adherents, and attainted his innocent heir, were his nephew and his two daughters! When we reflect on all these things, we are at a loss to conceive how the same persons who, on the fifth of November, thank God for wonderfully conducting his servant King William, and for making all opposition fall before him until he became our King and Governor, can, on the thirtieth of January, contrive to be afraid that the blood of the Royal Martyr may be visited on themselves and their children.

We do not, we repeat, approve of the execution of Charles: not because the constitution exempts the king from responsibility, for we know that all such maxims, however excellent, have their exceptions; nor because we feel any peculiar interest in his character, for we think that his sentence describes him with perfect justice as a "tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy;" but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage. His heir, to whom the allegiance of every royalist was instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father. They had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great

body of the people, also, contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

But, though we think the conduct of the regicides blamable, that of Milton appears to us in a very different light. The deed was done. It could not be undone. The evil was incurred; and the object was to render it as small as possible. We censure the chiefs of the army for not yielding to the popular opinion: but we cannot censure Milton for wishing to change that opinion. The very feeling, which would have restrained us from committing the act, would have led us after it had been committed, to defend it against the ravings of servility and superstition. For the sake of public liberty, we wish that the thing had not been done, while the people disapproved of it. Put, for the sake of public liberty, we should also have wished the people to approve of it when it was done. If any thing more were wanting to the justification of Milton, the book of Salmasius would furnish it. That miserable performance is now with justice considered only as a beacon to word-catchers who wish to become statesmen. The celebrity of the man who refuted it, the "*Æneæ magni dextra*," gives it all its fame with the present generation. In that age the state of things was different. It was not then fully understood how vast an interval separates the mere classical scholar from the political philosopher. Nor can it be doubted, that a treatise which, bearing the name of so eminent a critic, attacked the fundamental principles of all free governments, must, if suffered to remain unanswered, have produced a most pernicious effect on the public mind.

We wish to add a few words relative to another subject on which the enemies of Milton delight to dwell—his conduct during the administration of the Protector. That an enthusiastic votary of liberty should accept office under a military usurper, seems, no doubt, at first sight, extraordinary. But all the circumstances in which the country was then placed were extraordinary. The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the parliament, and never deserted it, till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions, were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian oligarchy. But even when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. He reformed the representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon. For himself, he demanded indeed the first place in the commonwealth; but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder, or an American president. He gave the parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority—not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments. And he did not require that the chief magis-

tracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time, and the opportunities which he had of aggrandizing himself, be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolívar. Had his moderation been met by corresponding moderation, there is no reason to think that he would have overstepped the line which he had traced for himself. But when he found that his parliaments questioned the authority under which they met, and that he was in danger of being deprived of the restricted power which was absolutely necessary to his personal safety, then, it must be acknowledged, he adopted a more arbitrary policy.

Yet, though we believe that the intentions of Cromwell were at first honest, though we believe that he was driven from the noble course which he had marked out for himself by the almost irresistible force of circumstances, though we admire, in common with all men of all parties, the ability and energy of his splendid administration, we are not pleading for arbitrary and lawless power, even in his hands. We know that a good constitution is infinitely better than the best despot. But we suspect, that, at the time of which we speak, the violence of religious and political enmities rendered a stable and happy settlement next to impossible. The choice lay, not between Cromwell and liberty, but between Cromwell and the Stuarts. That Milton chose well, no man can doubt, who fairly compares the events of the protectorate with those of the thirty years which succeeded it—the darkest and most disgraceful in the English annals. Cromwell was evidently laying, though in an irregular manner, the foundations of an admirable system. Never before had religious liberty and the freedom of discussion been enjoyed in a greater degree. Never had the national honor been better upheld abroad, or the seat of justice better filled at home. And it was rarely that any opposition, which stopped short of open rebellion, provoked the resentment of the liberal and magnanimous usurper. The institutions which he had established, as set down in the Instrument of Government, and the Humble Petition and Advice, were excellent. His practice, it is true, too often departed from the theory of these institutions. But, had he lived a few years longer, it is probable that his institutions would have survived him, and that his arbitrary practice would have died with him. His power had not been consecrated by any ancient prejudices. It was upheld only by his great personal qualities. Little, therefore, was to be dreaded from a second Protector, unless he were also a second Oliver Cromwell. The events which followed his decease are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority. For his death dissolved the whole frame of society. The army rose against the Parliament, the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect. Party plotted against party. The Presbyterians, in their eagerness to be revenged on the Independents, sacrificed their own liberty, and deserted all their old principles. Without casting one glance on the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down

their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush—the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The king cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sunk into a viceroy of France, and pocketed with complacent infamy her degrading insults and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of a government, which had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James—Belial and Moloch ; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race, accursed of God and man, was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations.

Most of the remarks which we have hitherto made on the public character of Milton, apply to him only as one of a large body. We shall proceed to notice some of the peculiarities which distinguished him from his contemporaries. And, for that purpose, it is necessary to take a short survey of the parties into which the political world was at that time divided. We must premise, that our observations are intended to apply only to those who adhered, from a sincere preference, to one or to the other side. At a period of public commotion, every faction, like an Oriental army, is attended by a crowd of camp followers, a useless and heartless rabble, who prowl round its line of march in the hope of picking up something under its protection, but desert in it the day of battle, and often join to exterminate it after a defeat. England, at the time of which we are treating, abounded with such fickle and selfish politicians, who transferred their support to every government as it rose,—who kissed the hand of the king in 1640, and spit in his face in 1649,—who shouted with equal glee when Cromwell was inaugurated in Westminster Hall, and when he was dug up to be hanged at Tyburn—who dined on calves' heads or on broiled rumps, and cut down oak branches or stuck them up as circumstances altered, without the slightest shame or repugnance. These we leave out of the account. We take our estimate of parties from those who really deserved to be called partisans.

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them ; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the

press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

“Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
Che mortali perigli in se contiene :
Hor qui tener a fren nostro a desio,
Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene.”*

Those who roused the people to resistance,—who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years—who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen—who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy—who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body, to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and external interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of man-

kind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands: their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh, who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judg-

* *Gerusalemme Liberata*, xv. 57.

ment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoicks, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artagale's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withheld by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach. And we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity—that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty, mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which co-operated with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candor. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse-boys, gamblers, and bravoes, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a

more favorable specimen. Thinking, as we do, that the cause of the king was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valor, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honor, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; and, like the Red-Crossed Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth, they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought; but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for woman. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a Freethinker. He was not a Cavalier. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the parliament and from the court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those fine elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

"As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest skeptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic

delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolized by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honor and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associates were such as harmonize best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Sirens; yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was a proof against the splendor, the solemnity, and the romance which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his Treatises on Prelacy, with the exquisite lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in the Penseroso, which were published about the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than any thing else, raises his character in our estimation; because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents; but his hand is firm. He does nought in hate, but all in honor. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendor still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a foresworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle, which he fought for that species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against ship-money and the star-chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the king and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem, who in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They

thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanted.

"Oh, ye mistook! You should have snatched the wand!

Without the rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
Bound in strong fetters fixed and motionless."

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians—for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle; but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf.* With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were in general, directed less against particular abuses than against those deeply-seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servile worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up to the rear when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned Prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a fallen party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapors and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He ridiculed the Eikon. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility,

"Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi."

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the

* Sonnet to Cromwell.

full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth and gold. The style is stiff, with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."*

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyze the peculiarities of their diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the *Areopagitica*, and the nervous rhetoric of the *Iconoclast*, and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the *Treatise of Reformation* and the *Animadversions* of the *Remonstrant*. But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the great poet. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction! We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavor to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend, Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen *Boswellism*. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting,

which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great Poet and Patriot without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptation and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

THE WINDS.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE winds are hurrying by me with a tone,
That tells of sorrows past, of woes to come.
Desolate, desolate, their wings are sweeping,
Like ocean wailing, or its monsters keeping
Their howling watch o'er storms that yet lie sleeping.

Tell me, ye winds, stop on your course, and say
What ye have witness'd on your fearful way.
Have ye swept through the lone deserted halls,
Where once bright visions flash'd and jewels
shone?

Where now the moonbeams glance on ruin'd walls,
And thy voice mingles with hoarse waterfalls,
Dashing neglected over rugged stones,
And struggling with their roar to drown thy moans?
Have ye rush'd in your might and wrath,

By those towers where many have wept?
Waking in your dark midnight path

Low echoes which long have slept?
Have ye left them still and motionless,
Standing in stately loneliness?
Have ye poured out your strength in caves,

In sullen murmurs deep,
Where beneath the angry waves
Sea-nymphs their vigils keep,
O'er the graves of those who lie sleeping
Beneath the dashing surge,
With its hollow moans for requiem,
And thy wild notes for dirge?

They answer not—they pass me with a groan—
Still rushing on to their mysterious home!

* The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy, Book II.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.—THE OPENING.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BAR-RISTER.

From the *Metropolitan*.

THE time allowed to us is so very brief, that we can do little more than glance slightly at the events which have occurred, and that within a very narrow space, since we carried the readers of the "Metropolitan" through the stirring occurrences of November, and presented them with a gallery of busts of all the leading characters in that busy scene. In order to preserve unbroken the chain of occurrences, and detail them, however imperfectly, in the order of their progress, while the public mind is yet heated with their interest, we steal a few hours from the throng and excitement of the Queen's Bench to continue our narrative. Before we open the prologue to the swelling scene, it will be necessary to connect the closing of the first with the opening of the second act by a reference to intermediate events. In the interval, there was action and energy on both sides. The Crown, secretly and in silence, carried out its measures under the combined direction of Mr. Brewster and the Crown Solicitor, who left nothing unattempted which the keenest foresight, and provision against all contingencies, could accomplish; while the first law officers crammed like Strasburg geese for the grand festival. On the other hand, the solicitors, or, as Lord Brougham, in his abhorrence of false taste, would call them, "the attorneys" for the traversers, prepared for a stout resistance. Some intelligent emissaries were despatched to collect evidence in the districts charged in the indictment as the places in which "horrid treason did bestride the blast." The traversers' counsel had various consultations on all the various points of attack and defence; and on Monday, the eighth, the order of battle was finally determined on, subject, of course, to such changes in detail as arise in the progress of every great cause. A plan, substantially different, more safe as well as more imposing, was suggested, and would have been adopted, had not a radical change become imperative after the striking of the jury—a subject which demands some consideration.

In England, this preliminary passes off as quietly as the cold muteness of the pleading. Palace Yard resounds with no unusual din. The attorneys meet in the Crown Office, settle the names of the jurors in decent silence; and the public know not, nor care to know, the triers; while the prisoner makes sure of justice, whoever the "good men" may be.

In Ireland, *Themis* moves with a more noisy accompaniment, and it had long been characteristic of her subordinate officers to take improper liberties with her sacred person. The best illustration of this defilement is a saying, once current in every mouth, "Let me see the jury, and I will tell you the verdict." Englishmen cannot comprehend the importance attached in this country to the striking of a jury. Party there does not operate to the exclusion and annihilation of all moral obligation. We, however, understand well the value of the evil. So accustomed was the public ear to this desecration of the first safeguard of liberty, that the vice had long ceased to excite disgust. For some years a better system was in operation, and jurors were neither suppressed nor partially selected. The reform commenced with the late Master of the Rolls, and was inflexibly maintained by his liberal successors in office. Old courses were, however, revived, which resulted in a panel politically unfavorable to the accused. Who the novel adventurer into this region of political poisons may be, is still unknown. The Recorder, who preferred the gay revels of Drayton Manor to the impure atmosphere of Green Street, abandoned his duties, and slipped away over channel. He left orders that the names on the panel, in alphabetical arrangement, should be transmitted to the Manor for his authentication. Two slips, containing over sixty names, of whom twenty-seven were Roman Catholics, in some mysterious manner dropped out of the roll, and hid themselves in a corner! The officers declare their innocence—the clerks of the peace and crown are "free as angels from the damning sin." This recurrence to almost obsolete practice is among the most painful signs of our disorganized state. If it be a cure, it is such a cure as will finally kill. "Violent remedies," says Hume, "often produce for some time a deceitful tranquillity; but as they destroy mutual confidence, and beget the most inveterate animosities, their consequences are commonly fatal, not more to the public against whom they are tried, than those who make trial of them." A power founded on the moral stability of justice is not easily shaken, or, if shaken in a fit of popular animosity, soon rights itself, and reposes firmly on its centre; while the power which commits itself to injustice for the short-lived glory of a transitory triumph, loses in that process through which it had vainly hoped to acquire strength. Even though the Crown should succeed in obtaining a conviction, punishment can scarcely follow, and the Attorney-General may incline to the sugges-

tion of *Starveling the Tailor*, "I believe we must leave the killing out when all's done." The object of the government is to suppress the Repeal Association by the ordinary powers of the law, and Mr. O'Connell stands on its absolute legality. If the Attorney-General should succeed in persuading the jury, Mr. O'Connell's well-contrived machinery is taken to pieces, and the re-organization of a similar body, with its devout enthusiasm and munificent contributions, becomes a great difficulty, if not a direct impossibility. Both sides are aware of the vital character of the struggle, and both will put forth their utmost powers of attack and resistance. The expenses of the defence are enormous. The fees to counsel with their briefs amounted to more than a thousand guineas, which, with daily refreshers during a long deferred contest, attorneys' bills, and a variety of other expenses, will form a weighty aggregate at the close.

The long-expected day at length arrived, big with the triumph of the crown or the fate of the accused—a day of grandeur and solemnity, not more from the vast importance of the issue, than the imposing forms with which it was ushered in, and the array of intellect assembled to measure swords in that "perilous and hard-foughten field." There have been great trials in British history, where kings and monarchies were the stakes for which the combatants played—some where guilty or not guilty involved the progress or defeat of popular principles—others, where the impeachment of proud ministers or the rulers of oppressed provinces, realized the grandest spectacles that ever were presented on the theatre of the world, in the display of sumptuous pomp or of prodigal eloquence. But if they surpassed the present in intense interest and imposing magnificence, they sink beneath it in one respect—the accusation of millions at the bar of public justice—for that is the true issue. They are here in spiritual though not in bodily presence—*quo non corpore mente feror*. The excitement of the morning was immense, but unaccompanied with clamor or disorder. The hum of the awakened city at an early hour was soon matured into a general activity, and long before the gates of the Four Courts were opened, a well-ordered but impatient multitude crowded round the avenues. We wended our anxious way to the busy scene at eight o'clock, with the fair expectation of a first arrival at the doors of the Queen's Bench, for ten was fixed for the sitting of the Court, but we were disappointed in our rational hope. Chief Baron O'Grady's advice to his indolent relative was ob-

served by numbers more watchful than ourselves, and early as we were out to surprise the worm, there were others who had long before captured the prey. At half past nine, we were released from the crowded antechamber, and the gowned throng rushed in, each congratulating himself on his patience and success, without reflecting that once in he was an immovable fixture for eight hours. Not gradually, but in a single minute, every spot was crowded. One by one the leading counsel arrived, and took their seats. The Attorney-General moved in with an enormous pile of papers, followed by Sergeant Warren, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Brewster, and the rest of the Crown force, all in a body. On the other side, Mr. Whiteside first came with a long stride and bold front, and deposited his bag with a thump on the red cloth. He seemed all on fire for the fray, and nodded with good-humored carelessness to the opposed array. Next approached Mr. M'Donagh, who exchanged a multitude of morning salutations with all on every side, not forgetting the jury-box, for which he usually puts on the most captivating of his wreathed smiles. In rapid succession followed Messrs. Henn, Hatchell, and Fitzgibbon, and the last who showed his "face of quickening impulses" was Mr. Shiel. Shortly after ten, the grand dignitaries were seated—all in their scarlet costume—which had a solemn and striking appearance. When to these were added the surrounding accessories—ladies—lawyers—well-filled but not overflowing galleries, the spectacle was one of subduing interest.

The crier was now ordered to call the traversers. They appeared, with the exception of Mr. O'Connell, who shortly after entered the traversers' box, accompanied by the Lord Mayor in his full municipal robes. The corporation escorted Mr. O'Connell to the Four Courts, but the Lord Mayor alone of the train entered the Queen's Bench. The Chief Justice did not seem to relish this display of the municipality. Leaning on his left hand, he scanned the civic intruder with a scrutinizing glance, and conveyed in that severe look the expression that the presence of the Lord Mayor in that costume was a sort of defiance to his authority, and incompatible with the respect due to the dignity of the Court. It was intimated to the Chief, that he appeared as one of Mr. O'Connell's bail, which produced a softening effect on his Lordship. Mr. O'Connell, having answered to his name, withdrew, and shortly after returned in a new patent wig and gown, which considerably improved his appearance. He sat between Mr. Henn and Mr. White-

side, with both of whom he maintained a lively conversation for some time, and from the repressed laughter of the triad, he appeared to entertain them with his choicest anecdote. After the panel had been called over, and as the book was about to be handed up, there was a movement among the traversers' counsel which indicated that some plot was about to see the light. The Attorney rose to make a remark, when he was interrupted by Sir Coleman O'Loughlin, who handed in a challenge to the array on behalf of Daniel O'Connell. Here was a revival of the outpost warfare, which was likely to consume another day, and miserably depressed the spirits of the audience. It was thought the foils had been laid aside, and the time for striking with the edge of the sword commenced. The Attorney-General looked as surprised as the uninitiated; but the law officers might have conjectured that the traversers would have that challenge on record, whatever might be its fate at the hands of the court. Perhaps they did, although they looked astonished exceedingly. Mr. Brewster gathered up his eyebrows to his very temples, so profound was his surprise, though the Recorder had been summoned on the preceding day to give evidence, if the crown took issue on the challenge! It was founded on the omission of the names from the jury panel.

One challenge only was handed in, and Mr. Moore pressed the Attorney-General to traverse or demur to that while the remaining challenges were being drawn up. But that cunning master of fence, after a brief consultation with his brother Solicitor, refused to take the bait. He would conceal his course until all the other challenges had been filed, calculating that if the first went off, on an objection to the form, the traversers might correct the informality in all the others. The adroitness of the manager foiled this well-concerted scheme, and the traversers obtained time to complete the number. For two hours the court sat with the most exemplary patience—they asked occasionally if the challenges were forthcoming, but no other symptom of impatience did they exhibit, having manifestly resolved to set no limit to their resignation, and avoid the imputation of, in the least degree, unduly accelerating the trial. Counsel on both sides left the court, and after a long delay, the confederated powers again returned. On receiving an assurance that the challenges agreed in all respects, save the names, the Attorney-General demurred *ore tenus*, and argued in support of his objections. His argument was cool and well-reasoned. He defended

the crown from any interference with the jury lists—he defended the Sheriff—he poorly excused the Recorder—he denied the jurisdiction of the Court to entertain the question, and very skilfully sought to fasten on the traversers a dispute with the worthy citizens in the jury-box. Sir C. O'Loughlin, the parent of the challenge, supported it with ability, but it was clear from sundry *dicta* of their lordships that they were ill-disposed to what Lord Brougham calls such "curious structures of sophistical architecture;" and still curious as it was, that challenge involved a principle and a question which will embarrass ministers more than it did the judges of the Queen's Bench.

Mr. Fitzgibbon, as bold and intrepid an advocate as ever stood by a sinking cause, changed the plan of attack, and as argument was likely to prove of little avail, he resolved that the primary source of the evil should not get off without a wholesome lesson for the future. He was censured for his personalities; but there is a time when delicacy in the advocate is criminal towards the client, and to strike with effect he must abandon a straight-laced reserve, however painful to his own feelings may be the sacrifice. Fair in front of Mr. Fitzgibbon—at the side of the Crown Solicitor, and self-complacent at the honor just rendered him, by the three-fingered Jack of the *Illustrated News*, sat the Recorder! He looked so innocent—so unconscious of the fierce fire that was on the point of being opened on him, that it was almost a pity to ruffle the serenity of his spirit. Mr. F. soon ploughed up the surface, reasoning fairly that if the Recorder had performed his duties that challenge would not exist. There he sat, exposed to the biting sarcasms and well-merited reprehension of Mr. Fitzgibbon, who lectured severely without violating the fair limits of professional duty. The Solicitor-General, in his reply, comforted the Recorder, replaced his character on its pedestal, and then proceeded to the more pressing business. He spoke for the public ear—he sought to obliterate the disagreeable impressions produced by the refusal of the Crown to an amended panel, and concluded a very clever and conciliatory speech by deprecating the idea of injustice on the part of the Crown. Mr. Moore, on behalf of Mr. J. O'Connell, then offered that the names should be added to the list, another jury struck forthwith, and the trials proceeded with within the week. The Attorney-General was astonished that a proposition betraying such "gross ignorance" should be made by so eminent a lawyer, and that Mr. Moore must be conscious of having tendered a legal impossibility. The latter,

for once, lost his well-balanced temper. The accusation of "gross ignorance"—a hard phrase!—ruffled his plumes, and he replied to the unguarded language of the Attorney-General in a few sentences of caustic severity, which drew down a burst of indecorous applause from the galleries. The court delivered judgment against the challenge, Judge Perrin holding it well taken, and thus ended the interest of the first day.

The irritating procrastination of the first only increased the excitement of the second day. After some delay in swearing the jury, during which process, Mr. M'Donagh shivered a lance with the Attorney-General, and effectively parried a blow aimed by one of their lordships, Mr. Napier briefly opened the indictment. The Attorney-General then rose in the midst of the most profound silence, and with a calm and studied solemnity of manner and language, commenced his address. He had a most formidable task to accomplish, and great as the expectation was, he certainly did not disappoint it in the elaborate clearness with which he unfolded the multitudinous details—the artifice with which he connected their incongruities—and formed out of such very unpromising and heterogeneous materials a cleverly constructed unity. How the imposing structure will fare hereafter, is not our purpose to decide. He called the marked attention of the jury to the magnitude and momentous nature of the issue they had to try, and according to long-established custom, calculated on a pure and unbiased verdict. According to what appeared to us an infelicitous and embarrassing mode of procedure, he began with the common definition of conspiracy, which he supported through a variety of phases, with numerous authorities. The law is indisputable—we only found fault with the application and arrangement. That branch would have come in more artistically after the development of the facts which he conceived did constitute a conspiracy. But there was also much art, however questionable its exercise, in fastening the charge thus early on the accused. In this preliminary all was for the public and the jury, and we could perceive a strong effect produced, though it contained neither eloquence nor applicability. Mr. O'Connell listened for a time with a sort of smiling attention, which was soon converted into real or affected disregard; he drew forth a "Morning Chronicle," and during the remainder of the day, appeared to amuse himself with its contents. Sometimes he drew off his spectacles, glanced for a moment at the cool expositor of his sedition with a good-humored or surly look, and then returned to the news. Once only

did he offer an interruption, and that was in reply to a challenge of the Attorney-General. Commenting on the oft-repeated declaration of Mr. O'Connell, that the Queen by virtue of her prerogative, might convoke the Irish Parliament by writ, which in fact amounted to a revival of the celebrated dispensing power, Mr. Smith, turning round to the traversers' counsel, said, "Is there one gentleman of that bar who will assert that such an exercise of the prerogative is not illegal and unconstitutional?" Hereupon Mr. O'Connell, lifted up his eyes and firmly replied, "Yes." But we must return to the thread of the discourse.

After much prefatory matter, Mr. Smith commenced the formidable ascent of a barren ridge of mountains piled on clouds, and clouds on mountains, from the summit of which he cheered us with a distant glimpse of the promised conspiracy. He began with Lord Grey's government in 1831, and passed in laborious review the several forms which political agitation assumed since then. The object of this long winding march, more tedious than a patriarchal journey, was to point out and definitely settle what we all knew before, that repeal was a cherished project of Mr. O'Connell. At last he pounced on the "Loyal National Repeal Association," and did not forget to mark the first attribute with peculiar emphasis. Here he stood on his true ground, and expectation was strained to the extremest point of tension to catch the scheme of hidden treason, which, on last term, he promised to reveal in all its naked deformity. Having with a great deal of "linked labor" passed in review the constitution of that society, and illustrated his remarks with some of the diplomas or cards distributed to the members, he wheeled back to the first of the monster meetings, and thence forward in succession to the others, to establish his case of conspiracy and sedition. To prove this, which was the great and peculiar difficulty—in fact, the burthen of the whole chant—he read a vast number of extracts from the speeches of Mr. O'Connell, and newspaper articles, which, in connexion with the loose expressions of the populace reported by policemen, and a forced similarity between the proceedings of the Association and the United Irishmen of '98, he asserted, did constitute a conspiracy. That there was much of the visionary and inflammatory in his carefully and skilfully selected excerpts we do admit—that the spirit which presided at Mullaghmast and elsewhere had a dangerous tendency, we also admit—but that the whole was such a conspiracy as the law contemplates—that such an open union was unwarranted by

the constitution of England, admits at least of much doubt and disputation. Mr. Smith read passages from the Secret Committee Report, stating that in '97 the people marched in formidable masses and military array, and the result was a rebellion; and by a cunning analogy, he inferred that the events of last year conducted as inevitably to a "ferocious republic." The affiliated societies of France were also among the ingredients of the cup of horrors with which he drugged the court and jury. So far he stated nothing unknown to every newspaper reader in Ireland. We looked forward with trembling and fear to that dark and mysterious popular organization which, to heighten the effect of the disclosure, he was, perhaps, reserving to the last. We expected some secret information of a vast confederacy, embracing in its all-diffusive arms the entire population, bound together by some terrible adjuration—the revival of another Cataline blood-cup; but it turned out in the end to be the old story—that Mr. O'Connell had drilled a very efficient battalion of Repeal Wardens, who maintained an active communication with head-quarters, and brought the whole country within the influence of the Corn Exchange. Instead of important revelations, Mr. Smith commented with much force on the R. W. diplomas with their borders of national green, and the commemorative battle-fields which marked the four corners. We acknowledge an excess of absurdity, as well as mischief, in reviving the battles of Benburb, the Yellow Ford, and the other fields of Celtic renown. We ought to have outgrown such fooleries: they conduce to national hatred, and should, in wisdom, be avoided. The Attorney-General invested them with an importance which any head with two grains of common sense would reject as an insult to the human understanding.

The Attorney-General's address occupied two sitting days of the Court, the exact time we allowed him in the last number of the *Metropolitan*. Hereafter we shall have an opportunity of comparing it with other speeches. But this we must say, that he exercised his duty with a temperance and reserve by us wholly unexpected. He confined himself almost strictly to a plain statement of facts, adding few comments, which, if not remarkable for eloquence, were signalized by no abusive violence. His design clearly was to let the "conspiracy" tell its own tale, with the least possible aid from his involved rhetoric. He occupied eleven hours in the delivery, and of that time his original matter would scarcely fill half an hour. There were many tempting occasions for a lofty flight, but he never ascended beyond the

humble level of plain exposition; in this acting with prudence, as a public officer, as well as safety to his own character. The matter was arranged with singular clearness; immense labor must have been bestowed in the nice selection and adaptation of the parts, and viewed as a whole, it was creditable to the tact, the skill and moderation of the Attorney-General.

In another, and more important respect, his address was a dire disappointment. We predicted quite as much. When Mr. Smith "smote the hollow of the general ear" with his mystic revealings of insurrectionary treason, we said that haughtier promises often ended in vapor. We pretend to no oracular intelligence, but, from our acquaintance with the mental habits of the Attorney-General, we concluded that his proofs would sink below his promises. It was unfair to the character of the country to declare in a crowded court, and in words which have since filled the mouth of all Europe, that, when the period arrived to make his statement, he would establish as dark and dangerous a conspiracy as ever perilled the peace of the world! Such was his promise—how has he fulfilled it! We associated with his declaration a recurrence to the rude instruments of rebellion. We seriously doubted—disbelieved, in truth, the existence of any such follies. But when the first officer of the crown emits a solemn anunciation that he would prove it, our incredulity received a shock, and we awaited the moment which would develope the treason with tremulous apprehension. We watched his progress from topic to topic, and nothing came. When, in the middle of his speech, on receiving a slight interruption, he still persisted in his first resolve with an air and emphasis which displayed much earnestness, we held on attentively, waiting for the fatal and final blow. But when he closed his labors with a borrowed peroration from the late Chief Justice, though we admired the cleverness with which he constructed his story, and gave him credit for very unusual coolness, we could not but smile at the parturition. He labored heavily, and his throes ended in—nothing! Had he been more candid, he should have said, "I will prove the present organization to be illegal, with its officers, home and foreign subsidies, its objects and designs." This would be fair and intelligible. But to involve all Ireland in a dark cloud of suspicion—to blot her loyalty and obedience with the foul stains of treason and conspiracy, and with no other proof than Mr. O'Connell's speeches and newspaper flatulencies—was unworthy of a straightforward and fair-dealing mind. The declaration was intended for ef-

fect, but, like all effects not grounded on truth, it reacted with proportionate force on the propounder. All, even his friends, anxiously asked, "Where is the conspiracy?"— and for the present we leave echo to repeat the interrogatory.

LA BELLE BLANCHE AND HER ABIGAIL.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the *Metropolitan*.

My heart has not one joyous string,
Oh! Love has broken it, poor thing!
These men they have such flatt'ring arts,
To win upon our simple hearts;
Mine has been pierced with many darts.

Heigh-ho!

Lord John declared he could not tarry,
He was in such sweet haste to marry;
But see, at court he lingers yet!
Some maid of honor's his new pet;—
The Eau de Cologne! I'm faint, Babette!

Heigh-ho!

I'll rouse my pride, and break his chain;
Remember, when he calls again,
To say, Babette, I'm very ill;—
No, no—I'm out with Lord Quadrille;
I'll rouse his jealous fears, I will.

Heigh-ho!

Pray, don't forget the kalidor,
Pearl powder too; oh! what a bore!
'Twould vex the spirit of a saint,
These vile cosmetics, dress, and paint;—
My viniagrette! I'm growing faint!

Heigh-ho!

I've often heard my mother say
That men were better in her day;
That lovers then would kneel and sue,
And girls were not obliged to woo,
And coax the men, as now they do.

Heigh-ho!

I'll go to Lady Dangle's ball,
I'm sure I shall eclipse them all:
That dress with roses; pray, Bab, mind
The breast is well with stuffing lin'd,
The bustle, too, more full behind.

Heigh-ho!

I'm only twenty-one to-morrow,
And yet the fates have wrought such sorrow!
So pretty, stylish, and well-bred,
And yet such trouble to get wed;—
This comb's too heavy for my head!

Heigh-ho!

Go, Bab, and fetch my Paris bonnet,
I'll call on dear old Lady Sonnet;
Her boudoir's always full of beaux;
I'll praise her last new work, "La Rose,"—
"Tis stupid as herself, Heav'n knows.

Heigh-ho!

Bless me! this cap's a perfect fright!
Bab, put the poodle's pillow right:

There! pretty Dido mus'n't bark,
And John will take it in the Park;—
A carriage drawing up, Bab, hark!
Heigh-ho!
Oh, heavens! 'tis Lord John, I vow;
Well, that is very lucky now!
Quick, Bab, my slippers—the last new—
The green Victoria, not the blue!
My gloves! there, tell me, shall I do?
Heigh-ho!

That curl's too long; quick, Bab! the glass
Is placed so awkwardly, alas!
This dressing, it fatigues one so,
My face is in a perfect glow;
I really am not fit to go.

Heigh-ho!

Yes, yes, he loves me, I've no doubt:
Mind, Bab, whoever calls, I'm out;
To all,—to Lady Juliet,—
I've not forgot their waltzing yet:
Come, Dido, darling! there's a pet!

Heigh-ho!

BABETTE, alone.

Well, thank my stars, she's gone, a fidget!
We servants lead a blessed life:
Miss Blanche is worse than Lady Bridget;
She'll make a pretty sort of wife.
Look, here's a room, a perfect litter!
She thinks there's something else to do;—
This dress wants stuffing, that don't fit her;
I wish Lord John *may* wed her, too.
Young ladies now, if they can't marry,
They get so nervous and so cross,
'Twould try the temper of Old Harry:
I'm sure I've found it, to my loss.

Heigh-ho!

EVENING.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

I.
SING'ST thou of brightness and the noon?
Of Morning with her shining hair?
Of nights all flooded with the moon?
Or aught beside that's rich and fair?
A paler thought now suits my rhyme,
The soft and sad sweet Evening time.

II.
Bright day is fill'd with crowds and strife;
The morn with many a soaring song;
And sleepy Night is 'waked to life,
By many and many a merry throng:
But voice, and song, and bells' soft chime,
Are softest ever at Evening time.

III.
What lone light wanders up the sky?
A star, and from the darkness flying!
Dost hear yon music? 'Tis the sigh
Of Summer, 'cause the day is dying:
Come forth, my soul; let's weave a rhyme
As sad as the sad sweet Evening time.

THE OREGON TERRITORY.

The British view of the subject.—ED.

From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *Memoir, historical and political, on the North-west coast of North America and the adjacent territories.* By ROBERT GREENHOW, translator and librarian to the Department of State. New York, 1840.
2. *Convention between his Majesty and the United States of America, relative to the Territory on the North-west Coast of America, signed at London, August 6th, 1827.* Presented by command, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 20th June, 1828.

THE British Government is at this time called upon to deal with a very pressing question of foreign policy, the settlement of which has become indispensable to the maintenance of pacific relations between England and the United States. It is one of those questions which, having been for many years depending, have gradually grown more intricate and difficult with the progress of events and the lapse of time. It was not affected by Lord Ashburton's treaty, which had reference only to the north-eastern boundary, and did not touch any matters in difference in the north-west. Recent movements in America now show that England has not a day to lose in deciding upon her course of action with respect to this unadjusted dispute, which is, in fact, rather a question of territorial right than of undetermined boundary. The United States claim the exclusive possession of that remaining portion of north-western America between the Rocky Mountains and the sea, the sovereignty of which has not yet been definitively assigned to any one power, and which is commonly called the Oregon territory. This claim has never been admitted by Great Britain, and, although it has on several occasions formed the subject of diplomatic negotiation between the two powers, those negotiations have done little or nothing towards the determination of the question of right, which remains in dispute. It is high time that this important question should be clearly ascertained, and with this conviction we are induced to offer the following remarks upon it. We shall endeavor, as far as our present limits will permit, to disentangle the point at issue from the mass of confused materials which have accumulated about it, and to place the question of right in a discernible point of view.

The country in dispute lies between the parallels of 42° and 49° north latitude, the former parallel being the northern boundary of Mexico, and the latter the acknowledged

southern limit of the British possessions. It is bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, on the west by the Pacific Ocean; and comprises a surface of about 350,000 square miles. It is drained by the Oregon or Columbia river* and its tributaries. This fine river is the most important feature in the territory; it is navigable as far as the Cascades, 125 miles from the ocean, and its width for 25 miles from its mouth varies from 1 to 7 miles. The Columbia falls into the sea between two headlands,—Cape Disappointment or Hancock, and Cape Adams,—from each of which a sand-bar extends, and over these the waves of the ocean break with terrific violence, as they meet the discharging torrent of the river. The entrance is consequently hazardous at all times, and scarcely possible when the winds are high; and the irregularities of the channel are such that, no vessel drawing more than fourteen feet can proceed far up the river. The Columbia is the only considerable river on this part of the Pacific coast, and its mouth is the only harbor of refuge, with the exception of one other and very inferior port, viz. Bullfinch's or Gray's harbor. In the Strait of Fuca, however, which is within the disputed limits, there are two good harbors,—Port Discovery and Admiralty Inlet,—the coasts of which are described as beautiful and fertile. The agricultural capacities of the country in general do not seem to be very great. Its natural features are a succession of mountain ridges and valleys, or small plains. There are two main ridges besides the Rocky Mountains, viz. the Blue and the California Mountains, called by the Americans the President range. The country is thus divided into three different regions; the first from the sea to the California range; the second from that chain to the Blue Mountains; and the third from thence to the great range of the Rocky Mountains, in which the Columbia and its tributaries have their sources. The climate of the first region is described as not favorable to great productiveness. The summer is very dry, there being no rain from April to October, whilst in the winter months the rain is excessive. Indian corn will not succeed, and the produce of wheat is stated at fifteen bushels per acre, which is but little

* The name *Oregon* has been supposed to be of Indian derivation, but this is disputed: it is not found in any known vocabularies of Indian languages. We shall speak of it as the Columbia, that name being now in more common use than the other, and having been generally adopted by geographers.

† Seven of the highest peaks have been named after the seven successive presidents of the United States, from Washington to Jackson.

for a virgin soil. The uplands are heavily timbered, and the forests very fine. The California Mountains rise to the height of 16,000 feet and upwards from the sea. Advancing from the first into the second or middle region, we find ourselves in a country, drier, more elevated and less fertile than that nearer the coast. The plains consist of a yellow sandy clay, covered with grass, small shrubs and prickly pears. The land is not favorable for agriculture, but might be suitable for grazing and sheep, and the climate is healthy. The third region is a desert of steep rocky mountains, intersected with deep narrow valleys called holes, and of wide volcanic plains covered with gravel and sand. The climate is dry in the extreme; there is very little rain, no dewy moisture, and a remarkable difference between the temperature of the day and of the night. This wilderness has no means of supporting a population; and it is only in the first region that any considerable number of inhabitants could ever find the means of subsistence. Upon the whole, therefore, the Oregon territory holds out no great promise as an agricultural field: its value seems to consist mainly in the possession of the Columbia river, and of the harbors in the Strait of Fuca.

It is principally this last consideration which makes the exclusive proprietorship of the Oregon an object of anxious desire to the Americans. They are in no immediate want of land for the purpose of settlement. They have most ample and fertile districts within their acknowledged territories, capable of supplying the wants of the cultivator for many years to come. We have seen that Oregon offers upon the whole very little inducement to agricultural pursuits. No doubt it contains detached portions of good land, but these form the exception and not the rule. It does not contain any precious metals or valuable minerals. The climate is too cold for the cultivation of cotton, rice, coffee, or tobacco. The natives, of whom there are said to be about 20,000, are savages, incapable of useful labor. There is no promise of any productive article of export; and the cultivators, from whatever country they may come, will be laborers more probably for subsistence than for profit. The fur trade has been hitherto the only channel for the advantageous investment of capital in these regions, but that trade is incompatible with the progress of settlement, and must gradually cease as the occupation of the country proceeds. It is easy therefore to understand that the main point with the United States, in pressing for exclusive sovereignty over this region, must be to secure the command

of the outlets to the Pacific, the importance of which is sufficiently obvious when we consider the rapid extension of steam-navigation, the probability of a regular passage being effected across the Isthmus of Panama, and, above all, the recent opening of new commercial relations with the East. It is true that a formidable obstacle exists to the colonization of the Oregon from overland, for the country east of the Rocky Mountains is for several hundred miles an inhospitable desert, incapable of supplying food, except in the vicinity of the rivers which flow into the Mississippi. The Americans, however, propose to establish a line of posts between the Missouri and the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and they anticipate that the Lewis and Columbia rivers may one day become the channels of traffic between the eastern and western coast. On the other hand, a passage across Panama would bring this coast within a few weeks' voyage from Europe, and so attract emigration from the old world, if the country had in itself (which it has not) any remarkable capacities for colonization.

The Oregon territory, as a whole, has never been exclusively occupied by any one nation. The total number of white inhabitants is probably less than 1000, of which the majority are British, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the rest Americans, also engaged in the fur trade. The Company's principal settlement is at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia; it has also establishments at Fort Colville, Fort Okanagan, Fort Wallawalla, Fort George or Astoria, and on the river Wallamet. The Americans have also a settlement on the Wallamet, and some detached posts west of the Rocky Mountains. They send their furs to the United States by caravans, which meet them at places of *rendezvous*; but their dealings in furs are by no means equal to those of the Hudson's Bay Company, which is the most powerful body in this, as well as all other parts of north-western America. The interests of the Company are, of course, adverse to colonization. Even now, the animals yielding furs and skins are said to be disappearing, and the toils of the hunters and trappers are less profitable than formerly. The Americans are probably not displeased to observe this, and would rejoice still more if the Company should find it necessary to abandon these regions; but, even if such a result should take place, it would be some time before the United States could be prepared to send forth any large body of settlers into the country. Some few emigrants from New York have, we believe, joined the Wal-

lamet settlement, but nothing has certainly yet been done which can be called a systematic colonization of the Oregon territory by the people of the United States. The majority of the white inhabitants have always been subjects of Great Britain.

We have however nothing to do with the question whether this territory would be most beneficially colonized from Europe, or from the eastern states of America. We are inquiring, to whom the right of occupation belongs? what is the nature of the claim of the United States? and what the case of Great Britain? We have not on this occasion the advantage of reference to any recent official declarations of the British government, for no papers on the subject have been presented to Parliament since the convention of 1828; but we have found a very elaborate statement of the American case in the memoir of Mr. Greenhow, a functionary of the United States, which we have prefixed to this article. This memoir may be considered an official document, in so far as it has been printed by authority of the Senate; and we are bound to acknowledge the very useful service which Mr. Greenhow has thereby rendered to both countries. We are far indeed from concurring in all Mr. Greenhow's views, or in the conclusion to which his memoir is intended to lead; but it is on that account the more incumbent on us to express the high sense we entertain of the industry, ability, and good faith, which so strongly characterize the work. It extends to 228 pages, and forms a complete history of the western portion of North America. We are quite content to take the case of the United States from Mr. Greenhow's brief, being sure that no fuller or fairer statement of it has yet been, or is likely to be, laid before the public.

It is an established principle of international law, that the prior discovery and occupation of a new country vest in the discovering and occupying power a right of property which no other civilized people can dispute. Discovery is the first step towards a title, but it must be followed up by *bonâ fide* occupation, in order to constitute a right against the rest of the civilized world. This principle is fully recognized by the best Jurists,* who attach little weight to merely formal acts of declaring possession, such as the setting up monuments, crosses, or flags, unless followed within a reasonable time by actual set-

tlement. Such ceremonies have of themselves no more force or validity than the bull of the pope, who formerly took upon himself to dispose of newly discovered countries, and affected indeed on one occasion to divide the greater part of the world between Spain and Portugal. Occupation, founded upon a right by discovery, is the only test of absolute proprietorship which the law of nations has formally acknowledged. Prior discovery may be said to confer a right of election to occupy within a reasonable space of time—a *prima facie* right, which may be converted, by exercising it, into an absolute proprietorship; and rightful occupation may thus be defined to be, occupation founded either upon prior discovery, or upon the cession or abandonment of his prior right by the first discoverer. It is scarcely necessary to add that *wrongful* occupation,—that is, occupation adversely to a discovering power intending actually to exercise its prior right,—cannot under any circumstances confer a valid title.

Let us apply these principles to the circumstances of the case. The facts are briefly these. Previous to the year 1790, the priority of discovery of the north-western coast bordering on the Pacific was a matter in dispute between Spain and Great Britain. This question, even now much debated, has been rendered unimportant by the convention of the Escurial, dated 20th of October, 1790; but we think it clear that the Spaniards were the original discoverers. The coast in dispute was first visited in the year 1542 by a Spanish expedition under the command of Juan Rodriguez de Cabrillo, and it was Bartolomé Ferrelo, the pilot, and afterwards the commander of the expedition, who first advanced as far north as lat. 44°, and discovered Cape Blanc, afterwards named by Vancouver Cape Orford. In 1582 a Spanish expedition from Mexico, under Francisco Gali, sailed along the same coast, and is alleged to have pushed as high as lat. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ ° north. The Spaniards also explored this coast to 47° north in the expedition under Juan de Fuca in 1592, and in that under Admiral Fonte to 55° north in 1640. In consequence of the results of these voyages, Spain has claimed the honor of being the discovering nation; and although England has disputed this claim on account of the proceedings of Sir Francis Drake in 1579, we really cannot find any ground for attributing the discovery to the English admiral.*

* See Vattel, *Droit des Gens*, liv. i. chap. xviii; Marten's *Précis*, etc., liv. ii. chap. i.; Klüber, *Droit des Gens Moderne*, part ii. titre ii. sec. 126; and Wheaton's *Elements of International Law*, part. ii. chap. iv. sec. 5.

* Mr. Burke, in noticing the possession taken of California by Drake in 1578, says, "However, I do not find that we have thought of asserting that right since his time; but it may probably employ in some

The place where he landed, and performed the ceremony of naming the country New Albion, was in lat. 38° north, and there is no satisfactory evidence of Drake having seen any part of the coast north of the 43d degree of latitude. The assertion of subsequent writers, that Drake reached the 48th degree, is inconsistent with the original account published in Hakluyt's collection of voyages,* and there are circumstances in the case which make it almost physically impossible that he should have done so. Humboldt and Malte-Brun† have investigated this subject very fully, and are decidedly in favor of the prior claim of Spain, as the first discoverer of the north-western coast. But, as we have already said, the point is not now of importance otherwise than in an historical light. Neither power had formed any settlement previous to the dispute of 1789, although both the Spaniards and British (as well as the Russians and French) had landed and performed what they called acts of sovereignty on various parts of the coast. The circumstances of the controversy between Britain and Spain, arising out of the seizure of certain vessels and other property of British subjects at Nootka Sound by the Spanish commander, Martinez, in 1789, are well known. It is too late to inquire now whether Lieutenant John Meares and his companions, as British subjects, were justified in establishing themselves upon a territory to the colonization of which Spain may have had the prior title by discovery. The British government demanded and received satisfaction from Spain for the seizure complained of, and the quarrel was terminated by a treaty, to which we request particular attention, as the terms of it will be found the best exponent of the rights of the parties in our present dispute with the United States.

The treaty between Great Britain and Spain of 1790, commonly called the Convention of the Escurial, provides in the first and second articles for restitution and compensation in respect of the seizures by Spain at Nootka Sound. The third article then proceeds,—

"In order to strengthen the bonds of friendship, and to preserve in future a perfect harmony and good understanding between the two

future time the pens of those lawyers who dispute with words what can only be decided by the sword, and will afford large matter upon the right of discovery, occupation, and settlement."—*European Settlements*, vol. i. p. 244.

* See vol. iii. p. 737 of 'Hakluyt's Voyages,' in three volumes, published in the years 1598, 1599, and 1600.

† Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain.

‡ History of Geography.

contracting parties, it is agreed that their respective subjects shall not be disturbed or molested, either in navigating or carrying on their fisheries in the Pacific Ocean, or in the South Seas, or in landing on the coasts of those seas in places not already occupied, for the purpose of carrying on their commerce with the natives of the country, or of making settlements there; the whole subject nevertheless to the restrictions specified in the three following articles."

These restrictions are, (by art. 4,) that, to prevent smuggling, British subjects shall not fish within ten leagues of the parts of the coast occupied by Spain; (by art. 5,) that the subjects of either power shall have free access to any settlements made or to be made by the other, after April, 1789, on the north-west coast of North America, or the islands adjacent; and, (by art 6,) that no new settlements shall be formed by either party south of the actual Spanish settlements in South America. This treaty was laid before parliament by Mr. Pitt, and was censured by the then opposition leaders as limiting the previous right of Great Britain to settle where other nations had not already settled. The restriction contained in the 5th article was objected to, and it was contended that the treaty would prevent the possibility of any permanent or useful settlement being formed on the north-west coast. Mr. (now Earl) Grey observed, that "in every place in which we might settle, access was left for the Spaniards; where we might form a settlement on one hill, they might erect a fort upon another. A merchant must run all the risks of a discovery, and all the expenses of establishment, for a property which was liable to be the subject of continual dispute, and which could never be placed upon a permanent footing." The sagacity of these remarks has indeed been fully proved, but at this date we can only take the treaty as we find it, and apply its stipulations to the present state of things.

By virtue then of the convention of the Escurial, the subjects of Great Britain and of Spain possessed equal rights of forming settlements on those parts of the coast now called the Oregon territory, not previously occupied. British subjects have accordingly exercised this right by forming settlements at various periods between the date of the Convention and the present time. The first trading-post was, we believe, established by Mr. Simon Frazer, of the British North-West Company,* in 1806, on Frazer's Lake. Within a few years after (namely in or about 1811) Mr. Thompson, the astronomer and

* The North-West Company was incorporated with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821.

agent of the same company, planted stations among the Flat-head and Kootanie tribe on the main branch of the Columbia; and subsequently the various posts and settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company have been established in different parts of the country, as we have already stated. It does not appear that Spain has formed any settlement whatever within the territory since the date of the convention, but that she was entitled to do so is sufficiently clear.

The effect of the convention of the Escorial was to equalize the rights of Great Britain and Spain; that is, it settled all differences between them with respect to priority of discovery, and the right of election to colonize. At the date of the convention, no other state pretended to have a better right in this respect than Great Britain, or than Spain. Russia indeed had made certain discoveries on the more northern parts of the coast, upon which she founded claims; but these claims never extended to any territories south of the 51st degree of north latitude, and they have since been limited by the Russian treaties with Great Britain and the United States respectively, to countries lying above the latitude of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north. The convention of 1790, made as it was between the only two powers then claiming by priority of discovery, and before any occupation whatever of the country had taken place, cannot but be regarded as very strong, we think conclusive, evidence, that at that date no other power besides Great Britain and Spain had a legitimate right to form settlements within the Oregon territory.

Great Britain has not claimed, since 1790, and does not now claim any exclusive sovereignty over the territory in question. Her claim is limited to a right of settlement in it, and of intercourse with the inhabitants. She has admitted that the other party interested in the convention of 1790 possesses similar rights; but she claims the full benefits of the treaty for those British subjects who have settled in the territory upon the faith of its provisions, and she has declared her determination to protect her subjects in the exercise of the rights thus acquired. Such is the substance of the last official declaration of the British government which has been made public. We rejoice to find it so temperate, and, we will add, so just.*

On the other hand, the United States claim the *exclusive possession* of the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, between the latitudes of 42° and 49° . We proceed to

consider the grounds on which this exclusive claim is attempted to be maintained; but we should in the first place state that, by the convention between the United States and Great Britain, signed in London the 20th of October, 1818, it was agreed (art. 2) that the boundary-line between the two powers, from the Lake of the Woods to the Stony (or Rocky) Mountains, should be drawn along the 49th parallel of north latitude; and further (art. 3), that any country claimed by either party west of the Stony Mountains should be free and open to both powers for ten years, without prejudice to their respective claims, or the claims of any other power. This arrangement was renewed by the subsequent convention, dated the 6th of August 1827, for an indefinite period, with liberty to either party to annul the same, by giving to the other party twelve months' notice to that effect. We believe that no such notice has yet been given on either side; consequently the Oregon territory is at this time open to settlement both by British and Americans. Settlers must, however, run the risk of the ultimate dominion under which the country may fall, and in the meantime submit to the inconvenience of living without a government. The Hudson's Bay Company is the *quasi* government; it has fortunately been armed by royal charter with large powers, and maintains excellent order and discipline amongst those placed under its control.

The conventions of 1818 and 1827 resulted from the inability of the parties to concur in the principles of a definitive arrangement. The unsettled boundary had been the subject of previous negotiations in London in 1807, and was discussed at the time of the signature of the treaty of Ghent in 1814. But we find no diplomatic act in reference to the subject earlier than 1818, except that the treaty of Ghent contained an article, providing "that all territory, places, and possessions, whatsoever, taken by either party from the other during or after the war, should be restored without delay." The construction put by the Americans upon this article will be presently noticed.

The United States had been in negotiation with Spain previously to their concluding the convention with England in October, 1818; and within four months afterwards, viz. on the 22nd February, 1819, they effected a treaty with Spain, called the Florida treaty, whereby (art. 3) it was agreed that the northern boundary of the Spanish possessions in America should be a line drawn from the source of the river Arkansas, along the 42nd parallel of latitude to the Pacific,

* Summary of British pretensions by the British Commissioners, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Addington, 1827, cited *infra*.

and his Catholic Majesty thereby ceded to the United States all his rights, claims, and pretensions to any territories north of the said line. In 1828, when the authority of Spain had ceased in North America, the United States concluded a treaty with Mexico, whereby that power also admitted the 42nd parallel to be the boundary-line between the territories of the two republics. Thus the Spanish title to the Oregon territory was acquired by the United States, which have since founded their claim partly on their own acts of occupation, and partly upon the rights which they allege themselves to have acquired from Spain. It will be convenient to consider this claim, first, as it stood in the year 1818, before the Spanish cession ; and secondly, as inclusive of the Spanish title, and all other circumstances which could possibly strengthen it from the date of the Florida treaty down to the present time.

The treaty of Ghent having left the boundary west of the Lake of the Woods undetermined, negotiations for the arrangement of the matter took place between the British and American governments in London, in the year 1818. On that occasion the United States claimed the whole of the territory south of the 49th parallel, on the ground of the discovery of the Columbia river, of its first exploration, and of the formation of the first establishments in the country through which it flows by American citizens. They did not then assert that the United States had a perfect right, but contended that their claim was at least good against Great Britain. Now, in the first place, this claim is sufficiently answered by the fact, that the alleged American discovery, exploration, and occupation, took place posterior to the convention of the Escorial in 1790. By that convention Great Britain and Spain mutually waived their respective claims founded on discovery, and each admitted the right of the other to occupy any part of the country not already occupied. But neither Spain nor Great Britain thereby admitted the right of any third power to colonize ; on the contrary, the mutual admission by Great Britain and Spain of each other's right to occupy, is the strongest possible evidence against the validity of the claim of any other state. Say the British and Spaniards, we will cease to dispute whether Cabrillo or Drake was the original discoverer ; we will both occupy, as circumstances may suit, upon the principle of first come first served. Such an arrangement is surely the very reverse of admitting a similar right in any other power. The occupation by any other state, subsequently to 1790, must be founded upon a better right by discovery

than that possessed by either Great Britain or Spain ; but it is impossible that the United States should possess such better right : for that power had no existence until the year 1783 ; and during the previous century and a half the north-west coast had been visited and explored by numerous Spanish navigators, from Cortez and Cabrillo down to Heceta, as well as by British navigators, from Drake to Cook and Meares. The Americans may well have admitted the imperfection of their right in 1818, for they could not but be aware that any occupation of theirs was wrongful,—that it was the act of a trespasser,—because the United States themselves had not the shadow of a title by discovery, and they had not at that period acquired any treaty-rights either from Great Britain or from Spain. The alleged American discovery was the visit of Captain Gray in the Columbia, who, on the 11th of May, 1792, arrived off the Cape and in the Bay, previously named by Lieutenant Meares Cape Disappointment and Deception Bay, and who entered and sailed some miles up the river Oregon, giving that river the name of the Columbia, after his own ship. Now it is notorious that the existence of this river was known long before the voyage of Gray. Washington Irving, in his 'Astoria,' asserts this broadly ; observing, however, that the information about it was vague, having been gathered chiefly from the Indians. The river was in fact discovered by the Spanish Captain Bruno Heceta in August, 1775 ; and in the Spanish maps printed within a few years after, the mouth of the river is called Entrada de Heceta and Entrada de Assuncion, and the river itself Rio de San Roque, Heceta having seen the river on the 15th and 16th of August, which days are respectively the festivals of the Assumption and of St. Roch. Lieutenant Meares explored this part of the coast in July, 1788, but without identifying the river, and on this account the Americans have taken to themselves the credit of the discovery, which, as far as the river is concerned, clearly belongs to Spain. Nor is the claim in any way strengthened by the fact of the river having been explored in the years 1805-6 by the American citizens Clarke and Lewis. We have never heard of an instance in which exploration by a party, not the original discoverer, was admitted as a basis of title. The observations of Messrs. Clarke and Lewis are no doubt highly valuable, but it is idle to cite them as the foundation for a sovereign right. Nor can we acknowledge any weight in the allegation that the Americans formed the first establishments in the country through which the Columbia flows. Supposing it were clear (which it is

not) that the American settlement of Astoria (which was formed in 1811, on the south bank of the Columbia, about eight miles from the ocean) was *bona fide* planted before the British posts higher up the river were established by Mr. Thompson and others of the North-West Company (who explored its whole length in that same year, making posts and doing acts of possession as they proceeded), the objection remains, that the American settlement was unauthorized by any American title, and that no argument in favor of a right can be founded on a possession which was simply wrongful. These considerations, no doubt, presented themselves to the government of the United States, when it entered into the temporary arrangement with Great Britain in 1818. Perceiving the weakness of its own title at that period, the American government prudently concluded a ten years' truce with Great Britain, in order that it might have time to acquire new and different rights from a power which stood at least upon an equality with Great Britain, namely, Spain. We have seen that the Florida treaty (made in 1819 and ratified in 1821) transferred to the United States all the rights of Spain to the Oregon territory, and that the transfer was acknowledged by Mexico in 1828. Thus the United States undoubtedly placed themselves in the same situation as the power which Mr. Greenhow calls the third and principal claimant, namely, Spain; and this brings us to the material question, What were the rights which Spain thus transferred? In the course of the negotiations which took place in London in 1827, the American claims assumed a form very different from that in which they had been urged in 1818. In 1827 Mr. Gallatin, the plenipotentiary of the United States, then claimed the Oregon territory, from the 42nd to the 49th degree of north latitude, upon various distinct grounds, which we proceed to specify, together with the answers which were made to those pretensions by the British Commissioners on the occasion, the late Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Addington, now one of the under secretaries of state for foreign affairs.

The United States contended,—

1st. That the Columbia was discovered by Captain Gray, and was first explored by Messrs. Clarke and Lewis, and that the first settlements upon it were established by American citizens.

2nd. That the British Government had recognized the title of the United States, by having restored, without reservation, the post of Astoria, pursuant to the treaty of Ghent.

3rd. That the United States had acquired

all the titles of Spain, which were derived from the discovery and exploration of the coast of the region in question by Spanish subjects before they had been seen by any other civilized nation.

4th. That contiguity gave the United States a stronger right to the territory than could be advanced by any other power.

These arguments are the latest officially recorded on the American side. We will state the manner in which they were respectively replied to by Great Britain, adding our own comments as we proceed.

1st. The answer of the British Commissioners to the first argument was, that the Columbia was not discovered by Gray, but by Lieutenant Meares, R. N., and that the exploration by Lewis and Clarke was of no avail; because, if not before, at least in the same and subsequent years, the British North-West Company, by their agent Mr. Thompson, had already established posts on the Columbia. We have already shown the invalidity of this ground of the American claim. Gray was not the first discoverer, neither was Meares, but Meares was undoubtedly prior to Gray. There is some confusion in the Commissioners' assertion, that Thompson's proceedings were contemporaneous with those of Lewis and Clarke. What they must have intended to say is, that Thompson founded settlements about the same time as, and probably before, the establishment of Astoria, viz. in the year 1811. But this point is of no importance. We have seen that the United States were not justified in forming settlements, either in 1811 or at any other time prior to the convention of 1818; consequently, any argument founded upon priority of occupation at this period must altogether fail.

2nd. The settlement of Astoria was established by the American Pacific Fur Company, and named after the principal partner in the Company, Mr. John Jacob Astor. It did not thrive long, and in October, 1813, the whole establishment was bought up by the British North-West Company. But before the transfer of the furs and stock in trade to the purchasers was completed, the British sloop of war Racoon, Captain Black, arrived in the Columbia, and on the 12th of December, 1813, the two powers being then at war, seized and took possession of the factory, hoisted the British flag in room of the American, and changed the name from Astoria to Fort St. George. The capture of Astoria could not, of course, have been known when the treaty of peace was signed at Ghent, 24th of December, 1814. That treaty provides for the mutual restitution of all terri-

tories and places taken by the one party from the other during or after the war. It is not clear to us that Astoria, having before its capture been purchased by British from American subjects, fell within the meaning of the treaty at all; however, the British government ordered the restoration of the posts, but guarded itself at the same time against thereby admitting the right of the United States. Astoria was accordingly given up to the agent of the United States by Captain Hickey, of H. M. S. Blossom, on the 6th of October, 1818. The Americans contend that this restitution was unconditional, and is therefore to be taken as an admission of their right to form settlements in the Oregon territory, but this statement was positively denied by the British Commissioners. They alleged that the restitution of Astoria was accompanied by express reservations of the right of Great Britain to the territory on which that settlement was declared to be an encroachment. We are really surprised that the fact of the reservation should be disputed by any one. Lord Castlereagh, on the 4th of February, 1818, wrote thus to the British minister at Washington: "You will observe, that whilst this government is not disposed to contest with the American government the point of possession, as it stood in the Columbia river at the moment of the rupture, they are not prepared to admit the validity of the title of the government of the United States to this settlement. In signifying therefore to Mr. Adams the full acquiescence of your government in the re-occupation of the limited position which the United States held in that river at the breaking out of the war, *you will at the same time assert in suitable terms the claim of Great Britain to that territory upon which the American settlement must be considered an encroachment;*"—an instruction which was duly though verbally executed by the British minister to whom it was addressed. Earl Bathurst also, in his despatch to the North-West Company, dated the 27th of January, 1818, desires that facilities may be given to the re-occupation of the settlement by the officers of the United States, "without, however, admitting the right of that government to the possession in question." Now the memorandum of the act of delivery, dated 6th of October, 1818, signed by Captain Hickey and Mr. Keith, of the North-West Company, and acknowledged by Mr. Prevost, agent for the United States, declares, on the face of it, that the restoration is made in obedience to the commands of the Prince Regent, signified in a despatch from Earl Bathurst to the North-West Company, dated the 27th of January, 1818. We cannot see how any clearer evi-

dence could be afforded, that the restitution of Astoria was not intended as an admission of the American claim to the territory in dispute. Mr. Greenhow calls the despatches we have quoted *private communications*, and says, that "with those private despatches the United States have no concern." Surely those despatches cannot be of a private nature, of which the one is addressed to a British envoy with directions to communicate it to the minister of the United States, and the other is recited in the act of restoration as the official authority for that very act. But, in truth, it would have been a most culpable negligence of the British government if they had allowed the restitution of the little post of Astoria to prejudice the general question of right to the whole disputed territory, from the Rocky Mountains to the sea; and it appears to us little more than a matter of course, that the British ministers should make such reservations as those which we find recorded to have been actually made.

3d. The third position of the American plenipotentiary was, that the Florida treaty vested in the United States all the title which Spain previously possessed as the first discoverer and explorer of the north-western coast. We have already remarked that the Spaniards appear to have been the original discoverers of this part of America, and we are therefore ready to admit, that on this ground Great Britain could not establish a right of colonization; but we do not find that in any of the negotiations with the United States, the British government has relied on a title by discovery. On the contrary, in their reply to the argument with which we are now dealing, the British Commissioners did not attempt to controvert the historical fact of the original discovery by Spain. They treated this point as having become immaterial since the convention of the Escorial, and contended that the titles derived by the United States from Spain by the Florida treaty amounted to nothing more than the rights secured to Spain equally with Great Britain by the convention of 1790, namely, to settle on any part of those countries, to navigate and fish in their waters, and to trade with the natives. Of the correctness of the British Commissioners' view, we do not entertain a doubt. The point is the clearest in the whole case, and it is with some surprise that we find Mr. Greenhow imagines the convention of the Escorial to be not now in force. He thinks that it expired by the breaking out of the war between Spain and Great Britain in October, 1796, and that, not having been renewed specifically after the termination of that war, it was not in force at the date of the Florida

treaty, and cannot now be appealed to as a subsisting convention. If Mr. Greenhow were as good a lawyer as he is an historian, he would have known that the convention of the Escurial is one of those national compacts called *transitory conventions*; that such conventions are not put an end to, or even necessarily suspended by war; but that if suspended, they revive as a matter of course on the restoration of peace, without any express stipulation. There is no difference of opinion upon this head among the best authorities in international law.* We shall content ourselves by citing a modern authority, which we are sure will be respected in the United States.

"General compacts between nations," says Mr. Wheaton, "may be divided into what are called *transitory conventions*, and treaties properly so termed. *The first are perpetual in their nature, so that being once carried into effect, they subsist independent of any change in the sovereignty and form of government of the contracting parties; and although their operation may in some cases be suspended during war, they revive on the return of peace without any express stipulation.* Such are treaties of cession, boundary, or exchange of territory, or those which create a permanent servitude in favor of one nation within the territory of another."†

Mr. Wheaton then goes on to cite certain decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States explanatory of the rule of law in this respect. It was held that the titles of British subjects to lands in America, acquired by them under the treaties of 1783 and 1794, could not be forfeited for alienage by any municipal law of the United States, and that the war which broke out between the two countries in 1812 did not divest British subjects of their rights of property. The Supreme Court has never admitted the doctrine, that treaties are *ipso facto* extinguished by war, if not revived by renewal on the return of peace; so far from it, it has expressly held that treaties stipulating for permanent rights and general arrangements do not cease on the occurrence of war, but are at most only suspended while it lasts; and, unless they are waived by the parties or new and repugnant stipulations are made, they revive upon the return of peace. Now really, if the convention of the Escurial is not one of a lasting character, stipulating for permanent rights and general arrangements, we do not know what convention can be said to be so. It is not, as Mr. Greenhow justly observes, a commercial treaty; it is a treaty of cession and

* See Vattel, *Droit des Gens*, liv. ii. ch. 12. sec. 192; Martens, *Précis*, etc., liv. ii. ch. 2. sec. 58.

† Wheaton's 'Elements of International Law,' part iii. ch. 2. sec. 7.

adjustment of differences. The preamble recites that—

"Their Britannic and Catholic majesties being desirous of terminating, by a speedy and solid agreement, the differences which have lately arisen between the two crowns, have judged that the best way of attaining this salutary object would be that of an amicable arrangement, which setting aside all retrospective discussion of the rights and pretensions of the two parties, *should fix their respective situation for the future* on a basis conformable to their true interests," etc.

The first two clauses express the cession of certain lands and property by Spain to Great Britain, and then the third clause declares, that in order to preserve *in future* a perfect harmony and good understanding between the contracting parties, their respective subjects shall not be disturbed in landing and settling upon unoccupied parts of the Pacific coast. Accordingly, British subjects have formed settlements and have obtained rights by occupation under the convention. The very object of the convention was to protect rights which might be thus acquired: to disturb them, would be to do the very thing which the treaty declares shall not be done, and would therefore be an outrage which Great Britain would be justified in treating as a *casus belli*, if she saw fit. If the American tribunals have held that the supervention of war did not effect British rights acquired by treaty within the United States, much less could the effect of war be to abrogate rights acquired in a territory, of which the sovereignty was disputed, but which it has been solemnly agreed that the subjects of both parties shall for the future be at liberty to occupy. We think it incontestable that the convention of the Escurial has never ceased to be in operation from the day of its date, and that it is now binding upon the United States as the assignee of the rights and obligations of Spain. We therefore fully concur in the soundness of the following summary of this part of the case by the British Commissioners, which is so clear and explicit as to require no further commentary:—

"Great Britain claims no exclusive sovereignty over any portion of the territory on the Pacific between the forty-second and the forty-ninth parallels of latitude; her present claim, not in respect to any part, but to the whole, is limited to a right of joint occupancy in common with other states, leaving the right of exclusive dominion in abeyance; and her pretensions tend to the mere maintenance of her own rights, in resistance to the exclusive character of the pretensions of the United States.

"The rights of Great Britain are recorded and defined in the convention of 1790; they embrace the right to navigate the waters of those

countries, to settle in and over any part of them, and to trade with the inhabitants and occupiers of the same. These rights have been peaceably exercised ever since the date of that convention, that is, for a period of nearly forty years. Under that convention valuable British interests have grown up in those countries. It is admitted that the United States possess the same rights, although they have been exercised by them only in a single instance, and have not since the year 1813 been exercised at all; but beyond those rights they possess none.

"In the interior of the territory in question, the subjects of Great Britain have had for many years numerous settlements and trading-posts; several of these posts are on the tributary streams of the Columbia; several upon the Columbia itself; some to the northward and others to the southward of that river. And they navigate the Columbia as the sole channel for the conveyance of their produce to the British stations nearest the sea, and for the shipment of it from thence to Great Britain: it is also by the Columbia and its tributary streams that these posts and settlements receive their annual supplies from Great Britain.

"To the interests and establishments which British industry and enterprise have created, Great Britain owes protection; that protection will be given both as regards settlement and freedom of trade and navigation, with every attention not to infringe the co-ordinate rights of the United States; it being the desire of the British government, so long as the joint occupancy continues, to regulate its own obligations by the same rules which govern the obligations of every other occupying party."*

4th. The last ground of the American claim, namely, that of *contiguity*, is altogether untenable. Contiguity may make a given territory more desirable to one state than to another, but it is really preposterous to urge it as the foundation of a right. The Oregon territory is contiguous to the acknowledged dominions of three different powers,—Great Britain, Mexico, and the United States. It is yet uncertain how far it might be found practicable to colonize the country overland from the eastern states; for, as we have already said, an almost impassable wilderness extends for several hundred miles east of the Rocky Mountains. If it is to be colonized by sea, there is little practical difference between the contiguity to the United States and to Great Britain. The American plenipotentiary, however, insisted that this doctrine of contiguity had been admitted by Great Britain, inasmuch as she had granted charters to her American colonies extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the claim was still stronger when made by a nation which already occupied

the central parts of the American continent, and whose dominions were acknowledged to extend to the Rocky Mountains. He relied also upon the cession by France in 1803 of Louisiana, which he described as extending to the Pacific Ocean. The British Commissioners replied, that Louisiana was a Spanish possession in 1790, and that part of the case was consequently disposed of by the treaty of the Escorial; but that with respect to the charters in question, they could at most be only evidence of a right as between the grantor and the grantee. They formed no part of the law of nations, and, until confirmed by treaty, could not be binding upon any other state. The truth is, that whatever construction the English courts may have placed upon these charters as regards the rights thereby transferred by the crown to its subjects, they never had any validity against titles which other nations might have acquired by the legitimate means of discovery and occupation. The claim of dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific was always considered ridiculous by reflecting men. Mr. Burke, writing in 1760 on the subject of the boundary disputes then existing with France, says, "Our rights in Nova Scotia have been already ascertained and established in a clear and cogent manner; but with regard to our claims in the Ohio and Mississippi, the rashness of some writers in a matter which is a public concern seems to me very blamable; some of them timidly or ignorantly drawing our territories into a very inconvenient narrowness, *whilst others have madly claimed all America from sea to sea*; some would give us very narrow bounds, whilst others will hear of no bounds at all."* But there is another answer to the claim, as put forward in this shape. If the early British charters are really any evidence of a right of dominion from sea to sea, that right, as affects the territory in question, still remains with Great Britain, for it has never been ceded by her to the United States. The title of the United States is founded upon the cessions made by Great Britain, as expressed in the treaty of peace of 1783, and subsequent conventions; and any territory on the north-western coast, not comprised in such cessions, would, if the argument were sound, remain subject to British, not American, sovereignty. The whole case, however, which is based upon the doctrine of contiguity, is an illusion; and it is one which, in our judgment, the government of Great Britain is bound to repel to the utmost of its power;

* *Documents laid before the House of Representatives, and cited by Mr. Greenhow.*

* *European Settlements in America*, vol. ii. p. 136.

for the real meaning of the United States is neither more nor less than to declare, *that they object to any further colonization from Europe of any part of the American continent.* This feeling has exhibited itself too plainly on many occasions; and we find the principle openly asserted in the message of President Monroe to Congress in December, 1823, who states that, in the course of the then pending negotiations relative to the north-west coast, "the occasion had been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, *by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered subjects for colonization by any European power.*" Here we find a principle avowed, which is as repugnant to the settled rules of international law as it is to the public morality of civilized states. Because the United States are free and independent, European powers are not to form settlements upon their own rightful territories on the American continent! Mr. Greenhow indeed regrets that the President should have been so indiscreet, and thinks it would have been more politic to keep the principle *in petto* than to assert it openly. Such hints and such declarations ought at least to put the British government upon its guard. We are among those who rejoice in the freedom and independence of the United States; but it is the moral duty of individuals, as well as of governments, to protest against doctrines, which if acted upon would necessarily lead to acts of violence and aggression, and to a destruction of the established principles of international law. It is not the freedom and prosperity of the United States, or the convenience of contiguity, which can ever justify their pretensions to the north-western territory. If they desire to acquire a sovereign right, which they do not now possess, they must do what other nations are obliged to do in similar situations, namely, endeavor to obtain by negotiation in the proper quarter, and by mutual concessions, a title which they cannot otherwise legitimately maintain.

We have thus stated the nature of the present conflicting claims in respect of the Oregon territory. The result is, that neither Great Britain nor the United States can maintain a valid title to the exclusive sovereignty of the country in dispute, but that both powers have equal rights of resorting to and occupying it, pursuant to the terms of the convention of the Escurial. The United States have the same rights as Great Britain; so far we have freely admitted their

claims; but when they carry them further, and demand the exclusive sovereignty and possession, then we have shown such claims to be unfounded, and inadmissible by the British government.

The only way of settling the question of ultimate sovereignty, if all negotiation be hopeless, would seem to be by referring the point to the arbitration of a third power. Various propositions have been made at former periods, but little or no approach toward an adjustment has been effected. In 1824, Great Britain offered to divide the territory by a line to be drawn from the Rocky Mountains westward along the 49th parallel to the nearest head-waters of the Columbia, and thence down the course of the stream to the Pacific, — Britain retaining all to the north, and the United States all to the south of that line. By this arrangement, Great Britain would have received only about 100,000 acres out of the 350,000 acres in dispute; but this offer was declined by the United States, who insisted upon the sovereignty of the whole territory as far north as the 49th degree. In 1826, when the negotiations were resumed, the British government renewed its former proposal and the United States did the same, with the addition, that if the 49th degree should be found to cross any branches of the Columbia at navigable points, then the whole stream should be open to navigation by both nations. Great Britain then enlarged its offer, by adding a detached territory north of the Columbia, embracing Port Discovery and Bulfinch's Harbor; but neither of these modified proposals was considered satisfactory, and we are not aware that any new offer on either side has subsequently been made. The refusal of the United States to accept the offer of nearly two-thirds of the entire territory thus made to them, arose of course from the assumption that they possessed the right to the whole; whereas it is certain that the rights which British subjects have acquired by occupancy only, pursuant to the treaty, are much more extensive than those to which American citizens have thereby become entitled. It is well known that the Hudson's Bay Company's settlers, are the principal occupiers of the districts drained by the Columbia and its branches, which Mr. Greenhow fully admits; and he makes also the important admission, that, as long since as the year 1826, the British were enjoying, almost exclusively, the use and control of the whole country beyond the Rocky Mountains north of the mouth of the Columbia. This is a fact which does certainly vindicate the desire of the British government to retain the

sovereignty to the northward of the river; and we really do not see how, considering the protection due to existing British interests, our government could be reasonably expected to consent to placing the navigation of that river and its tributaries at the exclusive command of the United States.

The Americans appear to take it for granted that the Oregon territory has been destined by Providence for the ultimate use of the people of the United States. We have noticed the difficulties which have hitherto obstructed the progress of settlement from overland; those difficulties are altogether of a physical nature; the British government has never placed any obstacles in the way of American settlers, nor would it have been justified in so doing. For ourselves, we do not set any great value upon the country, as an emigration field, either for England or America; but what we do consider of importance to British interests is, that British subjects should not in any event be deprived of the free navigation of the Oregon river and its tributaries, or of the free use of the Strait of Fuca, and the several harbors comprised within the disputed territory. These are rights which it is incumbent on the British government to maintain, as well as to afford all due protection to those British subjects, who in the course of the last fifty-three years have established themselves as occupiers within the territory, pursuant to the terms of the convention of the Escurial.

Whatever means may be the best for bringing to a settlement the question of final sovereignty, it is necessary that those means should be resorted to without a day's delay. We do not at present perceive any better mode of determining the point than by the arbitration of a third power; nor could the United States reasonably object to refer the point to such a tribunal. We shall sincerely rejoice in the adjustment of differences, which cannot subsist much longer without the utmost danger to the maintenance of peace. The American executive has for some years past been subjected to a strong pressure of public opinion with reference to this question,—a pressure which threatens to compel the executive even to disregard the obligations of existing treaties. The legislature of the United States has frequently been urged to assert its exclusive sovereignty, and to take possession of the entire territory in dispute. In 1821, a Committee of the House of Representatives, appointed on the motion of Mr. Floyd, reported "a bill for the occupation of the Columbia, and the regulation of the trade with the Indians in the territories of the United States." In 1823, the

House of Representatives appointed another select committee on the subject, who made a report, annexing a recommendation of General Jesup, quartermaster-general, for the military occupation of the Columbia, pointing out the measures whereby, as he says, "present protection would be afforded to our traders, and on the expiration of the privilege granted to British subjects to trade on the waters of the Columbia, *we should be enabled to remove them from our territory and to secure the whole trade to our own citizens.*" A committee of the Senate has more recently investigated the question, and Senator Linn, the chairman of that committee, has introduced a bill for the military occupation of the Oregon territory accompanied by a scheme for its systematic settlement. How soon some bill of this description may pass both houses it is impossible to say, for great excitement prevails out of doors, which is, of course, fostered and kept alive by the press. We observe, for instance, that on the 1st of October last, a public meeting was held at Philadelphia, at which the rights of the United States were expounded at great length to the people by a Mr. Peter Brown, and it was resolved unanimously "that the United States have a clear and indisputable title to the Oregon territory." It is the feverish state of public opinion in America which makes it so difficult for the government of the United States to guide its foreign policy by the rules of justice and moderation, and which also renders it incumbent upon the British government not to suffer existing breaches to widen, but to do the utmost to settle all differences, which it may be possible to adjust upon equitable principles and with a due regard to vested rights. We have said enough to show that Great Britain ought to be now prepared to adopt and to carry out a decided line of policy in regard to this territorial dispute. Conciliation should be carried to the utmost length which justice to British interests will permit; but a firm decision should also be taken not to permit the infringement of treaty-rights, or of those acknowledged rules of international law which are binding upon all civilized states, and without whose observance there can be no permanent security for the preservation of peace.

THE FORTUNES OF THE GREAT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

From the *Metropolitan*.

THE bells of Ghent were ringing a merry peal, flags and banners hung from steeple and tower, and the streets were overflowing with the citizens dressed in their holiday attire. It was the birthday of the mighty emperor who had first seen the light within its walls, and though to-day was not even the hundredth time of its celebration, yet it was evident that it could not pass without extraordinary festivity.

Our attention, however, is not to be called to a scene of mirth or rejoicing, nor have we to chronicle the fate of one, whose name threw a lustre over the place of her birth. But whatever were her failings, and they were not few nor light, who will say that they were not atoned for by the severity of her destiny? Whilst, then, the sounds of rejoicing were at the loudest, we must notice a heavy travelling carriage drawn by four horses, which came slowly lumbering along as it entered the gates of Ghent. It was an equipage which evidently belonged to some one of rank, for the mouldings were richly gilded, and the windows were of Venetian glass, in those days of great luxury. But it had seen its best days. The coats of arms, which nearly covered its panels, were scarcely any longer legible, the gildings were tarnished, and the horses, by their want of condition, showed that they were not fed by a pampering hand. Two ladies occupied the inside, one of whom, despite of her fifty years, might still have been called handsome. Her face and complexion betrayed her southerly extraction, and though her features were clouded with grief, there flashed forth every now and then from her eyes a glance of pride and self-consciousness. Her companion was a younger person, and altogether more feminine in appearance, but still the expression of her face was of high spirit, struggling with dreadful exhaustion. Eight days only before the time we write of, her fair head had fallen in effigy by the hands of the headsman; outside the carriage sat two female attendants, with a young page, and one who seemed to show to the full the wretchedness which was depicted upon the faces of his mistresses. It was an old man, whose hair was already white, whilst the velvet-laced coat which he wore, accorded well by its threadbare look with the faded splendor of the equipage. The time had been when the travellers might have expected similar sounds of rejoicing to greet their ears, a concourse of people and the ringing of bells, and all in honor of themselves. Alas! those days were past. Just once the elder lady had allowed the noise to attract her attention to the street, but her look was speedily withdrawn. The memory of other times came over her, especially of the day on which she had made a public entry into this very town, attended by all that was fair and brilliant. Treachery and ingratitude had done much, and had yet their worst to do.

The carriage at length stopped, and the page descended to the window to ask the direction the carriage was to take. "To an hotel, Paulo, it

matters not which." Soon after, however, as the carriage was again rumbling on, a sign caught the eye of the elder lady, and the check-string was hastily pulled. It was of a second-rate inn, and her companion asked with surprise, "What! here?"

"And why not?" said the lady, slowly. "It is the sign of the 'Helpful Mother of God.' We are deserted by all; perchance the Blessed Virgin will shield me from the eyes of the world, and offer me a retreat where I may close my eyes in peace."

We resume the history after a lapse of seven months.

In the window of a small house in the street de la Crucé, a light might have been noticed burning deep into the night; within the small, scantily furnished apartment whence it issued, were four people standing mournfully around a bed, on which lay some one sick unto death. The elderly lady whom we have seen before, and an old attendant whom we recognize by his faded velvet coat and white hair, were two of these; the others were a sister of a religious order, and a celebrated physician of Ghent. The patient we have also seen before: she was a lady whose features still showed signs of beauty, though worn down low with bodily and mental suffering.

"Doctor," said the elder lady, her eyes swelled with weeping, "you say, then, that there is really no hope?"

"It is a light about to be quenched," he answered. "Human skill is of no avail here."

"There is then, indeed, no hope?"

"A miracle alone could save her;" and he added, low down, "this is not the age of miracles."

"And I do not hope," the lady answered, after a pause. "You told me she would die. These eighteen years you have told me truly all that was to come to pass; all my misfortunes. Just heaven, when will my cup of sorrow be full, how soon will thy wrath turn to compassion?"

There was a long silence. The doctor was the first to speak.

"Heavy indeed must have been the blow, which brought one so young as she is into a situation like this."

"You are right. 'Tis no light matter to have to leave country, children, friends, to escape the scaffold; yet so it has been; she had spoken against the king and the parliament. The tiger in human shape, not satisfied with having driven me forth into exile, must also kill my dearest, my only friend. Poor, unfortunate Isabella! death is the penalty you must pay for your devotion to one deserted by all beside."

The invalid opened her eyes, her half-glazed look dwelt for a moment upon the speaker, a placid smile played along her pallid lips; she sighed, it was a gentle sigh, but with it her spirit departed. All was hushed; no sob or expression of grief broke the silence. The mourner had sunk upon her knees, and her face was buried in her hands. It was a spasm of woe. At length

she rose ; and, after gazing for a moment on the face of the departed, her hands firmly clasped together, she stooped, and imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the corpse. Then turning round, and drawing her figure to its full height, whilst her eyes sparkled, and her whole form seemed dilated,

"Triumph, vile priest!" she half screamed, "add another to your list of victims. Treacherous villain!—cowardly assassin!—take a woman's bitter curse—a curse," she articulated slowly, "heard by those blessed spirits who are even now wafting the soul of his victim to the courts of heaven."

"With her it is well," she added, after a pause, "but I remain here, deserted of all."

The old domestic threw himself at her feet. "By all,—but no, not by me."

"My faithful Mascali," she said, motioning him to rise ; and her grief at length found vent in tears.

The day was breaking, and, with a low obeisance, the doctor and the servant had left the room. The old lady had sunk into an armchair, whilst the Beguine, kneeling at the side of the bed, was offering up prayers for the soul of the departed.

It was high noon, when a gentle knock came to the door, and Mascali silently entered.

"Your grace," he said, "his majesty the king is below, and would wait upon you."

"Is his accursed favorite with him?"

"She is in attendance."

"I will see the king :—but, understand, alone."

A moment afterwards, Mascali opened the door for a young man richly dressed, who sank upon his knee, as he became aware of the lady's presence.

"Mascali, a seat for his majesty, and leave us."

Mascali retired.

"Veramente, I was not prepared for this visit," said the lady, bitterly. "I thought you had yet delicacy enough remaining to have spared me this."

"I have been calumniated."

"With words? It were idle, when deeds speak for themselves — your latest deed has proved sufficient ; comfort yourself with the thought that you need do no more."

"Did you but know—"

"I know enough, quite enough, too much—I know that whilst your friends were shedding their blood for you, you were a base coward and —ran away. I know that you have entered into a treaty with your most implacable enemy, the principal stipulation in which is, that I am to be given up. I know, too, that I am your mother, or naught could make me even suppose that you were the son of the bravest of monarchs, whose blood is already tainted by your infamous cowardice."

"This is too much," cried the king, springing up.

"You can get into a passion, then, yet! Is there, then, a single spark of courage still left?"

"O, I know the countess hates me, and never ceases to calumniate me ; but, by —, she shall answer it."

"Yes, I know you have courage to face a woman."

"As I hope for salvation, I will be revenged upon her."

The lady rose, drew back the curtains of the bed, and, with a contemptuous smile, she said slowly, "There, then, revenge yourself upon her corpse."

The color left the king's face, he staggered a pace or two backward, and laid a hand upon the speaker, as if for support. She drew back, as if from the touch of pollution.

"What! I serve as a prop for you—Away with you instantly—rid me of your presence!"

The monarch reeled towards the door, and the lady's glance followed him till he was gone.

"The miserable creature!" she muttered ; "and yet he can call me mother."

The next morning, a chapel in the church of St. Bavon was hung with black. In the middle stood a catafalque ornamented with a count's coronet ; beside it stood the lady in prayer, and behind her Mascali, a page, and two female attendants, in deep mourning. On it was written, "Pray for the soul of the most noble Lady Isabella, Countess of Fargis, Embassadress to the Court of the King of Spain and Emperor of all the Indies."

Twenty years ago an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken any thing?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three ; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want any thing more."

"Poor lady! This time of the year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on ; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for any thing, it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of every thing."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell upon the same tarnished velvet coat which we have seen before. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and, bidding them a short "Good night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the cham-

ber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better, that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two, and he succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken, it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he now approached them.

"Parbleu!" said he, "why that is Mascal. What, are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascal had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting your—"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the queen of the mightiest nation in the universe: and now both of us alike. But adieu," she said suddenly, and, drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features, as she answered, with a gently commanding tone, "Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and, taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning, a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascal; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written,

"Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use. GUISE."

And the packet contained a hundred louis d'ors.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair for two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the thirteenth of February, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later, an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One only word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the failing staircase—"Nothing! nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse which lay before him, with an almost convulsive motion, and, letting it as suddenly fall, he cried,

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold, and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christina, Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, dead of hunger, cold, and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the Just."

MADAME CATALANI.—By letters from Florence, it appears that Madame Catalani's villa at Sinigaglia is a thing *in nubibus*, though she herself has not yet gone in that direction. While the French and German journals (not to mention our own) have been lamenting over her supposed death, and putting the date of 1828 on the grave of her husband, M. de Valabraqe, the two have, it seems, been enjoying the "glimpses of the moon" at her less visionary villa in the neighborhood of the Tuscan capital; and, in a circle of friends gathered round them, on New-year's day, one of the amusements was derived from the reading of the paragraphs in the French papers, which, to the extent of their authority, made ghosts of them both.—*4th.*

REGINA'S REGINA :

OR, REMINISCENCES OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

WHEN first I saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent she was fatherless. Her fair light form was sporting in all the redolence of youth and health on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. It was a fine summer day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to render the fanning breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently on the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple; a plain straw bonnet, with a white riband round the crown, a colored muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen from China to Kamtschatka. Rove where you will, in the galleries of the Louvre, of Versailles, in David's *atelier*, or in the halls and museums of our own loved isle, I defy you all, my good masters and mistresses, to find me a prettier pair of feet than were those of the belle Victoria, when she played with the pebbles and the tides on Ramsgate sands. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man, whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that eternal book where the actions of men are written with the pen of Truth, walked by her parent's side, and, doubtless, gave those counsels, and offered that advice, which none were more able to offer than himself,—for it was WILLIAM WILBERFORCE !!

Yes, there he was,—he, the mighty moral combatant of that now crushed giant, Slavery! who had fought so nobly and so well for the great principle that no man had a right, either real or imaginary, to the person and being of another man! Ah! never shall I forget with what irresistible force those lines recurred to my mind, as I gazed on the diminutive and trembling form of that moral Hercules,—

“ Were I so tall to reach the poles,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul,—
The mind's the standard of the man.”

Yes, the mind, unchained, unfettered, unenslaved,—the mind, immortal as the Being from which it sprang, and as immortal as the state of existence to which it is destined,—“ the mind's the standard of the man.” And what a mind was there before me! Wilberforce was not simply the benevolent, the virtuous, and the pious; but he was a great man, with a great mind, occupied about

great interests, large and vast questions, and devoted to the glorious mission of raising his fellow-men, in all countries and climes, from degradation, misery, brutality, and bondage.

Mr. Wilberforce looked, on that day, all benevolence. And when did he look otherwise? Never, but when the wrongs of humanity made his fine heart bleed, and caused the flush of honest indignation to mantle his pale forehead. His kindly eye followed with parental interest every footstep of the young creature; as she advanced to and then retreated from the coming tide; and it was evident that his mind and his heart were full of the future, whilst they were interested in the present. “ There is, probably, the future monarch of an empire, on whose dominions the great orb of day never sets,” was a thought which was evidently depicted on his face, as he pointed to the little dancing queen, who was so much amused at getting her shoes wet in a breaker, which had advanced farther and with more rapidity than she expected. The Duchess of Kent waved her hand, and Victoria, obedient to the signal, did not again risk the dangers arising from damp feet.

The scene was interesting. The old veteran in the cause of humanity and truth, placed between his hands the little fingers of the blooming girl of five years of age, and something was then said, which I would have given a great deal to have heard, which caused the blue eyes of our now beloved queen to stare most fixedly at her venerable instructor, whilst her devoted mother looked alternately at both, evidently interested and affected by the contrast. No doubt some monitor, touching, truthful words had fallen from the lips of Mr. Wilberforce; and it may be that from that sacred moment she dated her first abhorrence of the principles and practice of slavery. Like arrows directed by a skilful marksman were the well-prepared words and thoughts of that universal philanthropist; and, doubtless, they fell not in vain on the ear of the young Victoria. The conversation was deep and solemn for a few minutes, but Mr. Wilberforce, knowing so well the listlessness and versatility of youth, never wearied those he instructed by long and misplaced harangues, but gently led them on to some point of interest, or to some great principle, and when he had made the impression, fixed the attention, and riveted the thoughts of his young friends, he entered into their juvenile amusements, enjoyed their varied recreations, and caused them to feel that he sympathized with all that was virtuous, beautiful, and good. Thus the little party I have described advanced to the edge of the tide, and the

emancipator of the Negro and black population of the world, condescended to the trifles of watching the encroachments of each new breaker, and to the tact of a Newfoundland dog, who exhibited his skill in bringing safe to shore some sticks, which were thrown at great distances into the sea that he might swim after them.

It was in this way that an hour was spent. I had known Mr. Wilberforce more in public than in private life, though I had visited him at his quiet residence at Brompton, and always found him accessible and kind. But I had the prudence not to intrude upon him on this occasion, and I was simply a spectator. The duchess was earnest in her manner during a great portion of that hour, and seemed much delighted when Mr. Wilberforce fixed the attention of her darling daughter by some sentences he pronounced in her hearing. I am quite satisfied they related to slavery. His attitude, his movements, his solemnity, and the fixed eye, and deeply mournful face of his charming young pupil, convinced me of that. I think he described to her a young slave girl, torn from her parents, consigned to a slave ship, delivered up to a cruel and inhuman trafficker in flesh, and subjected to the lash, and to misery, tears, and groans, ere her heart should have even known what sorrow and anguish were. But the hour soon flitted away. The duchess and her daughter returned to their modest and unpretending dwelling, and Mr. Wilberforce, joined by some friend, walked quietly on the pier.

The favorite bathing-woman of the Princess Victoria appeared, as the party retired, to smile and courtesy, and receive the nod of youthful recognition on the part of her royal highness, who asked some little question about the best hour to bathe the next morning. I kept my distance, but followed the duchess and my now queen towards their abode, and I observed with delight the freedom from affectation and restraint in which the daughter was educated by her royal mother. The townspeople and the visitors were respectful in their manner, and the young Victoria was courteous, and yet lively. She was just the light, gay being she ought to have been at such an age, and under all the circumstances of her rank and prospects; and she even then knew that, which her recent visits to the nobility of England have distinctly proved she continues to feel, that the monarchy of Great Britain is limited, constitutional, and popular.

And let not the unobservant man, who notices not the daily and hourly meanderings of the youthful mind, until it becomes vast

and majestic in maturer years, smile at this statement of the early sentiments of the Queen Victoria. Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sigh of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with bird's-nests, admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes,—and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of valor and of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.

Now I believe, in my conscience, and I may add that I have the best of all reasons for saying so, that the earliest years of the young Victoria, her first education, partook of this character, and was devoted to such recreations as those of which I have been speaking. It was felt by her illustrious mother that the cultivation of the heart was of yet more importance than that of the mind, and that her daughter's tastes should be those which would render her happy, as well as capacitate her for the most intellectual society, and for pronouncing on very interesting and important questions.

There was a little incident connected with my first impressions and first sight of the Princess Victoria, which I record with pleasure. As she proceeded up the High Street from the sands, there sat on a low step of a closed shop an aged Irishwoman, pale, wan, dejected, sorrowing, her head bent forward, and whilst all nature was gay, she looked sickly, sad, and famishing. Whether she was too depressed to beg, or too exhausted at that moment to make the effort, I cannot tell; but she asked for no alms, and even looked not at the passers by. The young princess was attracted by her appearance, and spoke to the duchess. "I think not," were the only words I heard from her mamma; and, "Oh! yes, indeed," was all I could catch of the youthful reply. I have no doubt that the duchess thought the old woman was not in need of relief, or would be offended by the offer of alms; but the princess had looked under her bonnet, and gained a better insight into her condition. There was a momentary pause; the Princess Victoria ran back a few steps most nimbly, and with a smile of heartfelt delight placed some silver in the hands of the old Irishwoman. Tall and stately was the poor creature, and as she rose slowly with clasped hands and

riveted features, she implored the blessing of heaven on the "English lady." She little dreamed that that lady would be the future queen of these realms, or that she was a member of that house of Brunswick whose illustrious scions have ever been distinguished for their sympathy with human suffering, and for that charity which is kind and which never faileth. The old Irishwoman was so taken by surprise by this unexpected mark of beneficence on the part of she knew not whom, that she turned over her sixpences again and again, thanked the Virgin as well as the "young lady" a thousand and a thousand times, and related to those who stopped to hear her exclamations the "good luck" that had come upon her. A few moments more, and we had all separated—the beggar to her wallet, the duchess and princess to their studies and occupations, Mr. Wilberforce and his friend to their *causeries*, and myself to my reflections on the chances and changes of this sunny and cloudy world. I cannot say *au revoir*, for in this life we shall certainly never meet again; but, thank God, there is a world where pure thoughts and noble souls will all form part of one vast stock of happiness and virtue, where truth shall be eternal and bliss unalloyed.

The youthful monarch of these realms was the daughter of a man whose character has not been adequately estimated, and whose talents and virtues have not met with all the praise to which they were entitled. How was this? Was it that he spent his youth in dissipation and folly, and, like the prodigal, returned in penitence and rags? By no means; for he was a pattern of prudence, economy, moral life, and active, industrious habits. He made no debts, incurred no unnecessary expenses, delighted in books, education, and charity; and was an admirable son, a model of a soldier, and one of the best of husbands. Was it that his stern habits as an officer made for him enemies, and that these, in after life, sought to detract from his fair fame as a civilian? There may be something in this; but the real secret of the little that has been kindly said and written of the duke, is this,—that he belonged to a political party which never praises those who serve it, because it is a divided, split, jealous, and unconfiding party.

His royal brothers, the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland, entertained high Protestant and Conservative principles, and attached themselves to such leaders as Pitt, Liverpool, Wellington, and Castlereagh. The Dukes of Kent and Sussex took for political guides the ejected and forlorn Whig party, and enrolled

themselves in the ranks of "His Majesty's opposition." Unaccustomed to power and office, and unused to the great privileges of being able to confer benefits on others by reason of holding posts of governmental importance, the Whig party at last degenerated into a mere cabal, finding fault without cause, opposing one system without having any other to substitute for it, and, finally, as a party, reduced to lean on another faction then rising into notice—men who have been called Radicals, because they struck at the root of those political institutions which Whigs and Tories had, till then, both professed to admire and love.

I remember on one occasion, at a public banquet, at which the Dukes of Kent and Sussex were present, the former returned thanks on the part of the royal family for the honor which had been conferred by the health of the junior members having been drunk; and the noble duke then hastily glanced at his own position. "I am a friend of civil and religious liberty, all the world over," said his royal highness. "I am an enemy to all religious tests. I am a supporter of a general system of education. All men are my brethren; and I hold that power is only delegated for the benefit of the people. These are the principles of myself and of my beloved brother the Duke of Sussex. They are not popular principles just now; that is, they do not conduct to place or office. All the members of the royal family do not hold the same principles. For this I do not blame them; but we claim for ourselves the right of thinking and acting as we think best; and we proclaim ourselves, with our friend Mr. Tierney, 'members of his majesty's loyal opposition.'"

This was a bold stand, as it was also a singular position for a member of the royal family, for a son of the reigning monarch; but to it his royal highness adhered to the latest period of his life. It would perhaps be curious, and even interesting, to inquire into all the circumstances which led the Dukes of Kent and Sussex to associate themselves with the opposition party in and out of parliament. It has been thought by some men that the small incomes which were bestowed on those illustrious individuals, and which would not admit of their taking their proper rank at court, threw them necessarily into the ranks of the opposition. Those ranks were, of course, always open to them. The leaders of the Whig party were too happy to enlist amongst their followers two princes of the blood-royal; and in proportion as the Prince of Wales abjured the errors and follies of his youthful days, and adopted from

conviction true Conservative principles, in the same proportion did a general feeling of anxiety exist among the Whig leaders to secure the planting of a *drapeau* of opposition and resistance on the part of two sons of George III. It must, however, be at once conceded, that whilst the political principles or prejudices of the Dukes of Kent and Sussex were nearly identical, the former invariably expressed himself with more reserve and prudence than did the latter. Not that he was less a Whig than his noble brother; but he was more impressed with the fact of his near relationship to the throne, and with the necessity for showing deference to the councillors of his royal father.

I remember on one occasion to have heard sentiments of so hostile a character to the then government of the Prince Regent pronounced at a public dinner by the Duke of Sussex, that even those present who entertained the same political sentiments with his royal highness admitted that so marked and personal a line of conduct was scarcely becoming a prince of the blood-royal. Some good Conservatives left the room, much to the annoyance of the duke; and I firmly believe that their conduct read a lesson to him which he never forgot; and that thereafter he laid it down as a rule to abstain from all political allusions in his speeches, except in the House of Lords. This rule, however, he broke through when he attended the annual meetings of a society which was first established by the Dissenters to oppose the bill of Lord Sidmouth, and which afterwards, under the title of "the Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty," became in reality an association for the persecution of the Established Clergy. On the anniversaries of this society, when the Duke of Sussex attended, he indulged in no very measured phrases against the Church of England, and availed himself of those occasions to inform the Dissenting body throughout the country that he preferred the Lancasterian to the national system of education; that he was by no means opposed to the *principle* of Dissent; that he was no advocate for Church Establishments; that he was much more attached to the British and Foreign Bible Society than he was to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge; and that his affections were by no means associated with the principles or proceedings of the old church societies of these realms.

The Duke of Kent, possessing a more methodical and regular mind than his brother Sussex, was less hasty in his decisions, and less energetic in his statements. His prefer-

ences were undoubtedly those of his brother, but he had a greater command of himself, and did not so frequently express his aversions as did the Duke of Sussex. The life of the former had indeed been one of a strictly regular and military character; whilst his brother had been cast into literary and political circles all hostile to Toryism and Conservatism, all opposed to the clergy, all friendly to the French revolution, all disposed to proclaim and propagate extreme views, and all at variance with the court and with that alliance of foreign princes which was essential to the destruction of French influence, and to the prevention of the success of French intrigue.

The Duke of Kent was the fourth son of George III. He was born the 2d of Nov., 1767; and at the age of 18 was sent to Germany by order of his royal father. He resided successively at Luneberg and Hanover until he had completed his 20th year; and during that period his whole income consisted of an allowance of £1000 per annum, of which his governor had the sole disposal, with the exception of a guinea and a half per week for pocket money. The two next years of his life were passed at Geneva, but without any increase of income; and very many were the privations to which he had to submit, arising out of his high rank and elevated position. With the rank of colonel, he subsequently commanded the 7th Fusileers, forming part of the garrison of Gibraltar, under General O'Hara, in 1790-91, before the commencement of the revolutionary war with France. From Gibraltar he was removed to Canada in 1791, thence to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and again to Canada, where, as commander of the forces, he gained universal respect, if not esteem.

It has been a charge often brought against the noble duke that he was too severe a disciplinarian, and that this was to be attributed to a temper soured by rather harsh conduct on the part of his royal parents. It has been alleged that the duke did not voluntarily follow the military profession, and that the posts assigned to him were likewise by no means such as he would have desired to select. This state of things, it is added, rendered him cross and severe, and made him by far less lovable than the Duke of Sussex. I cannot, however, subscribe to the accuracy of this statement. The Duke of Kent was by no means averse to the profession of arms, loved the soldiers who served under him as his brothers, obeyed with the utmost alacrity the orders of his superiors, and set an admirable example of dutiful submission; but whenever a suitable opportu-

nity was afforded him of proving his affection for his troops, he availed himself of it with an alacrity and pleasure which showed that he possessed a kind and generous heart.

During the period of the Duke of Kent's service in British America, he received orders to sail for the West Indies and to join in the attack made under Sir Charles Grey upon the French islands. At the conflict at St. Lucie, he greatly distinguished himself, and gave undeniable proof that he was a brave soldier as well as a skilful officer. From America he returned to Gibraltar, and was appointed governor of that important fort. Called at length to England he was appointed to the command of the 1st Foot, with the rank of field-marshal. The duties of this new station were performed with exemplary diligence and zeal; and the annals of the Horse Guards can attest to his wise and judicious counsels, to his strict attention to the laws and regulations of the army, and to his attentive regard for the comfort and happiness of the soldiers.

The restoration of the peace to Europe opened new fields of occupation for his generous and active mind. He devoted himself to the cause of charity, to the diffusion of benevolent principles, to the amelioration of the physical as well as the social and moral condition of his fellow-subjects; to the encouragement of the arts, science, philosophy, and knowledge. The inventor of new improvements or discoveries found in him a patient, discriminating, and kind patron. The poet and the man of letters were always received by him with respectful consideration. The improvement of the drama was an object he desired. The deaf and dumb he sought to raise by the application of science to their unfortunate condition. The blind he looked on with tenderness and sympathy, and rejoiced greatly at the invention of raised letters by which they might teach themselves to read with their fingers. The orphan and the widow were the objects of his special solicitude; and the ignorant and profligate he sought to reclaim by penitentiaries, schools, and various other means of useful and practical knowledge. It is true, indeed, that "*Regina*" cannot but enter her protest against those schools of general knowledge, without specific and fixed religious creeds, which his royal highness felt it to be his duty to foster and multiply. "The Bible—the whole Bible!" was the cry of the Duke of Kent. He did not bear in mind that all the heresies which have existed from age to age in the so-called Christian Church have been claimed to be founded on, and to belong to, the system of Christianity taught

by the Bible. He forgot that Christ taught His Church and established it, as well as gave to them that sure word of prophecy to which all Christians will, of course, do well to take heed; and when he insisted that it was sufficient to teach a child the Holy Scriptures, without supplying note or comment, he forgot that children who are sent into the world without a creed, without a church, and without possessing a love of, and a reverence for, authority in matters of religion, will soon fall victims to impostors, fanatics, heretics, and vain babblers. Hence, as men's minds have progressed, and as religious and sound church principles have advanced, the system called "Lancasterian" has given way to the *national schools* of the Church, and fixed creeds and truths are, thank God! rapidly taking the place of vague notions and undefined opinions.

The indefatigable zeal and the generous conduct of the Duke of Kent with regard to all charitable institutions, during several years of his life, gained for him deserved popularity; and himself and his brother Sussex were regarded by the directors of hospitals, dispensaries, and other asylums for the relief of suffering humanity, as the sheet-anchors of their rising institutions. The Duke of Kent was a manly, straightforward, and good public speaker. His voice was very far superior to that of his brother Sussex, and he had a much greater command of language and power of suitable and forcible utterance. The latter possessed the more classical and literary mind; but the strong sound sense of the former far outweighed at public meetings these lesser advantages. The punctuality of the Duke of Kent was an admirable feature in his character, and his condescension to his inferiors both in rank and attainments was most charming.

This was the prince from whom, and from his alliance with her illustrious mother, Her Serene Highness Victoria Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of the former reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg, and widow of His Serene Highness the Prince of Leinengen, as well as sister to the now King of the Belgians, sprang the Princess Victoria, the honored and beloved monarch of these realms.

The Duchess of Kent was in all respects worthy of the confidence and affection of her royal consort. Brought up under the immediate care and superintendence of her illustrious mother conjointly with her brother, the now king of the Belgians, her mind was richly stored with useful knowledge, and her heart imbued with noble and generous

principles. In 1802, at the age of sixteen, in compliance with the entreaties of her father, to whom she was most tenderly attached, and who, anticipating his approaching dissolution, desired earnestly to see his only surviving daughter married before his death, she was united to the then Hereditary Prince of Leinengen, who was twenty-eight years older than herself. Unfortunately for the Princess of Coburg, no union could have been less appropriately or wisely made; for neither the person, manners, qualifications, nor habits of the prince, were such as to secure her confidence or contribute to her happiness. Devoted to the amusements of the chase, and afflicted by a most violent and irritable temper, he rendered the family circle most unhappy, and for several years her life was any thing but satisfactory or even peaceful.

But the princess fulfilled all her duties as a wife and a mother in so exemplary a manner, from the period of her marriage to the year 1814, that the breath of slander never was directed against her fair fame and honor. She sought by the correctness of her life, the suavity of her manners, and the diligent discharge of her maternal duties, to raise the character of the house of Leinengen, by no means ennobled by her husband. By him she had two children,—a son, born in 1804; and a daughter in 1807. The same exemplary conduct was maintained by his widow after the decease of the Prince of Leinengen; and her pure fame was not confined to the small state of which she was the pride and ornament. When, then, in 1818 this country earnestly desired that the Duke of Kent should marry, public opinion, as well as the feeling of the royal family of England, pointed her out to his royal highness as a princess every way worthy of his choice. The similarity of tastes of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was the basis of their connubial happiness. Simple and unostentatious in her manners, and possessing peculiar gentleness and sweetness of character, she won not only the affections of her husband, but of all who had the happiness of becoming acquainted with her admirable life and disposition.

This country, severely and most painfully disappointed in its general and just expectations with regard to the much-desired succession to the throne in the person of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, looked with deep and unquestionable anxiety at the period in question to the subject of the heir to the throne. Not, indeed, that there was no prospect of a succession in any of the branches of the royal house, since the Duke of Cambridge was married in 1818 to the daughter

of the Landgrave of Hesse; and the Duke of Cumberland had been married in 1815 to the daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, and widow of the Prince of Brunfels. By both those marriages children have been born well entitled to the love and admiration of the people of England. But at the period of which I write no issue had been born, and the future was, therefore, involved in much obscurity. The Duke of Kent, also, had rendered himself popular by his attention to the charitable and scientific institutions of the country, and his marriage was very generally desired.

The proposed marriage met, also, with the hearty concurrence of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, who, in May, 1818, directed Lord Liverpool to present a message to the House of Lords announcing his royal consent to the union, and his confidence that parliament would make all suitable arrangements. Acting on the principle of increased provision adopted in the case of the Duke of Clarence, Lord Liverpool proposed an addition of £6000 per annum to the Duke of Kent's income, and which grant was the more necessary inasmuch as the duchess had lost by her marriage with the duke an income of between £4000 and £5000 per annum. It was on this occasion that Henry Brougham seceded from the Curwens, the Herons, the Methuens, and the Protheroes, who opposed the additional grant, and joined with Lord Althorp in expressing his conviction that it was most important that the succession should be kept up, and that the issue of the marriage should be provided for thereafter in suitable splendor. On the discussion which took place in the House of Commons there were 52 who recorded their votes against, and 205 for the grant; and of those 52 the far greater number were men who yet professed vast respect and esteem for his royal highness. Thus it always has been with the Whigs. Profligate in non-essentials, they are mean and shabby in essentials. Fawning and sycophantic at court, they are roughshod, severe, and haughty in parliament.

The marriage, which was celebrated without pomp or display, took place on the 29th May, 1818; whilst the Duke of Clarence was married to the present queen dowager on July 11th of the same year, and the Duke of Cambridge on May 7, 1818. A vast deal of nonsense has been written by the critics of the ultra-liberal school on the supposed "indelicacy" of the princes of the blood-royal all hastening, at the same period of time, to raise up progeny as soon as the line of the Prince Regent had become extinct. Undoubtedly, this absurd criticism does not ap-

ply to the Duke of Cumberland, since his marriage took place in May, 1815, and the noble, intellectual, amiable, and beloved Prince Ernest was born in 1819. But with regard to the Dukes of Clarence, Cambridge, and Kent, the objection is equally unjust. They rightly felt that the House of Brunswick was dear to the English people, that the nation ardently desired the question of succession should be placed beyond doubt, and that, as life was uncertain, and the chances of leaving offspring not less so, it was clearly their duty to marry.

The question of succession is at all times, and in all countries, where either an absolute or a limited monarchy exists, one of great importance and national interest. But nowhere can it be more so than in Great Britain, where political parties are so nearly poised, where the Romish Church is perpetually striving to come up to a level with, if not to have the superiority, over the national faith, and where all the weight and authority, unity and power, of a monarchy is required to keep democracy from making constant and fearful encroachments.

The Duke of Sussex was the only son of George III. who declined to make a royal alliance with a foreign princess. His affections and sympathies were otherwise engaged, and, whilst he took the liveliest interest in the marriage of his favorite brother the Duke of Kent, he did not entertain the idea of his own issue ever ascending the throne. The royal duke announced at a public dinner in Freemasons' Hall the marriage of his illustrious relative, and the news was received with sincere delight. Early in July following, the Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived at Claremont, and on the 13th of that month were re-married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence by the same illustrious prelate. In both cases, the brides were given away by the Prince Regent. The first marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent had been celebrated according to the rites of the Lutheran Church in Germany, and the second according to those of the Protestant Church of England.

From motives of economy and taste, a desire not to offer any obstruction to the government of the Prince Regent, and not to be regarded in the light of the centre of any formal opposition to the then government, as well as with the view of gratifying their mutual tastes for foreign scenery and travelling, some portion of the few months which elapsed after their marriage were passed on the Continent. This absence on for-

ign shores extended to within a month of the accouchement of the duchess, since she landed with the duke at Dover from Calais on the 23d April, 1819; and on the 24th of May, 1819, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was born.

The birth of our charming queen took place at Kensington Palace. The Dukes of Sussex and Wellington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earl Bathurst, Mr. Canning, the Bishop of London, and Mr. Vansittart, were present. Of these but few comparatively still survive; but the Duke of Wellington, who was present at her birth, is now one of the most beloved and confided in of the queen's advisers, and to no being upon earth does her majesty pay more deference or respect.

That was a bright day to the illustrious parents of our young and beloved monarch when her birth was announced to a waiting and anxious nation. The duke wept for joy, and the fact that the infant was a daughter, and not a son, did not appear in the least to diminish from the general rejoicing. The country appeared to be relieved by the event from a considerable pressure of anxiety, for Prince George of Cumberland was not born till three days afterwards, and Prince George of Cambridge was the then only issue of the royal marriages of 1818. The convalescence of the Duchess of Kent was rapid, the beauty and symmetry of the infant princess were spoken of with great admiration by all who surrounded her person, and the duke her father attended the drawing-room of the Prince Regent in July, dined with his royal brother on the next day, and received the most sincere congratulations. On that occasion the Prince Regent threw off all reserve, spoke with much feeling and brotherly affection of the prospects of the Duke of Sussex, and, with that sort of instinctive knowledge he seemed to possess on some subjects, predicted that his niece Victoria would one day ascend the throne of her ancestors.

The royal christening, which took place on the 24th of June, 1819 (supremely on that occasion *Ladyday*), was of a very private character. The palace of Kensington was selected for the ceremony, and the royal gold font was removed from the Tower of London and fitted up in the grand saloon of the palace. The draperies were removed from the Chapel Royal, St. James's, under the direction of the lord chamberlain. The Prince Regent, attended by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, was received by the duchess; the members of the royal family, and other illustrious visitors, assembled early in the afternoon, and the holy office was administered by the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London. The infant queen was named "Alexandrina Victoria," and the sponsors were the Prince Regent, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who was represented by his proxy the Duke of York, the Queen Dowager of Wirtemberg, whose proxy was the Princess Augusta, and the Duchess Dowager of Coburg, who was represented by the Duchess of Gloucester. Nothing could be more joyous and cheerful than the scene; but it was one of family union and quiet joy.

In the evening a brilliant party adorned the saloons of the happy parents, who, unquestionably resolved, in the most solemn and deliberate manner, to educate their child in a manner in every respect worthy of the great and enlightened nation over which she would probably be called to rule.

And now, it appears to me, is the proper and convenient occasion for alluding to a series of attempts which have been made at different epochs, by men of party-feelings and passionate minds, to excite a feeling of hostility, rivalship, jealousy, and dislike, among certain branches of the royal family. That these attempts have in the end nearly failed, I delight to know and to record; but the efforts of those who laboured on all occasions, both publicly and privately, to sow seeds of discord and animosity, were not the less reprehensible and disloyal. It was not necessary, in order to excite a proper and even ardent attachment on the part of the country to the succession of the issue of the Duke of Kent, to vilify the Duke of Cumberland, or to represent his admirable son in an unfavorable position. It was not necessary, in order to secure the love and veneration of the country for the Queen Dowager of William IV., to deprecate the intellectual attainments, the personal charms, and the moral characteristics of the young Princess Victoria. It was not necessary, in order to secure a large amount of popularity for our young queen, when she was simply heiress-presumptive to the throne, to decry Prince George of Cambridge, or the gay and amiable Princess Augusta, whose recent marriage has excited so much sympathy. Yet all these, and other plans equally reprehensible, were resorted to, in order to isolate the Duchess of Kent and her daughter as much as possible from the Conservative nobility of the land, and to render the future Queen of England rather the queen of a party than the queen of all ranks and all classes. The efforts made to estrange the Duchess of Kent and her royal daughter from the house of Cumberland, and to deprecate Prince George in the opinion of the British nation, were carried on during a con-

siderable period of the minority of our now queen, and the grossest and most atrocious libels and calumnies were resorted to, in order to cause it to be understood that the succession of the daughter of the Duchess of Kent was a source of great umbrage and annoyance to her uncle, Ernest Augustus. That such a feeling really existed, I unhesitatingly deny. But so constant were the efforts of the enemies of peace and of kindly sentiment between the different members of the house of Brunswick, on the part of these disseminators of discord, that it at last was generally believed that all was strife, hatred, and animosity, in a family distinguished for harmony, affection, and mutual forbearance and respect.

That the Duke of Kent entertained any feelings not in perfect harmony with those of relative love and sympathy, I am entitled to contradict; and that the duchess was equally inaccessible to the feelings of jealousy, rivalry, and apprehension of the influence of other sons of King George III. than the one to whom she was happily united, I also delight to record. But even to the period of the recent visit of His Majesty the King of Hanover to this country, attempts have been made to excite in the highest quarters sentiments amounting to distrust. They have all failed.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent comprehended fully and wisely the whole of their duties as parents of the heiress-presumptive of the British crown. They understood and felt that to them Providence had confided a most important charge,—a national treasure, for which they were responsible to man, to the country, and to Heaven. They at once took measures to secure the health and vigor of her body, and to surround her earliest mind with such objects, scenery, and persons, as should tend to form it for all that was virtuous, pure, innocent, graceful, and feminine; at the same time that it should be richly stored, as years advanced, with knowledge and true wisdom.

All that had been written, with regard to the education of a princess, was studied with care. Foreign and English lives of great and eminent queens were read with attention. The men most celebrated for their knowledge of the principles and art of education, as a science, were consulted; and no plan was adopted or rejected without deep consideration and the most serious care. Alas! that *joint* influence which would have been exercised so advantageously for the child of their heart was destined soon to be destroyed by the hand of death, and the education of the future Queen of England was confided to her widowed mother; for,

after having enjoyed during a period of little more than twenty months all the happiness resulting from an appropriate and most admirably suitable marriage, the Duke of Kent expired on the 23d January, 1820, of inflammation of the lungs, in Sidmouth, surrounded by Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, Captain Conroy, and Generals Weatherell and Moore. Unremitting in her attendance on the illustrious duke, the duchess had well nigh sunk when thus suddenly deprived of one to whose judgment she looked with confidence, and of whose affection and respect she was fully assured. During his short and melancholy illness she was most indefatigable in her attendance, and performed all the offices of the sick couch with tender affection and anxiety. But when death deprived her of her husband and her friend, her nature threatened to sink beneath such an accumulation of evils and such a pressure of duties as that death would necessarily impose upon her. She was advised at once to remove to Kensington; and, accompanied by her brother, Prince Leopold, and the Princess Victoria, she left Sidmouth on the 25th of January and arrived at Kensington on the 29th. On that very day expired the best of kings and the most noble and generous of princes, George III., so that the old and venerated monarch and the prince his son, in the prime of his days, were at the same moment the victims of the tyrant death. The duke was buried on the 11th of February, and the king on the 16th. The houses of parliament remembered with affectionate respect the widowed and isolated state of the Duchess of Kent, and the address of condolence from the House of Commons was presented by Viscounts Morpeth and Clive. Bowed down with sorrow, and unable to suppress her grief, she appeared to receive the deputation with the infant Victoria in her arms. She presented her to the representatives of the country, and pointed to her as the treasure to whose preservation and improvement she was resolved to devote her best energies and her fondest love. The interview was touching and simple. The duchess spoke with maternal affection, and with widowed grief, but she also spoke of her duties, her responsibilities, and her high resolves and truly patriotic determination.

Public feeling and national anxiety accompanied the Duchess of Kent into her domestic privacy, and all the respectable classes of society took a great interest in the whole of her movements. They learned with great satisfaction the narrow escape of the Princess Victoria whilst at Sidmouth from being wounded, if not killed, in consequence of some

boys shooting at birds near the royal residence, and whose shots broke the windows of the nursery, the shot passing very near the head of the young princess. They heard with delight that the ordinary sicknesses and disorders of children did not affect her more than in ordinary cases, and that from them she speedily recovered. They perceived with pleasure that the royal infant was not kept secluded from the view and observation of the people, that her rides and walks were often in public, that she thus grew up in sight of the nation, and became the child of the country. They rejoiced to find that the individuals selected even from the earliest period of her life to surround her person were distinguished for their morality and virtue; and that whilst talent was required as one of the ingredients in the character of those so selected, that moral worth was more sought after than even the most brilliant acquirements. The attention paid by her illustrious mother to the physical, intellectual, and moral infancy of her child, can never be too highly applauded.

The Duke and Duchess of Clarence formed for the young princess a most sincere and exemplary attachment. In all her illnesses, changes, and vicissitudes, they took the liveliest interest, and when afterwards their royal highnesses became the King and Queen of Great Britain, they were patterns of affectionate regard for the young Victoria. How many a joy did they kindle in her youthful breast! how many an agreeable surprise did they prepare for her in her younger years! how many a cause of anxiety or trepidation did they seek to remove! No wonder, then, that now, when the positions of the two queens are so very different, the widowed dowager is cherished by the reigning monarch as a dear friend and mother, and that her suggestions are treated with deference, and her wishes with respect and love.

The earliest years of the Princess Victoria were spent principally in fortifying her constitution, rendering it active and vigorous, and in preparing it to encounter all the trials to which all are more or less subjected who live continually in so variable a climate as that of England. Some who love evil predictions, and who seek to gratify their taste for evil by prophesying misery and misfortune to others, did not hesitate to prognosticate that the daughter of the Duke of Kent would never attain her legal majority; then, would never marry; and then, would never be the mother of a family. These lovers of evil and haters of their species sought very frequently, during the early years of the princess, to convince the public mind of the correctness of

their views and pretended "apprehensions;" but, as each new epoch arrived, facts and events gave the lie to their unsounded prophecies, until now we behold that "frail, delicate, sickly child," the healthy, vigorous, charming, and beautiful mother of three pet children of Old England.

The Princess Victoria displayed at an early period of her life some of those characteristics which have since been so marked in her feeling and conduct. She was endued with much activity, with a love of healthy sports and games, with an inquiring and curious mind, with a restlessness for knowledge, with a clearness of comprehension, and with much decision of character. Rarely fatigued, she was when young, and she is now, the first to begin a study, a play, a romp, a game, a new duty, or an old occupation or pastime, and the last to retire from the scene of duty or of pleasure. This untiring assiduity of character she inherited from her father. Scarcely less resolute or less energetic, the Duchess of Kent likewise set an admirable example of industry and perseverance to her daughter; and to these causes may be, therefore, partly ascribed that prodigious energy of character which enables our youthful monarch, now and at all times, however delicate she may be for the moment, to undergo a quantum of fatigue really quite astounding.

There are some pleasing anecdotes connected with the earlier years of the Princess Victoria which will be perused with pleasure by the readers of *REGINA*.

Whilst under the process of learning her A B C, the Princess evinced no usual degree of curiosity to ascertain the utility of being so tormented. "What good this—what good this?" was her frequent inquiry; and, when satisfied "that mamma could know all that was contained in the great book on the table because she knew *her* letters, whilst the little daughter could not;" the little lady replied, "I learn, too—I learn, too—very quick!" and, it is added, she so quickened her pace in learning and articulation, as soon to become mistress of the alphabet.

Her taste for the beauties of nature was observable at a very early age. On one occasion, when extremely young, she called her uncle Clarence to the window to admire a beautiful sunset, long before she could clearly express all that her senses appreciated and her young mind admired. To her uncle Leopold, now King of the Belgians, she also pointed out on many occasions objects of beauty and interest in the natural world, and invited explanations, which were always given with promptitude and clearness.

Her admiration of the world of nature

made her take great delight in all cabinets of natural history, collections of wild beasts, birds, &c., and in the examination of museums. On all occasions the Duchess of Kent sought to lead her mind to these easy and simple studies which prevented her from forming tastes for display, show, dress, and folly, and gave to her mind an elasticity and vigor which can rarely be met with at so youthful an age. When first taken to inspect the British Museum, the Princess was delighted at all she saw, made many pertinent and appropriate inquiries, conversed much on her return as to the objects of curiosity, and expressed her desire to return often.

For pictures she formed an early regard. They appeared to her to convey thoughts to the mind, as well as pleasure to the senses, and she would frequently, on looking at a landscape, imagine that the persons there represented were speaking to her, and she would reply to them with *naïveté* and talent. Landscape-scenery she much loved, and her ready finger soon sketched objects with much of precision and taste.

The decision of her mind, of course, sometimes led her into youthful errors, and into a perseverance momentarily in the wrong course; but she soon not only perceived, but admitted her error, with that ingenuousness of character which distinguishes in an eminent degree all the members of her illustrious house. It is stated that on one occasion, when on a visit to Wentworth House, the royal party were perambulating the grounds, when, being in advance of the rest, the Princess Victoria was respectfully cautioned by an under-gardener not to go down a certain walk, as the rain had made the ground "slape." "Slape! slape!" retorted the princess with the characteristic rapidity and inquisitiveness of her illustrious grandfather, George III.; "and pray what is slape?" "Very slippery, miss—your royal highness—ma'am!" replied the worthy man. "Oh! that's all," she rejoined: "thank you!" and, as she proceeded, resolved to try this "slape" ground against which she had been cautioned. But she had not proceeded far when the gardener's predictions were realized, and down she fell. "There!" shouted the noble owner of the grounds, who had observed all that had passed from a short distance, and who, on perceiving that no injury was done to his noble and young guest, laughed most heartily; "now your royal highness has received an explanation of the term 'slape,' both theoretically and practically!" "Yes, my lord," rejoined the good-humored Victoria, "I think I have. I shall never forget the word 'slape!'"

On another occasion, when on a visit at Bushey Park, her royal highness was cautioned that a dog she was fond of caressing could not always be relied on, and that his temper was most uncertain. Confiding in her character, and attached to dumb animals, she continued to show him kindness; but Growler at length forgot his good manners, and made a snap at the princess's hand. The person who had cautioned her was on the spot at the time, and looked with anxiety to know the result.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said the princess, "you're right, and I am wrong; but he didn't bite me,—he only warned me. I shall be careful in future."

From her earliest years, the princess Victoria displayed a character of energy and decision. Those who have been unable or unwilling to appreciate the immense importance of such a disposition to one in so exalted a position as the Queen of Great Britain have accused her of want of deference to her elders, her aged relatives, and her councillors. But such accusations have been made on too slender grounds; and those who have had the best opportunities of observing her conduct on all important occasions are unanimous in their declarations, that, whilst she asserts with becoming dignity her rights and her privileges, she consults her seniors with respectful attention, and often bows to their opinions with unaffected willingness. When very young, the energy and decision of her character, not, of course, being tempered and regulated by wisdom and experience, sometimes led her into acts which apparently partook of too much of self-regard and consideration; but, as time has mellowed her opinions, and ripened her character, she has given no just cause for reproach on the part of any who surround her.

There is a funny story told of the quite youthful Victoria, that, when first invited to take lessons on the pianoforte, she objected strongly to the monotonous hours spent in "fingering," and at the gamut. She was informed that all her future success in that delightful art depended upon being perfect mistress of her piano.

"Oh, I am to be mistress of my piano, am I?" asked the ingenuous girl. To which inquiry it was replied, "Undoubtedly."

"Then what would you think of me if I became mistress at once?" continued the princess.

"That would be impossible. There is no royal road to music. Experience and great practice are essential."

"Oh, there is no royal road to music,—eh? No royal road? And I am not mis-

tress of my pianoforte? But I will be, I assure you, and the royal road is this,"—at the same moment closing the piano, locking it, and taking the key. "There, that's being mistress of the piano! and the royal road to learn is never to take a lesson till you're in the humor to do it."

Those present laughed heartily, and in a few minutes the lesson was resumed.

Some blame has been attached to the admirable mother of our young queen for having surrounded her daughter in her early years with so many German professors and teachers. This charge, however, though true in point of fact, is reduced to no real charge at all when it is remembered during how short a period the Duchess of Kent had become acquainted with England, the English court, and the English language, before she was called upon to superintend the arduous duty of attending to the education of the future queen of Great Britain. She was naturally anxious that every thing that transpired should be known to herself, and that she should therefore hear in her own language the lessons which were given and the precepts which were communicated to her daughter. Beside which, at that period the income of the duchess was comparatively small, and German professors and teachers were less expensive. It was wise also to accustom the ear of her child from early days to the varied sounds of different languages, so that she might even be prepared for future grammatical studies by a previous knowledge acquired by means of hearing and of conversation, without effort, and simply in the same manner as a child unconsciously acquires the habit of speaking its mother-tongue.

At length, however, the period arrived when, having attained her sixth year, a further provision became necessary to secure to her royal highness that future education, in all that was essential as well as ornamental, which should prepare her for the high destinies which awaited her. On her fifth birthday, her uncle, Prince Leopold, gave an eloquent *déjeuner* at Marlborough House, at which the Duchess of Kent and the princess were present, as well as the Dukes of York, Sussex, Gloucester, the Prince Leinengen, the Duchesses of Clarence and Gloucester, and the Princesses Augusta and Sophia. The future queen of these isles was admired for her frankness, feminine beauty, and talent, and for her deep attachment to her incomparable mother. That mother took care on this, and on all suitable and similar occasions, to impress on the mind of her child that the respect and kindness shown to her were so shown, in the hope that she would

cultivate those graces and virtues which could alone render her acceptable to the British empire.

"It is not *you*," said the duchess, "but your future office and rank, which are regarded by the country; and you must so act as never to bring that office and that rank into disgrace or disrespect."

When the statue to the Duke of Kent, erected at the top of Portland Place, was opened for inspection, the duchess wisely took her daughter to behold the image of her departed father. She availed herself of that opportunity to cause her child to know and feel "that dear papa's likeness was placed there, not merely because he was a prince, but because he was a good man, was kind to the poor, caused little boys and girls to be taught to read and write; helped to get money from good people to cure the sick, the lame, the blind, the deaf; and did all he could to make bad people good."

It was in the summer of 1824, I think, when the duchess and her daughter were at Ramsgate, that the scene took place with which I have commenced these "Reminiscences." Some months were passed by them during that year in the sea-bathing town in question; and not till October did they return to Kensington. Yes, to that Kensington they loved so well, and where nearly all of her life was spent until the period arrived when she was called upon to assume the duties of the Queen of England. To the old palace of Kensington, surrounded by gardens so inviting and beautiful, the young Victoria was greatly attached. There she spent the sunniest hours of her youngest days; there she first loved the prince who is now the charm of her married life; there the fondest of mothers surrounded her with all that love, wealth, friendship, rank, and taste, could supply; there her teachers and professors taught her to reason, to think, to judge, to acquire, to improve; and there she grew up to womanhood, and first heard the cry, "Long live Victoria!" No wonder, then, that when in a future year she left the old palace-gate of Kensington for the last time, to proceed to Buckingham House and to St. James's Palace, that many tears rolled gracefully down her cheeks as memory called up the days and years of past joys. Those tears were honorable to her affections, and proved that she had a tender and a grateful heart.

The next birth-day of the princess was in May, 1825, and she was then six years of age. The moment had arrived when it became necessary to extend the sphere of her knowledge, to take her into society at much una-

voidable expense, and to show her more frequently to the country in that rank, and surrounded by that splendor which necessarily belonged to it. Accordingly, in May 1825, that old and faithful servant of the House of Brunswick, and of his country, the Earl of Liverpool, a man whose talents, virtues, and patriotism, have never been sufficiently extolled, presented to the House of Lords a message from the king, requesting that provision might be made for the infant daughter of the Duchess of Kent, and for the son of the Duke of Cumberland. Nothing could be more veracious, feeling, or correct, than the appeal then made by his lordship to the upper house; and the encomiums he passed on the character and conduct of the Duchess of Kent cheered her much in her difficult and anxious path. He stated that to that period the duchess had supported and educated her daughter without making any application to parliament; but her education would now become a matter of unavoidably large expenditure; and that, according to her rank, and to the position in which she stood with regard to the crown and the country, she was an object of great, of general interest. She had been instructed in the pure principles of Christianity, and to understand and appreciate the rank she held, at the same time to have a humble sense of her own deficiencies. The duchess had been greatly assisted by the aid and advice of her own brother, the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. But at the age at which the princess had arrived such a state of things could no longer continue. Her education must be conducted in due form, and it was therefore proposed that an additional grant of £6000 per annum should be made to the Duchess of Kent during the minority of her daughter. In the House of Lords this proposal was felt to be moderate, just, and indispensable, and was loyally acquiesced in; as was a grant to the same amount to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. But in the House of Commons Henry Brougham thought the stipend large, though he eulogized both the duchess and her amiable daughter. Mr. Hume was of opinion that the sum should not be applied for all at once, but a rising grant from year to year. Mr. Peel supported the grant. Mr. Canning praised the duchess, and spoke in favor of that measure. But, after a division in the committee, both the grant to the duchess, and that to the Duke of Cumberland, were passed by a majority of 50.

The Duchess of Kent varied the scenes of the studies of her royal daughter, not only for the benefit of her health, but, likewise, that she might not be wearied by the mo-

notony of application, and that the English people residing in different parts of the island might enjoy the pleasure of seeing and knowing their future queen. Thus, in 1830, they resided at Worthing, then at Kensington, visited Lord Liverpool and the Ladies Jenkinson at Buxted Park, enjoyed themselves greatly at Malvern, and were present at splendid *fêtes* given by Earl Somers at Eastnor Castle, and by the Earl of Beauchamp at Maddrefield Court. In the same year they proceeded to Hereford, Worcester, and Bath. Thus, in 1831, the Princess Victoria visited Claremont, Buxted Park, the Isle of Wight, with all its enchanting scenery and sylvan retreats, and Weymouth. So, in 1832, she explored the mountains of North Wales, visited the splendid residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury at Alton Towers, and the magnificent palace of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. In 1833, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight were again selected as places of sojourn, and she visited likewise the castles of several of the nobility. In 1834, Tunbridge Wells was honored by her presence, and many excursions were made to different parts of Kent and Surrey which were conducive to the health of the princess. In 1835, the Marquis of Exeter entertained most sumptuously the future Queen of England at Burghley, who afterwards sojourned at Ramsgate, where the King of the Belgians came to meet his sister and his niece. In 1836, Kensington Palace was more than usually frequented by the duchess and the princess, for it was during the spring of that year that Prince Albert was reported to have made a favorable impression on the youthful but sensitive heart of the Rose of England. Still Ramsgate again became their dwelling-place, and the Princess Victoria left it always with regret. The sea had for her indescribable charms, and she loved to watch the lights and shadows of a marine landscape, to gaze on the moonbeams playing on the agitated surface, and to plunge her fair form into the briny waves. The next year witnessed the death of her uncle, and her accession to the throne. The movements of her majesty since that time are fresher in the recollection of her loving subjects, who perceive with satisfaction that she transports the court at pleasure from Windsor to Walmer, from Walmer to Brighton, from Brighton to Claremont, from Claremont to the halls and palaces of her distinguished nobility; and even to foreign lands, to the marine villa of the King of the French, and to the fertile plains of rich and happy Belgium.

There is a little incident connected with the temporary residence of the Princess Vic-

toria at Tunbridge Wells, which I delight to record. It so happened that the husband of one of the actresses at the small theatre in that lovely and captivating watering-place died, and left his widow in the condition of about becoming a mother. The fact came to her knowledge, and she applied to the duchess for aid to the unfortunate lady. Always anxious to relieve distress, she placed £10 in the hands of the Princess Victoria, who added a similar sum herself. She then applied for permission to be the bearer of this sum of £20 to the distressed and disconsolate actress. With that activity which distinguished her in all her proceedings, she hastened to the afflicted woman, conversed with her with great kindness and affability, witnessed the good which was accomplished by the bestowment of the sum in question, and afterwards made many inquiries relative to her condition. Here, however, her royal munificence did not terminate, for when her majesty ascended the throne she forgot not the poor widow of Tunbridge Wells, but sent to her a kindly intimation that an annuity of £40 would be paid to her during the rest of her life.

Although not connected with this portion of her majesty's life, there is another incident which proves the high moral and religious influences exercised over the mind and heart of the Princess Victoria during her earlier years, and which now lead her to conduct herself in every way worthy of her rank and elevation. The fact I am about to record demonstrates the devout respect she was always taught to feel for the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. Indeed, her religious education was invariably made a matter of the deepest and primary importance, and the lessons given at the period of her life we are now considering, have brought forth the most satisfactory results in after days. The incident to which I refer is the following. A certain noble lord arrived at Windsor one Saturday night at a late hour. On being introduced to the queen, he said, "I have brought down for your majesty's inspection some documents of great importance, but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning!" repeated the queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my Lord." "True, your majesty, but business of the state will not admit of delay." "I am aware of that," replied the queen; "and as, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if those papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their

contents after church to-morrow morning." So to church went the queen and the court, and to church went the noble lord, when, much to his surprise, the subject of the discourse was on the duties of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the queen. "Very much, indeed, your majesty," replied the nobleman. "Well, then," retorted her majesty, "I will not conceal from you that, last night, I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." The Sunday passed without a single word being said relative to the state papers; and, at night, when her majesty was about to withdraw, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please," said the queen, turning to the nobleman,—"as early as seven, my lord, if you like, we will look into the papers." The nobleman said, "That he could not think of intruding on her majesty at so early an hour; he thought nine o'clock would be quite soon enough." "No—no, my lord," replied the queen, "as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early. However, if you wish it to be nine, be it so;" and, accordingly, the next morning at nine, her majesty was seated, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

This is one of very many anecdotes I could record of her majesty's high sense of the duties she owed to Him by whom queens reign and princes decree judgment. Her love of justice and truth may, likewise, be ascribed to the admirable lessons of high morals she received in her juvenile years. There is a fact which illustrates her love of rectitude, which I refer to with great pleasure. It is well known that the Duke of Kent died considerably in debt to the late Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Dundas, and that these debts he was really wholly unable to discharge. During her minority this circumstance was often referred to by the Princess Victoria, and, as she revered the memory of her father, she longed to be able to rescue it from any imputation on that head. Accordingly, when her majesty ascended the throne, the representatives of those peers received the full amount of their debts, accompanied by a valuable piece of plate to each from the queen, with a letter expressive of the obligations she felt towards those who had been her father's friends, and the pleasure she and her royal mother felt in being thus enabled to express their feelings.

The memory of her father, of his high and nobly independent conduct, of his manly courage and truly princely bearing, and of his devoted attachment to his august family,

his beloved country, his cherished wife, and his adored child, are dear to her heart; and all who at any time, or in any way, assisted and gratified him, are sure to meet with the warmest reception on the part of our grateful queen. One of the causes of her attachment to her uncle the Duke of Sussex, and to the Prince Leopold, was the high esteem and veneration felt by them towards her father, and which they proved to be sincere by repeated acts of personal generosity and sympathy.

The education of the princess did not so absorb all her time as to prevent her from displaying her love for her uncles and aunts, and the high sense she entertained of the honor which was reflected on her by her being a granddaughter of George III., and being the niece of so very many illustrious aunts and uncles. She loved them all, visited them frequently, was instructed to pay suitable respect and homage to each of them, and was never more happy than when surrounded by the members of her illustrious race. It has been said that she felt jealous or envious of one of her female cousins; but this report is wholly incorrect, and her conduct since that period to the charming person in question proves the fallacy of the rumor.

Instructed to take a deep interest in works of art and of science, the princess was minute in her inquiries respecting them, and warm in her admiration when she fully understood them. The cathedrals of England were especial favorites with our youthful queen, and church music and church architecture gratified her greatly. To the public institutions of the towns and cities she visited, she was a generous benefactress, and would willingly deprive herself of portions of her pocket-money, that she might be the better able to meet the demands of art, science, literature, poverty, and distress, upon her benevolence.

In 1831, the public became anxious to know what progress had been made in the education of her royal highness, what were the nature of her studies, and to what description of knowledge she applied with most diligence. That public soon ascertained that the education of the princess was making most gratifying progress. Mr. Amos gave her lectures on the English constitution; Mr. Westall superintended her drawing lessons; in Latin she had made considerable proficiency, and was able to read Horace with fluency. Her love of music was enthusiastic, and her taste for visiting the theatres was rather the result of musical sympathy with the orchestra, than of attachment to the drama.

The drawing-room of Her Majesty Queen

Adelaide, held on Feb. 24, 1831, was the most magnificent which had been seen since that which had taken place on the presentation of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, upon occasion of her marriage. No drawing-room excited so great an interest, when compared with that, as the one held by Queen Adelaide, at which the Princess Victoria was presented on her attaining her twelfth year. It was on this occasion that the Duchess of Kent, and her illustrious daughter arrived in state, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Charlotte St. Maur, Lady Catherine Jenkinson, the Honorable Mrs. Cust, Lady Conroy, la Baronne Letzen, Sir J. Conroy, and General Wetherall. This was the first public appearance of the Princess Victoria at court. Her dress was made entirely of articles manufactured in the United Kingdom. Victoria wore a frock of English blond, simple, modest, and becoming. She was the object of interest and admiration on the part of all assembled, as she stood on the left of her majesty on the throne. The scene was one of the most splendid ever remembered, and the future Queen of England contemplated all that passed with much dignity, but with evident interest.

The appointment of the Duchess of Northumberland to the high and important office of governess of the princess was suggested by King William IV. As a lady of the highest mental acquirements, noble family, and great personal attractions, she was wisely selected, and public opinion confirmed the choice. That appointment was very far from being nominal. The duchess became constant in her visits to Kensington Palace, and frequently remained there in the company of the princess during a large portion of the day. Upon one occasion, when the Duchess of Northumberland was giving her admirable instructions to the princess, Southey, the poet-laureate, made his appearance, and was greeted with much respect and feeling. The conversation turned first on poetry, and then on history; and he afterwards expressed the delight he felt when he learnt from the Princess Victoria's own lips how much pleasure she had derived from his prose, as well as from his poetical compositions. The future Queen of Great Britain was particularly charmed by the *Life of Nelson*, and expressed her gratitude at its preparation. "That is a delightful book, indeed," she observed, "and I am sure I could read it half-a-dozen times over."

The twelfth birthday of the princess was one of great festivity. Splendid presents were offered to her, and, amongst the rest, two beautiful ponies from the Duchess of Gordon. They were great favorites with

their royal mistress. A juvenile ball, given by the king and queen in July, 1831, to the Princess Victoria, and which was attended by a very large number of the children of the nobility, was often talked of by her as the scene which, in her younger days, had made the strongest impression on her memory.

The Duchess of Northumberland, in the exercise of her superior and enlightened judgment, objected to the frequent attendance of her young charge at drawing-rooms; and, as the health of the princess was delicate, the duchess advised that her pupil should not be present at the coronation of King William. This was a great disappointment, but this was submitted to with respectful obedience. The enemies to the peace and harmony of the royal family, and to whom I have before alluded, sought to cause it to be believed that the reason why the princess was not present was because her proper place at that ceremony had not been assigned to her. But who, that knew the good King William and his incomparable queen, would believe that any slight was put by them on their well-beloved niece, and the heiress-presumptive to the throne? The same enemies also stated that the Duchess of Northumberland was seeking to give a political bias to the education of the princess; and some uneasiness was, therefore, created at the palace. But it was soon ascertained that her grace, neither in the selection of the books to be studied by her pupil, nor in any other way, had given the slightest party color to the education of her *élève*. Her studies had been such as enlightened men of all parties would approve. She was well versed in history, both in the English and foreign languages; and the historians selected were those whose works were in the hands of all those who desired correct views and an accurate knowledge of the British constitution.

The mind of the Princess Victoria was not the only subject of attention on the part of her noble governess; for her royal highness became an accomplished and even daring equestrian, under the care of Fozard, the justly celebrated riding-master. The ease of her carriage, the gracefulness of her manners, and her truly royal air and demeanor, much excited the attention of distinguished foreigners, and, amongst others, of Count Orloff, to whom, in the summer of 1832, the Duchess of Kent gave a splendid banquet.

There was another feature, in the education of the princess, which did great honor to all who were engaged in that most important matter; and that was, that she was taught to consider it her duty, wherever she went, to encourage, by her patronage, all the

charitable institutions of the neighborhood which tended to relieve the physical sufferings of her fellow-creatures. I have been quite charmed, whilst looking over the recitals of her varied journeyings and residences in different parts of the country, to perceive to how great an extent herself and her royal mother indulged in this godlike grace of charity. No one not intimately acquainted with the movements of her royal highness and of her august mother during several years of their lives, could form any thing like a just estimate of their numerous munificent acts. I noticed, wherever they went, though their means were comparatively limited, and their incomes by no means large, they left proofs of their sympathy for all that was benevolent and good.

The beauties of nature, in their wild and romantic character, as in North Wales,—in their marine nature, as at Ramsgate,—in their beautiful hilly scenery, as at Malvern,—or in their calm and sylvan characteristics, as at Tunbridge Wells, the Princess Victoria was early taught to examine and admire. As her mind opened, and her heart expanded, she returned to the spots of her earliest recollections with fresh delight, and inquired for those objects, whether trees, mills, brooks, old cottages, ivy-mantled towers, gray churches, and distant blue hills, which had before pleased and delighted her. To the home scenery of England, its thatched cottages, its cleanly villages, its smart and active towns, its busy, bustling cities, its rural churches, its well-made roads, its shady lanes, and its deep, sequestered dells, she was taught to be familiar; and that familiarity alone was sure to be followed by attachment and love. I have travelled in many lands, seen the dashing cataract and the foaming torrent, the eternal glaciers, and the loftiest Alps, but I have never yet seen a country where the *tout ensemble* of the scenery was so lovable and attractive as in dear Old England.

I have thus sketched the early days and the advancing years of the Princess Victoria in general terms, and given general impressions; because the minutiae of those days and years would take volumes instead of pages, to describe. Her life, until the period when called on to rule over a great and a glorious empire, was one of constant investigation, admiration, and improvement. Her education was varied and general, and she was wisely taught to find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing." Indeed, in later years, when occasionally removed from the Duchess of Northumberland, her correspondence with that justly celebrated lady was a continuation

of her education, and powerfully contributed to strengthen the mind of the future Queen of England. I have been reminded of this circumstance by the recent visit of her majesty to the seat of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The last time she had visited that English Versailles, in 1832, she had planted a sapling, which, when she lately returned, had become a well-grown tree. The description of the planting she had given in an interesting letter to the Duchess of Northumberland. When she returned in 1843, her royal consort was there, and he planted another. The correspondence with the Duchess of Northumberland used to be animated and interesting, and the names, habits, customs, and peculiarities of the people, in the various spots visited by the princess, were described by her with an accuracy, minuteness, and spirit, quite extraordinary, considering her then inexperience and youth.

The British character of her heart, feelings, and sympathies, should not be forgotten. British shells, British fossils, British plants, British birds, British antiquities, British artists and authors, British manufactures, and, in fact, all that is British, she was taught to take a greater interest in than in the productions of other countries. Thus wherever she went the peculiar characteristics of the spot were always examined by her, and she almost invariably gave orders for some specimens of the manufactured goods which were there produced. Thus she identified herself with the people, the artisans, the manufacturers of the country; and they rejoiced in her as an enlightened patroness, and a practical and sincere friend. In like manner, the princess was often present at *fêtes* of a national character, particularly at those connected with the navy; such as yacht-festivals, the launching of large vessels, and laying the foundation-stones of institutions destined to benefit the widows or children of the united services of the army and navy.

No wonder, then, that when the Duchess of Kent and her royal daughter visited any spot, they were met with fairy-footed maidens strewing flowers before them, as at Tunbridge Wells; or by the outpouring of whole populations to greet them, as in the midland counties; or by deputations of the most illustrious of their citizens, as in the cities of Bath, Bristol, &c.

The eighteenth birthday of the royal lady at length arrived. It was ushered in by many a merry peal, and numerous were the congratulations she then received. It was the period of her legal majority. He by whom kings reign had spared her life to that

joyous day, and amongst the first to congratulate her on the happy event was Prince Albert, her now admired and beloved consort. Many were the princes who were there. There were the Prince of Orange and his two noble sons, the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Prince Albert and his brother, and most of the foreign ambassadors and representatives of the courts of the world did homage to the future Queen of Great Britain. But none were more welcome than him who, when she was little more than fifteen, had inspired in her young heart a love for his person, his talents, and his virtues—Prince Albert. It was a singular fact, however, as connected with the history of the House of Orange, that the prince and his sons were visiting the court of London at the same time as Prince Albert, his father and brother, and that again the house of Orange was disappointed in its desire to ally itself with that of Britain. Prince Albert was then also eighteen years of age. In height and features he resembled the youthful princes of the Netherlands; but Albert was the favorite at Kensington, and those initiated in court-secrets predicted the result.

The festivities which took place on occasion of the eighteenth birthday of the princess were on the most splendid scale. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the entertainments, and the splendor of the scene at St. James's Palace will never be forgotten by those who were present at the Victoria ball.

Scarcely, however, had the princess returned to the calm and dignified occupations of her ordinary life, than the venerable and excellent King William IV. was seized with a dangerous illness, and expired on the 20th of June, 1837.

At the early hour of five in the morning the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Albemarle, and Sir Henry Halford arrived at the palace of Kensington to communicate the event, and Lord Melbourne followed at nine, and had an interview of half an hour alone with the Princess Victoria. Lord Brougham, Mr. Bathurst, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, followed. The lord mayor and the city marshals succeeded, and amongst the first of the members of the royal family to do homage to his niece as queen was that very King of Hanover, who had been so often misrepresented to the Princess Victoria as her enemy.

The first privy council at Kensington Palace was then held by her majesty. Upwards of one hundred of the members of his late majesty's most honorable privy council were there. It was a solemn and imposing scene.

Painting has depicted it, poetry has described it, and history will record it; but neither painting, poetry nor history, can do it justice. There stood the graceful and the fair, the young and the noble-minded girl of eighteen, bereft of her father in her youngest days, succeeding her venerable grandfather George III. and her illustrious uncles George IV. and William IV. to the throne of her ancestors. There she stood, young, confiding, generous, timid, anxious to do all that was right, loving her family, her country, and her God, and desirous, above and before all things, to govern righteously. Around her were aged and wise men, warriors who had fought the battles of their country, judges who had decided rightly and well in all matters of high dispute and contest, statesmen who had devoted their lives to the honor and happiness of their beloved England, and men of all parties who loved the house of Brunswick and were attached to the constitutional monarchy of these realms.

And then came the proclamation: "We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty princess Alexandrina Victoria is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and by the grace of God Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith."

The princess was now a Queen, and, though young, artless, and blooming, she looked a queen, spoke as a queen, felt as a queen; and the country did her homage. But, though a queen, she felt also as a daughter and a niece, for she threw her arms round the neck of her mother and wept like a loving child. And when the Duke of Sussex, her favorite uncle, presented himself to take the oath of allegiance to her majesty, and was about to kneel in her presence to kiss her royal hand, she gracefully prevented him, bestowed an affectionate kiss on his cheek, and said, "Do not kneel, my uncle, for I am still Victoria your niece." The Duke of Sussex was wholly overcome by this proof of her condescension and love.

The first drawing-room of the queen was most splendid; and the scene on the 17th of July, when her majesty prorogued parliament in person, was one of deep interest and unprecedented excitement. That also was one of those pageants which must be seen and felt, for it cannot be described. The breathless anxiety of the Duchess of Kent, the deep and intense curiosity of the assembled peerage of the country, the roar of the cannon, the shouts of the populace from without, the solemn circumstances of a new reign, a youthful reign, and a woman's reign, over a country unequalled in the world, cannot be

painted or depicted on the canvass or on storied page. Her silvery voice, with all the freshness of her age, added music to the scene, as she delivered, with an easy dignity and a natural grace, her speech of prorogation. The admirable manner in which the queen of eighteen managed her naturally musical voice whilst reading her first address to the country, so as without the least apparent effort making herself heard at the very farthest part of the House of Lords, called for the general admiration of all who heard her. It was known, indeed, that her majesty was an accomplished vocalist, and that she frequently entertained her noble circle by popular airs accompanied by the Duchess of Kent on the piano: but it was feared, by those who loved her best, that the moment of appearing for the first time as queen before her parliament would somewhat discompose her.

The queen formed her household. It was Whig. The queen continued the advisers of her uncle William IV. They were Whig. The queen paid her first visit to Guildhall. The Whigs again preponderated. Do I blame her for this? No. The queen's father was a Whig; the queen's mother and uncle Leopold were Whigs; the society in which she had most frequently associated had been Whig. She was a girl of eighteen. It would have been too much to expect that on ascending the throne she should have called at once to her councils other men entertaining other opinions, and viewing all great public questions in an opposite light. Besides which she had been led to believe that public opinion was Whig, that the new elections would be Whig, and that the Conservatives would still have to contend for some years with that spirit of democracy which the foreign revolutions and the domestic reform-bill of 1830 had called into life or vigor.

It was a charming thought of her majesty when she determined that the first message she should send down to the parliament in the following December should be one asking for a suitable provision for her royal mother,—for that mother who had watched her every hour with a maternal benignity and wisdom which could not be excelled, even if it could be rivalled.

Next came the coronation. Never was such an event celebrated with more delight or enthusiasm. The Abbey was gorgeous in attractions; the loveliness of our fair countrywomen surpassed description; the young and graceful monarch looked a goddess amongst her fair and beauteous ladies of honor and of rank. Tens of thousands of diamonds and precious stones glittered in the sunbeams, and sparks of light appeared to fly

on every side. The queen advanced towards the altar with an air of calm and dignified composure, the royal robe of crimson was gracefully upon her, and on her head was a circle of gold. She knelt devoutly; she prayed fervently.

"I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted queen of this realm," said the Archbishop of Canterbury; "wherefore all you, who are come this day to do her homage, are you willing to do the same?"

The assembled multitudes replied by their smiles, their tears, their looks of affection, respect and love. The holy communion of the body and blood of Christ succeeded. The queen partook of the same. How glorious the association! She was a queen. Yes; but, what was far better, she was a *Christian* queen. Ah! who will forget the sublime solemnity of that moment when the glorious anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire!" preceded the anointing of the queen; nor yet those shouts of "God save the Queen!" "May the queen live for ever!" when the crowning had taken place, and when the venerable archbishop had placed on the youthful head of Victoria I. the crown of this mighty Christian land! That was a pageant which the oldest of us can never forget, and which the youngest still love to dwell upon and admire.

That, too, was a remarkable and a solemn sight when the young and graceful monarch of these realms assembled the privy council and announced to the old, the sage, the reflecting men who surrounded her, that she had come to the resolution to ally herself in marriage to the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg of Gotha. "Deeply impressed," said the youthful queen, "with the solemnity of the engagement I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity and subserve to the interests of my crown and people."

The privy council smiled satisfaction. The old men gave her in their hearts their blessing. Men less advanced in years predicted much of happiness. And throughout the whole country but one feeling was displayed—it was that of unalloyed joy and unfeigned satisfaction.

The marriage followed. The old Chapel Royal of St. James's looked splendidly gold and scarlet. None were sad or sorrowing but the Duchess of Kent. She approved the match, and she rejoiced at the choice which had been made. But still the queen was her daughter, and from that moment she became the property of another. Ay, so it

was, and so it ever will be ; no mother can see with *unmixed* satisfaction her daughter carried away from her embraces, and united by other ties to a man and a stranger. The queen looked pale and anxious ; the scene was calm, solemn, and effective. As at her coronation, so at her marriage, she embraced her mother and the Queen Dowager of England ; and in this she did well, for in the length and breadth of the land she cannot well find their equals.

Who does not know that that marriage has led to the birth of the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Alice Maud Mary ? the first born on November 21, 1840, the second on November 9, 1841, and the third on April 26, 1843. And who does not know that the marriage has also been productive of nothing but happiness to the illustrious pair, and of the most unfeigned satisfaction to the whole country ? The consort of the queen is, with the single exception of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, the most popular man in the land ; and his conduct has been invariably such as to secure for him the respect of the old, the love of the young, and the admiration of all.

But the queen is now surrounded by Conservatives : those who were once uncalled to her councils now indicate to her her policy and advise her in her high station. How is this ? Is the queen less a Whig ? No. Is the queen less mindful of the personally loyal conduct of Lord Melbourne, the Marquess of Lansdowne, or Lord John Russell ? No. Does her majesty view all public questions in precisely the same light as the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, or the Earl of Aberdeen ? Most assuredly not. But the queen is a *constitutional* queen. She was early taught the principles of that constitution. She knows that enlightened public opinion co-operates with, and regulates the decisions of, the crown. She perceived that parliament, the legal image of the public mind, had become Conservative ; that the nation was wearied of contradictions and indecision, of feebleness, and want of power, where power ought to reside. Faithful to the friends of her father, her mother, her uncles Leopold and Sussex, and to the friends of her own youth, she tried them to the last. But the country spoke, through its constitutional organs, in a voice that could not be mistaken, and Sir Robert Peel was invited to form that cabinet to which her majesty has acted with good faith, kindness, condescension, and confidence. I am not about to discuss the merits of the two political parties between which the queen had to decide, since the queen has acted constitutionally, and her

private feelings and sympathies have not been suffered to interfere with her public duties and with the national will. The working of the political system of our British constitution is still a problem at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, if not at Vienna and Rome ; but that working is majestic, simple, and glorious.

I have said nothing of the atrocious attempts to annoy, wound, and even destroy the life of her majesty. They are dark, dark spots in a reign of life and light. These attempts were viewed with unmixed horror by all her majesty's loving subjects ; and that very feeling has happily, I trust, for ever put a stop to a renewal of acts so unworthy of an enlightened, to say nothing of a Christian people. But it would be unjust and disloyal not to record, that on every successive attempt the queen has displayed a *sang froid*, a dignity, a calmness, a forbearance, a humanity, and a gentleness towards, or in behalf of, her blind and mistaken enemies, which has endeared her to the hearts of all who love their species, and who seek to repress crime by encouraging virtue. Those who have approached her majesty on all such occasions have been unanimous in the testimony they have borne to her magnanimity and courage, and have retired from her presence with the sentiment that she was indeed another illustrious scion of the house of Brunswick, a worthy descendant of the immortal George III. and "a liege lady and queen," worthy of wearing on her head the crown of this mighty empire.

The last time I saw the fair queen of our blessed isles she was returning in her state-carriage from the late autumnal prorogation of parliament. I had seen her proceed to that ceremony with a calm, serious, decided air. She acknowledged, indeed, with dignity and grace the homage of the people, but her mind was in another spot. She was pale, thoughtful, determined. "O'Connell will have no loop-hole left," I remarked to a friend by my side. "The speech will be decisive, and treason will be abashed." Slowly moved the procession, and I was glad it did so, for I loved to see the royal pair, young, free, confiding, proceeding to meet the national representatives and the not less national peerage. It was a charming sight, and my memory occupied itself during her absence by recalling the scenes of her childhood and the changes of her still youthful years. In about three quarters of an hour the procession returned. The queen was pale and thoughtful no longer. Her face was flushed, her eyes were brilliant, her animation was great. She was conversing with Her Grace

the Duchess of Buccleuch with extraordinary vivacity. She was at ease; her mind had been relieved of a burden; her face was lighted up with blushes, smiles, and the satisfaction which a queen will feel when she has done a good deed and maintained right principles. Yes, she had said to faction, "I love liberty; but I love order. I love the free institutions of my country; but I love the union of England and Ireland. I love the natural and easy progress of a constitutional government, and I would be the last to desire that Ireland should suffer from her connexion with England; but I will transmit to my children and to my children's children the sceptre and the crown undiminished in splendor and untarnished by submission to treason or to traitors. I love Ireland, too, the birthplace of so many of my best subjects, soldiers, and sailors; but I will—yes, I will maintain the legislative as well as the territorial union. I love the wild cry of the Irish mountaineer and of the Irish peasant; I love the hospitality of the Irish heart, the frankness of the Irish character, and the bravery of the Irish soul; but I love, also, the union of peace, harmony, loyalty, and obedience, with hospitality, frankness, and bravery. I am resolved, therefore, cost what it may—tears, sighs, opposition, factious clamor, and desperate effort—I am resolved for the sake of those who are deluded into the belief that the repeal of that union would be for the benefit, instead of the ruin of Ireland,—yes, I am resolved, queen of these isles as I am, to maintain unimpaired and untarnished the union of Great Britain and Ireland!"

The queen looked all this. The Duchess of Buccleuch was evidently delighted. Prince Albert was listening with attention and joy. The country heard her speech. The people saw her look. O'Connell read his fate; and from that moment repeal was impossible! **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!** Yes, **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!**

BURNING OF KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE.—It is with great regret we announce the nearly total destruction, by fire, on Sunday morning last, of the edifice, with its chapel and valuable library, known as King William's College, in the Isle of Man. The house of the vice-principal is the only portion of the building which has been spared. The library, collected originally by Bishop Wilson, and considerably increased by donations from the present Bishop of Sodor and Man, contained, it is stated, a curious collection of Bibles, from the time of Coverdale, in upwards of fifty different languages, and many unique manuscripts relating to Manx ecclesiastical affairs.—*Ath.*

THE LAND OF THOUGHT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the *Metropolitan*.

Oh! prize it—'tis enchanted ground,
All objects sweet and rare,
All lovely images, abound
In rich profusion there;
And it descends in every age
To Man, unclaimed, unbought:
None may invade our heritage,
The glorious Land of Thought.

There, the bright treasures hoarded lie,
Amassed from Learning's store,
Strains of entralling melody,
And tales of ancient lore;
There, Fancy's fresh and blooming flowers,
With glittering dew-drops fraught,
Sheltered from outward blasts and showers,
Bloom in the Land of Thought.

And there we greet a cherished host
Of friends long-loved and dear,
There, the lamented and the lost
Before our gaze appear;
Death wo'd them to his mansions chill,
And won the prize he sought,
But tender Memory guards them still,
Within the Land of Thought.

And there are glimpses pure and bright
Of many a holy thing,
Of golden harps, of fields of light,
Where radiant seraphs sing;
No eye may fully pierce the screen,
Yet trustful Hope hath caught
A faint perspective of the scene
In the wide Land of Thought.

Wearied by sorrow, fear, and doubt,
Oppressed by earthly din,
Oft turn we from the world without,
To seek the world within;
Nor may the mightiest of mankind
Restrain or fetter aught
The freedom of the lowliest hind
Who owns the Land of Thought.

Oh! is the land thus brightly decked
Ever with weeds defaced?
Can it become, through rash neglect,
A black, unlovely waste?
Yes, oft has Passion's whelming storm
Appalling ruin wrought,
And bade perpetual thorns deform
The ravaged Land of Thought.

Then is its hapless owner led
Through worldly haunts to roam,
Turning in wild and shuddering dread
From his mind's wretched home;
There frown unchanging shades of night,
By Sin's dark spirits brought,
And Conscience casts a withering blight
O'er the dim Land of Thought.

How may we watch and guard it best?
Thy bounty, Lord, alone
Hath made us of this land possest,
Oh! take it for thine own;
And blessed shall its produce be,
If we by Faith are taught
Timely to consecrate to Thee
The hallowed Land of Thought.

CALENDARS AND ALMANACS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Dr. C. G. Steinbeck's Aufrichtiger Kalendermann, neu bearbeitet und vermehrt von CARL FRIEDRICH HEMPEL.* In drei Theilen. Leipzig. 8vo.
2. *Volks-Kalender der Deutschen, herausgegeben von F. W. GUBITZ.* Berlin. 8vo.
3. *Annuaire Historique pour l'Année 1843, publié par la Société de l'Histoire de France.* Paris. 18mo.
4. *Medii Ævi Kalendarium; or, Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Calendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Centuries; and an alphabetical Digest of obsolete Names of Days, forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other aids for ascertaining Dates.* By R. T. HAMPSON. 2 vols. London. 8vo.

'WASTE not time, it is the stuff of which life is made,' was the saying of a great philosopher who has concentrated the wisdom of volumes in these few brief but most expressive words.

All ages, all nations, have felt the truth of this definition of time; and as if with a presentiment of this all-wise injunction, not to waste the precious stuff of which life is made, have ever busied themselves with an endeavor to discover the best method of accurately measuring it.

It forms no part of our present intention to record these different attempts; to trace the various changes and corrections which increasing knowledge has introduced into the Calendar; or to show wherein consisted the superior accuracy of the Julian over the Alban or Latin Calendar; or how Gregory XIII., upon finding that by the introduction of the Bissextile days, a difference of ten days had arisen between the Calendar and the actual time, caused them to be abated in the year 1582, by having the 11th of March called the 21st, thereby making it for that year to consist of twenty-one days only. As little need we dwell upon the fact that this new, or Gregorian style, as it was called out of respect to the Pope by whom it was introduced, was immediately adopted by all those countries of Europe which recognised the papal authority; while, on the other hand, those who then held the opinion, so prevalent even in our own days, that no good thing could come out of Rome, agreed in rejecting it—so that it was only recognised by the Protestants of Germany in the year 1700, and by our own country in 1752.

Sir Harris Nicholas, in that most useful little book, his 'Chronology of History,' has pointed out the fact, which is very little

known, that an effort was made to reform the Calendar in this country as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth—by the introduction of a bill, entitled—'An act, giving Her Majesty authority to alter and new make a Calendar, according to the Calendar used in other countries,' which was read a first time in the House of Lords, on the 16th of March, (27 Eliz.) 1584-5. This measure having however failed, for reasons which do not appear, Lord Chesterfield is entitled to the credit of having overcome, in this matter, John Bull's deep-rooted prejudice against novelty, and the following passage from one of his letters furnishes a very characteristic picture of the difficulties he had to contend with, and of the manner in which he surmounted them.

After stating why he had determined to attempt the reformation of the Calendar, he proceeds, "I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began: I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter; and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well, so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of Calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them, and many of them said I had made the whole very clear to them, when God knows I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is a *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked

to a mob: their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively none; but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory.

As the noble reformer could bring those 'various parts of oratory' to bear upon the mob within the house, he succeeded in carrying his measure; but as *these* persuasive means had no influence beyond the walls of parliament, the mob without clamored against the change, and the 'ears polite' of my Lord Chesterfield were not unfrequently assailed with cries of, 'Give us back the ten days you have robbed us of.'

Absurd and disgraceful as was this opposition to an alteration in the Calendar, called for as much by a regard for public convenience as the dictates of common sense, it was, if possible, exceeded by that which attended the attempt made by Frederick the Great to reform the Almanac published in Prussia: and here, lest any of our readers should labor under the same error as the 'moral-mouthing Pecksniff,' who, speaking of the Calender in the 'Arabian Nights' as a 'one-eyed almanac,' justified himself in doing so because an almanac and a calendar are much the same, let us point out the distinction between them,—namely, that a calendar is a perpetual almanac, and an almanac an annual calendar.

But to return. Frederick being disgusted, as doubtless he had good cause to be, with the absurdities with which the almanac most in vogue amongst his subjects was filled, directed the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin to prepare a new one, with the omission of the astrological and other objectionable passages, the place of which was to be supplied by matter calculated to instruct, amuse, and, at the same time, increase the real knowledge of his people. This was accordingly done, and a reformed almanac was published in 1779, to the great satisfaction of the king and some few of the well-educated classes of his subjects; but to the generality of the nation, its appearance gave the greatest offence. It was looked upon as an attempt to rob them of their ancient faith, and introduce a new religion: one woman in Berlin was nearly beaten to death by her husband for having dared to bring a copy of it into his house; in short, so great was the opposition made to this reform, that Frederick thought it advisable to permit the almanac of the following year, 1780, to appear after its ancient and approved fashion.

We know not precisely which was the almanac which thus unequivocally established its character as a popular favorite. Possibly it was the one entitled 'Bauern Practica,' and which, despite of the march of intellect and the labors of the schoolmaster, is, we believe, still printed, purchased, and read in Germany, as the 'Vox Stellarum' of Francis Moore, physician, with its awful hieroglyphic, and 'chiaro-oscuro' explanations of it, is with us. Goerres, in his 'Teutsch-en Volksbücher,' speaks of the 'Bauern Practica' as copied from a much older book, similar in title and contents, which appeared at Frankfort-on-the-Main as early as 1570, when it had probably had many predecessors. That Goerres is right in this conjecture we can testify; for an edition of it, bearing date in 1567, is now before us.

If the author of this extraordinary production cannot claim the credit awarded to the respected father of the well-known Caleb Quotem, who is declared to have had

— A happy knack
At cooking up an Almanac,

he has at all events availed himself, to the fullest, of the Privileges conferred upon the members of his profession, by the 'Penniless Parliament of threadbare Poets,' who, among other enactments (well worth the reading, in the Percy Society's reprint of this satirical tract), declared it 'lawful for almanac-makers to tell more lies than true tales;' and he has consequently succeeded in producing a volume which, however worthless with reference to the especial object for which he compiled it, is invaluable for the striking and extraordinary pictures which it exhibits of the age in which it originated. Its little wood-cut representations of the employments peculiar to each of the months and seasons are admirable illustrations of German life in the latter half of the sixteenth century, while its numerous rhyming rules and astrological and medical jingles, are equally descriptive of what were then the popular feelings and beliefs. The author of the 'Bauern Practica' may indeed be regarded as the 'Murphy' of the age in which he lived. His book is essentially a weather almanac; for though it contains many medical directions, numerous rhyming calculations for finding the days on which the feasts of the church would fall, it is principally occupied with rules by which the husbandman and the vine-dresser might calculate the nature of the seasons, and signs of changes of weather.

How ancient many of these rules are; how long many of these signs have been observed, is shown in the rebuke which the Pharisees

and Sadducees received when they desired to be shown a sign from Heaven. 'When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red: and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and louring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?'

Coming nearer to our times, we find the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxons abounding in tables of prognostications of the weather, and of the good and bad influence of the lunar and solar changes. A manuscript in the Cottonian Library, in the British Museum, may be cited as an instance: since it contains, among numerous tracts of a purely theological character, a great variety of short treatises, some containing rules for judging of meteorological changes, others showing the influence of the planets upon the health and fortunes of individuals, and others again treating of the interpretation of dreams. Thus we find a prognostication of the seasons of the year, drawn from a consideration of the day on which the kalends of January may chance to fall: *Gif bith Kl. Januarius on dæg drihtenlicum, winter god bid and winsum and wearm.* 'If the kalends of January fall on the Lord's day, the winter is good, pleasant, and warm.' While another tells us: 'Kl. Januarius gif he bith on monan dæg, thonne bid grimme and gemenced winter and god lencten, i. e. 'If the kalends of January fall on a Monday, the winter will be severe and stormy, and the spring good.' We have also considerations as to what is foretold by thunder—one tract treating of it with regard to the time of the day or night when it is heard, another according to the day of the week. These, and several similar treatises on the interpretation of dreams, fortunate and unlucky days, predictions connected with the hour and time of birth, form altogether a body of materials sufficient for the stock in trade of any Philomath, William Lilly, or Partridge of those days, and who might well apply to its compiler the words of Gay:

—We learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the Heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue.
He first that useful secret did explain,
Why pricking corns foretold the gathering rain;
When Swallows fleet soar high, and sport in air,
He told us that the Welkin would be clear.

The weather-wisdom of our ancestors, like every other species of knowledge they possessed, was handed down from generation to generation in short proverbial sentences, whose antiquity is shown by their rhythmical,

or alliterative construction, even when they do not, as is generally the case, consist of rhyming couplets. In many of these popular rhymes, we have doubtless the result of years of observation and experience, a fact which accounts not only for the general accuracy of some of the predictions contained in them, but also for their coexistence in so many languages.

We have made one allusion to the belief embodied in the English Proverb,

The evening red and morning gray
Are certain signs of a fine day.
The evening gray, the morning red,
Make the Shepherd hang his head.

The Germans have a similar saying,

Abend roth gut Wetter bot;
Morgen roth mit Regen droht.
Evening red and weather fine;
Morning red, of rain's a sign.

In England we say,

February fill dike, be it black or be it white;
But if it be white, it's the better to like.

The Norman peasant expresses a like wish for snow in February, but in terser language,

Février qui donne neige,
Bel été nous plege.
When February gives snows,
It fine summer foreshows.

The intense cold which generally prevails about Candlemas day, is the subject both of French and German sayings. 'Lichtmis, Winter gewiss.' 'A la Chandeleur, La grande douleur,' and Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Vulgar Errors*, tells us, 'There is a general tradition in most parts of Europe, that inferreth the coldness of succeeding winter from the shining of the sun on Candlemas Day,' according to the proverbial distich,

Si Sol splendescat Mariā purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante:

which is Englished in the proverbial saying,

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight:

while the old saw that tells us,

As the day lengthens
The cold strengthens,

is repeated in the German,

Wenn die Tage beginnen zu langen
Dann komm erst der Winter gegangen.

A cold May and a windy,
Makes a fat barn and a findy,

says the English proverb. The German tells us,

Trockner März, nasser April, kthler Mai,
Fullt Scheunen, Keller, bringt viel Heu.
A dry March, wet April, and a cool May,
Fill cellars and barns, and give plenty of hay.

Again,

Maimonat küh und Brachmonat nass,
Fülle beide Boden und Fass.

May cool and June wet,
Fill both floor and vat.

The peasant of Normandy, again, uses this saying, but, as the Herald says, 'with a difference.'

Froid Mai, chaud Juin,
Donnent pain et vin.

Cold May, June fine,
Give both bread and wine.

The importance of a dry spring is declared by the English proverb—'A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom,' while the Germans, in like manner, declare 'Märzstaub ist dem Golde gleich,' March dust is like gold.

These examples, which might be multiplied to an extraordinary extent, will suffice to convince the reader how great is the uniformity which exists in the popular belief among natives of totally different countries, as to the probability of coming seasons coinciding with the prognostications embodied in these semi-prophetical proverbs: several of which, it may here be remarked, have been tested by modern observers who have borne evidence as to their general accuracy. A collection of the weather adages of different countries would be extremely curious, even as mere illustrations of national peculiarities, observances, and in some cases perhaps of national superstitions—but they would moreover be of considerable value, as affording materials to the philosopher for investigating the changes which are believed to have taken place in the climates of such countries, since the very remote period in which the majority of these sayings had their origin.

But while our ancestors calculated the nature of the coming year in the manner already referred to, they, like the naturalists of our own days, drew many important prognostications of atmospheric changes from the peculiarities evinced by various natural objects—plants, insects, birds, and animals—on the approach of a coming storm, or other change of weather or temperature. Instead, however, of citing instances of these, or seeking to prove the general accuracy of calculations founded upon such data, we will substitute the following remarkable historical anecdote, which bears very strongly upon this point, but which, we believe, has never before been brought under the notice of the English reader. The spiders which cheered King Robert the Bruce, and encouraged him to resist the English monarch, have scarcely a

higher claim to be numbered among the trifling causes, which have led to mighty conquests, than those which figure in the following narrative.

Quatremer Disjonval, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant-general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots, when they revolted against the Stadholder. On the arrival of the Prussian army under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, tried, and having been condemned to twenty-five years' imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years.

Spiders, which are the constant, and frequently the sole companions of the unhappy inmates of such places, were almost the only living objects which Disjonval saw in the prison of Utrecht. Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed for natural history, he began to seek employment, and eventually found amusement, in watching the habits and movements of his tiny fellow-prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of the spiders were intimately connected with approaching changes in the weather. A violent pain on one side of his head, to which he was subject at such times, had first drawn his attention to the connexion between such changes, and corresponding movements among the spiders. For instance, he remarked that those spiders which spun a large web in a wheel-like form, invariably withdrew from his cell when he had his bad head-ache; and that these two signs, namely, the pain in his head and the disappearance of the spiders, were as invariably followed by very severe weather. So often as his headache attacked him, so regularly did the spiders disappear, and then rain and north-east winds prevailed for several days. As the spiders began to show themselves again in their webs, and display their usual activity, so did his pains gradually leave him until he got well, and the fine weather returned.

Further observations confirmed him in believing these spiders to be in the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the atmosphere, and that their retirement and reappearance, their weaving, and general habits were so intimately connected with changes in the weather,—that he concluded they were of all things best fitted to give accurate intimation when severe weather might be expected. In short, Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather, from ten to fourteen days be-

fore it set in, which is proved by the following fact, which led to his release.

When the troops of the French republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw in the early part of the month of December threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of accepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval, who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general in January, 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was now enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would commence a most severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the rivers, and afford them sufficient time to complete and make sure of the conquest they had commenced, before it should be followed by a thaw.

The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication and persevered. The cold weather, which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 28th January, 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph; and Quatremere Disjonval, who had watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.

And now, before we conclude these desultory remarks upon Calendars and Almanacs, and the alterations and reformations which they have from time to time undergone, we cannot omit all mention of one proposed change which was advanced with so much reason and common sense as ought to have secured its universal adoption. We allude to the endeavor made by the emperor Charlemagne, to substitute for the Roman names of the months, of which the signification must have been unintelligible to a great proportion of his subjects, the far more expressive names of German origin; in which case we might in this country have retained the apt and significant designations used by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers; which, to our mind, are as suggestive and picturesque as the miniated illuminations, rich in gold and purple, which ornament our very early Calendars, and afford us a far better insight into the manners and customs of the olden times, than we can

obtain from the annals of the historian or the disquisition of the antiquary.

At the present moment, when greater attention to the history and literature of the Anglo-Saxons is manifesting itself among us,* a few illustrations of the manner in which the year was divided, the days of Bede, Alfred, and *Ælfric*, may, perhaps, be read with some little interest.

The year, which was divided into two parts, commenced with the so called *moder or medre niht* (mother night),—with the night which gave birth to the year; the second division commencing with the summer solstice on *mid sumor niht*. These divisions were again equally subdivided by the Vernal and Autumnal equinox. Throughout all the Teutonic nations the winter and summer solstice were seasons of festivity and rejoicing. By the Anglo-Saxons the winter festival was called *Geol* or *Gehol*, the season of rejoicing—a name which is still preserved in Yule—the common designation of Christmas in the north of England. The summer festival on the other hand was called *Lid*, or the feast of drinking, and some of the names of the months were partly derived from these festivals. Thus December, the month which concluded the year, and preceded the feast of *Geol*, was called *Arra Geola*, or before Yule; while January, which followed it, was called *Aftera Geola*, or after Yule. June and July were in like manner designated *Arra Lida* and *Aftera Lida*, with reference to their preceding and following the great summer festival.

But these were not the only designations for these months; the twelve months of the Anglo-Saxons being distinguished by the following characteristic epithet.

January, as we have already observed, was

* As shown not only by the publications of individuals—as Mr. Thorpe's 'Anglo-Saxon Version of the New Testament,' and Mr. Kemble's admirable edition of 'Beowulf,' but by others which have emanated from societies and associations. Among these must be named Mr. Thorpe's masterly editions of 'Cædmon,' and the 'Codex Exoniensis,' published by the Anglo-Saxon committee of the Society of Antiquaries: Mr. Kemble's valuable collection of 'Anglo-Saxon Charters,' published by the English Historical Society: Mr. Wright's interesting volume, illustrative of Anglo-Saxon Biography and Literature, undertaken at the expense of the Royal Society of Literature; and lastly the exertions of the newly-established *Ælfric* Society for the Illustration of Anglo-Saxon and Early English History and Philology, which is extensively patronized by the most distinguished individuals in the country, and has commenced its labors in publishing the 'Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' under the editorship of Mr. Thorpe; and which Society deserves to be still more extensively supported, for its proposed publication of 'The Complete Works of King Alfred,' the editorship of which is to be intrusted to Mr. Kemble.

entitled *Aftera Geola*, from its falling after Yule or Christmas.

February was called *Sol monad*, or soil month, because at this season the tiller of the soil began to busy himself with the labors of the field, over which, as we see by illuminations in the old MSS., he now laid 'of dung (or soil) full many a fodder.' This name, we learn from Mr. Akerman's interesting little 'Glossary of Wiltshire Words,' was long preserved in that country in a saying commemorative of the proverbial coolness of February. 'Sowlegrove sil lew,' February is seldom warm.

March was designated *Hlyd monad* (loud month), and *Hred monad* (rough month), from the boisterous winds which then prevailed; and we again learn from Mr. Akerman that March continued to be called Lide in Wiltshire, as late as the time of Aubrey, who has preserved the following proverbial rhyme in which this name occurs :

Eat leeks in Lide, and Ramsins in May,
And all the year after Physicians may play.

April was entitled *Easter monad* (Easter month), and *May Thry Mylke* (three milk month), from the abundance of that essential article of food to the Anglo-Saxons, at this season, when, owing to the richness of the pasture, they were enabled to milk their kine and goats three times a day.

June, in addition to its name of *Arra Lid* (before Lide), was also called *Sear monad*, or dry month, because at this time the wood required for use during the following winter was hewn and dried.

July, which, as we have already observed, was called *Aftera Lide* (after Lide) was also known by the name of *Mæd monad* (mead or meadow month), because now the hay harvest being concluded, the cattle were turned to feed in the meadows.

August was called *Weed monad* (weed or grass month), because as soon as the grain was cut and carried, the shepherds went into the fields to collect the weeds and grass growing among the stubble as fodder for their cattle.

September was called *Harvest monad*, because in it the harvest was brought to an end, and the harvest feast celebrated. This, which had in the times of Paganism been regarded as a sacred festival, gave rise to a second name by which this month was distinguished, namely, *Haleg monad*, or holy month.

October was called *Wynter fylled* (winter filleth or beginneth), because the full moon in this month was the commencement of winter among the Saxons; and November was called *Blot monad*, blood month, or the month

of slaughter or sacrifice, because before their conversion to Christianity, the Saxons were at this season accustomed to celebrate their great festival in honor of Wuodan, when many of the animals, which they then killed as provisions for the winter, were offered as sacrifices to that Deity.

December, called *Arra Geola* (before Yule), and *Midwinter monad* (midwinter month), concludes the list; in which we have not inserted the names *Wolfmonad*, *Sproutkele*, and others cited by Verstegan, because although in use among the Saxons of the continent, they do not appear to have been introduced into this country, or adopted by our more immediate ancestors.

But it is now time to direct the attention of our readers to the valuable work by Mr. Hampson; the explanatory title of which we have transcribed in full at the commencement of this article. The original intention of that gentleman, when he commenced the work before us, was to have cast, into the form of a glossary, as many of the terms employed in mediæval chronology as he could meet with in the course of his researches, or of which he could satisfactorily determine the signification. But as, in the prosecution of this plan, it became obvious that the utility of such a glossary would be greatly increased, by determining, as far as possible, the age of such terms, while the attempt to effect this object necessarily introduced a multitude of questions connected with legal and ecclesiastical antiquities, not included in the original design, Mr. Hampson determined to embody these, as far as practicable, in a separate department. The work is therefore divided into four books.

The first, which is devoted to the subject of 'Charters and Dates,' contains a succinct sketch of the confusion in mediæval chronology, and much curious illustrative information on the subject of Charters, their forms, ages, dates, and genuineness, with general and particular rules for testing their authenticity.

The second book is divided into five sections, one introductory, and the remaining four appropriated to historical and critical notices of the various remarkable days and popular observances which occur in the Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn quarters, respectively. Unlike the majority of modern writers, who, when treating upon the subject of the year, and its history, and the various branches of popular antiquities, so intimately interwoven with that widely extended topic, are content to furnish their readers with a *rifacciamento*, borrowed from the materials collected by Brande, Ellis, &c., Mr. Hampson has given fresh interest to this oft-told

tale, by the industry with which he has collected new facts and illustrations from the writings of many foreign antiquaries, more particularly those of France; and from various works, which being illustrative of local customs, or provincial districts, are but little known to the general reader; while from the manner in which these various materials are combined and narrated, this portion of the volume becomes as full of pleasant reading as of valuable information. As an instance of this, we will quote Mr. Hampson's observations on a popular superstition connected with Christmas Eve.

"The 'Eve or Vigil of the Nativity,' December 24, which closed the whole year, was long remarked by a superstition of which the memory, preserved by the favorite dramatist of England, will live when all the other popular rites, ceremonies, and opinions of this period shall be buried in oblivion. Shakspeare, Mr. Hunt beautifully remarks, 'has touched upon Christmas Eve with a reverential tenderness, *sweet as if he had spoken it hushingly!*'

'Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no sprite dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

"Prudentius, early in the fourth century, noticed the terror with which the voice of the cock inspired the wandering spirits of the night:

'Ferunt vagantes diemona
Lætos tenebris noctium
Gallo canente, exterritos
Sparsim timere et credere.'

"It has been supposed that the song of the cock is heard on Christmas Eve in celebration of the divine ascent from hell, which the Christians in the time of Prudentius believed to have taken place during the tranquillity of the night, when no sound was heard but that of the rejoicing bird:

'Quod omnes credimus,
Illo quietis tempore,
Quo gallus exultans canit,
Christum rediisse ex inferis.'

"The Ghost of Helgi Hundingsbana (the slayer of Hunding), in the Scandinavian Edda, collected in the eleventh century, assigns the crowing of the cock as the reason for his return to the hall of Odin, or the sun:

'Tis time now to ride
To the reddening road,
To let my pale steed
Tread the air path.
O'er the bridges of heaven,
The sky must I reach
Ere the cock of the hall
Wake the heroes up.'

"And Burger's demon horseman, in correspondence with this notion, appropriately finds that he and his infernal steed, must, like 'the buried majesty of Denmark,' speedily depart because the cock is heard to crow:

'Rapp! Rapp! Mich dunkt der Hahn schon rufft.
Bald wird der Sand verrinnen.'

"This widely-spread superstition is in all probability, a misunderstood tradition of some Sabæan fable. The cock, which seems by its early voice to call forth the sun, was esteemed a sacred solar bird; hence it was also sacred to Mercury, one of the personifications of the sun. Nergal, the idol of the Cuthites, considered by Selden to be a symbol of the sun, was worshiped under the form of a cock. The anecdote of Socrates, which the elder Racine has so well explained, has rendered it sufficiently notorious that the cock was sacred to Esculapius, whom we have shown to be a solar incarnation; and the story of the metamorphosis of Alectryon, by Lucian, equally proves its intimate connexion with this luminary in mythology."

In a future edition Mr. Hampson may point out to his readers, that the author of the well-known ballad of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' printed in 'Percy's Reliques,' has, in the following stanza, anticipated Burger in availing himself for the purposes of poetry of that article of popular belief, which attributes to the voice of 'the bird of dawning,' the miraculous and salutary power of dispelling evil spirits:

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That I were gane away.

And, it might be added, that the demonologists of the middle ages supposed the cock to have been endowed with this power from the moment when its voice was lifted up to rebuke St. Peter for his denial of his Master.

And here also we would observe, that in the foregoing verses from the 'Icelandic,' which our author quotes from Mr. Keightley (and the manner in which Mr. Hampson cites his authorities forms a striking contrast to the practice now so prevalent among writers of concealing the sources from which they derive their information), there is no allusion to this supernatural influence attributed to the crowing of the cock. For though the ghost of Helgi vanishes before daybreak, it is not from any power to recall wandering spirits being attributed by the songs of the Edda to the bird of morning. He is Gullinkambi (gold combed), one of the three cocks mentioned in the Icelandic songs; and his duty is merely to awake the gods, which is clearly shown by the following stanza from the

'Vaulu-spà' (as it is entitled by Ettmuller, whose edition we quote):

Gól um Ausom Gullinkambi
Sa vekr haulda at Heriafaudrs.

There sings by Acer Gullinkambi.
He waketh the heroes at Heriafadur.

We had proposed extracting Mr. Hampson's remarks on the funeral entertainments given in the northern countries entitled 'Arvil,' or more correctly 'Arval Suppers,' together with his corrections of the erroneous etymological interpretation of the name furnished by Whitaker and the editor of the 'Encyclopædia Perthensis.' We must, however, content ourselves with acknowledging the general correctness of his interpretation, that the name is derived from Arfol, the feast, which, among the northern nations, was given by the heir at the funeral on his succeeding to the paternal possession, and with referring Mr. Hampson for much corroborative evidence, both of his facts and his etymology of the name, to the chapter on 'Inheritance,' in Dr. Jacob Grimm's profoundly learned work, 'Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer.'

Mr. Hampson's observations on Whitsun Ales—Church Ales, and all other 'Festivals and Holy Ales,' confirmatory as they are of the observations of that excellent antiquary, the late Francis Douce, deserve also to be extracted, but we must devote the space such extract would occupy to a notice of the remaining portion of these volumes.

The third book, which concludes the first volume, is devoted to the subject of ancient calendars—and contains a reprint of no less than six of them; which as they range from the middle of the tenth to the end of the fourteenth century, may reasonably be supposed to contain all the information which can be expected from works of their description. One of them is believed to have been the property of King Athelstan, and although perhaps the matter which it contains may not have entitled it to the distinction of being reprinted, it well deserves attention as a literary curiosity.

The fourth book, which occupies the whole of the second volume, is devoted to a glossary of all the terms or dates now obsolete, but formerly employed in mediaeval chronology, and constitutes, if not the most amusing, certainly by far the most useful portion of Mr. Hampson's work. It is difficult to give a specimen, on account of the length to which some of the most interesting of his explanations extend: but we will extract the concluding passage of his notice of the term 'Undern,' a Chaucerian word, which has not only

worried the commentators, but, as Tom Hearne tells us, given rise to great discussions among kings and nobles.

"Verstigan and the old glossiographers of Chaucer seem to be at a total loss to explain this word, which they take to be afternoon, as noticed by Somner, whose authority, however, mentions it only as one of the three times a day proper for drinking—undern, midday, and noon. The following passage, confirmatory of Hearne and the antiquaries in the reign of Edward IV. will set all controversy at rest. 'On them thrym dagum (viz. gang dagum) christene men sceolan alestan heora woroldican weorck on tha thriddan dit dages, that is on undern, and forth-gongan mid thane haligra reliquum oth tha ni-gethan tid, and is thonne non.—(Cott. MS. Julius A. X.) That is—On these three days, gang days, Christian men shall leave their worldly labor on the third hour of the day, which is 'undern,' and go in procession with the holy relics till the ninth hour, which is none or noon."

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Notes upon Chaucer, has probably stated the facts which account for the difficulty there has been in settling the exact meaning of this word. He tells us that in one place the word undern is explained 'hora tertia,' in another 'hora prandii,' 'from whence we may collect that in Chaucer's time the third hour, or underne, was the usual hour of dinner:' but Tyrwhitt not being aware that 'undorn,' dinner time, is universally used at the present day in Jutland Funen and Swedish Norway, it did not occur to him that when the hour of dining advanced to noon, that hour came to be designated by a name formerly given to the third hour of the day, because such name had come to signify not so much the precise hour of the day, as the precise hour of dinner.

The following short account of St. Urban's day affords a good specimen of this glossary.

"Urban, Pope and Martyr, May 25. The sixteenth Bishop of Rome, who, having converted many persons, was put to death under Alexander. He sate from 223 to 230, and was martyred on this day, which is called a 'Dies Criticus,' or critical day, because its serenity portends abundance. Rain on this day equally threatens. In Alsace, which is fertile in vines, if the sky be serene on this day, they lead the wooden image of Urban with great pomp through the streets and villages; but if it should rain, they exhibit their indignation at the negligent saint by dragging him through the mire. Molanus Pontificus ('de Picturis') very bitterly reprobates this irreverent custom."

With the following appropriate observations on this day—from the Earl of Northampton's 'Defensative against the Poison of Supposed Prophecies,' we take our leave of Mr. Hampson's interesting volumes, and trust we have shown how fully they deserve atten-

tion, and how useful they must be to the divine, the lawyer, the antiquary, and the historian.

"The countrymen are wont to give a likely guesse about the dayes of St. Urban and Medard how the vines will beare and thrive that year: not because the day gives any vertue to the grape, nor the saints (whose lives and constant suffering for Christ are solemnly recorded and solemnized upon this day) give life and influence to vines above the rest, but because the very time and season is a marke and measure of their forwardness."

YOUNG ENGLAND; OR, THE PERIL OF THE CRISIS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Juniores priores.

Arms and the child I sing.

VIRGIL.

The child is FATHER of the man.

WORDSWORTH.

THERE is no more formidable symptom in the aspect of these times than the increasing influence and sway of the babies of England. Here is our real danger at the present juncture. In comparison with this, the Corn Exchange and the Anti-Corn-Law League are, in our humble opinion, mere Hammersmith spectres and Cock-lane ghosts. It is observable that the phrase "old England" is almost obsolete. Nothing but "young England" will go down now; and indeed the sooner "young England" is put down the better, for we have no hesitation to pronounce it the *nuisance* of the age.

A few appalling facts will show the necessity of attending to this matter before it is too late. Amongst the late announcements in the newspapers appropriate to the Christmas season, we read the following programme with dismay:

"CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—At the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION an increase of Powerful and Brilliant Effects in ELECTRICITY are exhibited by ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE. A new field is opened for investigating, on a magnificent scale, a variety of objects in Art, Science, and Natural History, by means of Longbottom's Opaque Microscope. showing also an extraordinary Optical Illusion. New Dissolving Views. A List of the Popular Lectures, which will be delivered during the week, is suspended in the Hall of Manufactures. Holloway's Original Crayon Drawings from Raphael's Cartoons. Numerous Models in motion, Diver, and Diving Bell."

An Advertiser of Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts for "young people," spreads the ensuing bill of fare before them:

"Air Pumps!

Electrical Machines!!

Electrotype Apparatus!!!

Selections of Chemical Apparatus!!!!

Let "old England" read these evidences of the progress of "young England," and tremble. The "Electrical Machine" is *shocking* enough, but *hydra*-electricity must be worse a hundred times, for the *hydra* was one of the most hideous monsters ever exhibited.* As to the Air-Pump, it actually takes away one's *breath*. We feel quite *exhausted*.

Another deviser of *etrennes* for "little folk" allures them with the Voltaic Battery, a Gregorian Telescope, and a Printing Press! Think of this "old England!"

Old England recollects perfectly well the days of its own boyhood and girlhood, the Christmas days of the time gone by, the New Years' days that are now "beyond the flood." A Christmas-box *then* was not a case of mathematical instruments, and opticians did not keep toy-shops. The father was satisfied with a pop-gun, and the child must have a "voltaic battery!" The son of him who knew nothing beyond the letters on gilt gingerbread, disports himself in the holidays with a printing-press!

As we find toy-shops still open and flourishing, it is plain they must find their customers amongst *grown* people, for the *growing* people will have nothing to do with them; the children of this generation have "put away childish things." Indeed we have lately observed a vast number of papas and mammas upon *hobbies*, which shows amongst what class toys are in demand at present. Then we see every day old fellows "flying kites;" and what is more common than to find the mothers and wives of England at *ball*? On this very 1st of February, 1844, a public racket-court is thrown open for those

Potent, grave, and reverend seniors,

the legislators of the United Kingdom. Then in Ireland there is Earl de Grey playing at *soldiers*, and Father Mathew and his fatherly followers, diverting themselves with their *teatotum*. In short, all the grown people in the realm are at play, while the small folk are studying Natural Philosophy, and gazing through Opaque Microscopes. Young female England knows nothing of the needle in practice, but can explain its *dip* and *variation* as learnedly as Sir John Herschel. Mr. Miller advertises a catalogue of cheap books, and adds, that it contains "the best selection for Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts." What do we find in Mr. Miller's list?

"The Foreign Quarterly Review!

"Thomson's Annals of Philosophy; a Magazine of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mechanics, Agriculture, and the Fine Arts!"

Another bookseller announces as a Present for the Nursery, "The New Chapter of Kings." Now as Solomon has said that "the hearts of kings are inscrutable," the subject of this nursery present is obviously the very deepest the

* Since this was written, we have been assured by a little Mistress of Arts in her fifth year, that the word is *hydro*, not *hydra*, and that *hydro* is Greek for water, not the name of a crocodile or dragon. We knew it was Greek for *something*, ignorant as Miss M. A. thinks us.

writer could have chosen. It can no longer be said of the child,

Sequitur patrem haud passibus æquis.*

The father is unable to keep up with the son, although the former may have the cock-horse to ride if he pleases, for the son is done with it. In short, we have lived to behold the wonderful sights described by Biron in the play,

To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon tuning a jigg,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys—†

only that the Nestors of these days have no boys to play with, unless such old boys as themselves, or those American Indian "boys," seventy years old and upwards, who lately visited the Queen in her "great wigwam" at Windsor.

An Infant School now means a school *kept by infants*, and where the scholars are papas, mammas, aunts, and uncles. The Hercules of the nineteenth century runs imminent risk of being disciplined by every little blue-stocking Omphale who may set up a "Preparatory School for Grown Gentlemen," although much too proud to whip a handkerchief. "Knowledge is power!" While the *risen* generation has been hunting and shooting, racing and gaming, toying and trifling, the *rising* one has been acquiring knowledge and dominion. What mother, ignorant of the difference between a cross and a crucible, would presume to rebuke her little son, even were he to blow down the house with his voltaic battery? Talk of the rod, forsooth, to Miss Mysie, or Master Dicky, whose offence, perhaps, is setting fire to mamma's apron by the explosion of a model steam-engine!

However, battery against battery, is only fair play!

The "children in the wood" of 1844, are there for the purpose of botanizing, not to pick blackberries, or pull filberts. Proffer them the run of the finest orchard of the autumn, they value not the privilege a fig; but give them a "*hortus siccus*," and you make kings and queens of

* Grown people will need to be informed that this is a quotation from a poet named Virgil, who wrote in a language called Latin, and that it is thus he describes the little Ascanius, a young gentleman of Troy, trotting after his father, Æneas, and scarce able to keep up with him. The fathers of Troy were step-fathers. Now there are no step-fathers or step-mothers; there is nothing stepping but sons and daughters, and they are outstepping their parents with a vengeance.

† Shakspere adds,

"And critic Timon laugh at idle toys."

Our critic Timons are the petticoated philosophers who study pneumatology and read the *Foreign Quarterly*. They are quite as misanthropic as the Athenian, only that instead of retiring from town as he did, they threaten to drive their parents out of it. As to criticism, we have no doubt there will soon be an "*Infant Review*," or at least a "*Young Gentleman's Magazine*." How mammas will be cut up, and papas be Smithed and Jeffreyed! How the governesses will smart for it! What articles we shall have upon domestic tyranny and NURSERY TORTURE!

them. If there is a wrangle in the nursery about a flower, the quarrel is sure to be whether it is a *syngenesia* or a *cryptogamia*. Miss Bessie is rebuked for strewing the carpet with rose-leaves.

"Mamma never will say *petals*," exclaims Linnaeus in petticoats.

It would seem that the pretty Europa was the little botanist of her age from the description the poet gives of her—

In pratis studiosa florum,*

studying flowers, not idly plucking them to make a garland or a top-knot. Probably the story of Europa coming riding across the waters on the bull, shadows out the fact of that adventurous damsel having founded an agricultural association; or haply intimates that she made some astronomical discovery in the constellation Taurus.

Big Mr. D— has the ordinary notions of grown people upon most subjects, and amongst others, has lived all his life in the belief that a whale is a great *fish*.

What a triumph to little Mr. D—, not six weeks trowsered!

"A fish! a whale a fish! Lucy! Harry! only think of pa calling a whale *a fish*!"

Then Lucy respectfully observes that a whale is no more a fish than papa himself.

Harry authoritatively adds, that fish are cold-blooded animals—which whales are not.

And my young polytechnician, not six weeks breeched, winds up the lecture, by solemnly informing his untutored parent that the whale belongs to the order of *mammalia*!

Big Mr. D— blushes and sinks away to play backgammon, or ride his hobby.

Another reverend father, unobservant of the strides of "young England," promises to buy marbles for the scientific scions of his house. The offer is accepted with glee.

"What kind of marbles will *you* have, Master Tom?"

"The ELGIN marbles for me, pa?"

Papa stares.

"What marbles will *you* have, Johnny?"

"The ARUNDELIAN, please sir," says little Johnny.

Papa stares still more staringly, and when he has recovered from his surprise, he puts the same question to his third son, a mere eight-year old.

"The XANTHIAN," quoth sage Hop-o'-my-thumb.

The old'un has never heard of either Elgin, Arundelian, or Xanthian marbles; he has no notion of any marbles except the round ones for shooting with.

* Again we must translate for the benefit of "Old England." This quotation is from Horace—not Horace Walpole, or Horace Smith, or Horace Twiss, or Horatio Nelson, but Horace, or Horatius, a Roman (not Roman Catholic) poet, who lived at Rome, a city in Italy, "bounded on the north," &c. &c. &c.—*Vide Goldsmith's Geography*. "In pratis studiosa florum," means studying flowers in the fields, we should say, *botanizing*, only that mammas have not got to words of four syllables.

The little *savans* make a party for the British Museum, and their bearded sire marches off to secure a seat for the Christmas pantomime at the Olympic.

Observe the crowds that fill the theatres at this festive season, gazing at the clowneries of clowns and the harlequinades of harlequins. Nineteen spectators out of twenty are persons of ripe age, and probably of the small fraction of young people in the crowd, the majority are present by compulsion, or out of complaisance to their parents and guardians.

Petticoat government used to signify the ascendancy of wives and mothers; it now means the ascendancy of *children* in that influential garb. The *Fool* in "King Lear," reproaches the aged monarch with "making his daughters his mothers." This is precisely what we are doing at the present time, and nothing has contributed more to countenance our folly than Mr. Wordsworth's pernicious maxim,

The child is father of the man.

The child so considers himself! The fathers and mothers of England, according to this doctrine are the babies and infants, who consequently exercise parental authority, and are beginning to be sensibly *felt* in every sphere of society. We shall soon hear of maternal disobedience, of spoiled fathers, incorrigible uncles, and over-indulged and cockered grandames. "Woman and her Master," ought to be "Woman and her little Master," for there is nothing now more absurd than to speak of the "mistress" of a family, and no term more appropriate than "master" to describe the small gentleman of the day.

We can imagine a visit to a house where "young England" rules the roast. Papa would be found on the stool of repentance, and mamma whimpering at her sampler in the corner. One little master would probably be playing off a model of Perkins's steam-gun upon his mother's canary-birds, and another composing a treatise on "the Rights of Babies."

We should see Miss Augusta studying the Polarization of Light, and Miss Priscilla at Conic Sections or Geology. "Geology for young people," has been announced, and the minims of humanity may be heard discussing fossil remains and arguing about strata. We wonder who the authors can be of the modern books for children, for it is clear we have no grown people able to write them. We think they must all be the productions of Mrs. *Child*!

A learned little man of our own acquaintance was presented the other day with a guinea-pig for a Christmas-box. He requested the donor to change it for an *ichthyosaurus*, or at least for a *megatherion*!

Now, to us, all this is extremely formidable; this *growing* power terrifies us. We are not ashamed to own that we quail before the *infantry* of England, and are not undismayed in presence of the world—in *arms*! It is notorious that troops of babies in *arms* are daily to be seen parading in the parks, and particularly in St. James's under the very nose of her sacred majesty! And it ought not to be forgot-

ten that upon every occasion that an attack has been made upon the royal person, the assailant has been a *boy*; one of the rising party of "young England."

Indeed, no portion of the British people seems less in subjection to Queen Victoria than the small fry in question. Her majesty, probably, thinks herself well off if she can command the little people of her own palace, and keep her own peace in her own nursery. We have no doubt she rules in that province as wisely and as brilliantly as in every other, recollecting the maxim of Bacon (as applicable to the smallest empire as the largest) that "the monarch who would feel his (or her) crown light, must wear it every day."

These observations will not be thought unseasonable, when it is considered what a formidable thing it would be, should our royal little **MASTER**, the Prince of Wales, ever be led astray from the paths of loyalty and filial duty, and induced to *put himself at the head of the babies of Great Britain*. We are not afraid of this **POWER**, as long as it wants a leader; but should it ever be headed by the heir apparent to the throne—knowing, as we do, its headstrong nature, and how little it is under the control of reason—it is impossible not to foresee the most serious domestic troubles. It is well known that the very cries and whoops of insurgent infants are often so intolerable, that brave men are put to flight, and evacuate those houses which the constitution of England in vain calls our castles. A hundred times over have we seen an Englishman's castle taken absolute possession of by a detachment of pigmy warriors (the tallest grenadier not higher than the table), and the unfortunate *châtelain* reduced to the most vexatious servitude in his own rightful fortress.

It is just imaginable that Windsor Castle should be seized upon after this fashion; and the example of successful rebellion there would be instantly followed all over the kingdom, and with particular promptitude in Ireland, which has long been the nursery of agitation, and where, consequently, we may be certain that *agitation in the nursery* is in a tolerable state of forwardness. Our first dependence then is upon the Queen in person. We trust our little master, the prince, will not master his illustrious mother, and we respectfully assure that august lady that all the little eyes in England are anxiously looking to the proceedings in the royal nursery, and that thousands and tens of thousands of *little men* are eagerly watching the first indications of the triumph of their party in that high quarter, to commence a general movement throughout the kingdom, the effect of which would be to shake THE BRITISH NURSERY to its foundation.

But what has principally induced us to make the few last foregoing remarks, is the following account of the Christmas festivities at Windsor Castle, which has gone the round of the newspapers, *uncontradicted*:

"Last evening three imitation fir-trees, in green stands, and upwards of eight feet in height, were placed in the drawing-room (to which her majesty and the prince, with the royal attend-

ants, retired after dinner), each beautifully ornamented with seventy-two wax lights appended to the branches. One of the trees was entirely frosted over to resemble icicles and snow. To the branches of each were suspended an immense quantity of *bons-bons* (for presentation to the company), contained in small boxes and cases of various devices, richly and elaborately ornamented. One of these trees was for her majesty, another for the prince consort, and the third for her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent."

Not a word about *bons-bons* for the prince and princessess! *Bons-bons* for her majesty;—*bons-bons* for Prince Albert; *bons-bons* for papa and mamma, and even for her Royal Highness the grandmamma;—none for the royal little ones, male or female! We are, therefore, to presume that the Prince of Wales was working his electrotype apparatus, while his illustrious parents were luxuriating in French sugar-plumbs. A peep into the imperial nursery (or rather into the library) would probably have shown the princess royal studying the theory of *real* snow and icicles, while queenly ma and kingly pa were diverting themselves with the mimic winter upon the mock fir trees. The branches of confectionary for the parent,—those of the tree of knowledge for the child.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as mammas suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no *cruce* surfeit reigns.

Such is now the soliloquy of "young England" in the libraries, studies, and laboratories that have taken the place of the nurseries and play-grounds. Lady Littleton is not mentioned in the account of the Christmas doings in "the great wigwam," but no doubt her governesship had her own box of good things in the corner, or was amusing herself with her baby-house and miniature tea equipage.

One is surprised, at first sight, at the numerous collections of nursery rhymes which have appeared of late: but it is evident, on reflection, that they are intended for presents for good fathers, and rewards for dutiful mammas.*

Son.—Papa, if you will give me your Newton, which you never read, I will give you my "Sandford and Merton," and "Blue Beard" into the bargain.

Sire.—Agreed, my dear; but I believe I read my Newton as much as you read your "Blue Beard."

Son.—But you don't understand it, papa! However, run and fetch the Newton; you'll find me in the observatory.

Sire.—I can't, my love; I'm going to play hide and seek with your mother.

Son.—Can't! Is that your respect for your son? Don't you know what Juvenal says?

Sire.—What?—who?

Son.—Maxima debetur puer reverentia.

Sire.—Translate, my dear.

* An edition is actually announced of "Puss in Boots" for "grown people!"

This saying of Juvenal has been as mischievous as that of Wordsworth already quoted. Children are told that they are the first objects of respect and veneration! Imagine a venerable baby! Figure to yourself a reverend little gentleman in a go-cart!

We ourselves heard one of these *minute* philosophers observe that it was a "delightful task"

To teach the *old* idea how to shoot.

This was applied to his mother, a lady who might have sat for the picture of Boadicea or Thalestris, or at least for the mother of the Gracchi!

We have often burned to ascertain from what quarters those numerous recent publications of various kinds have issued, in which physical force is so loudly decried, and all appeals to it denounced as cruel and barbarous. Our conviction is that the children of England have been influencing the press enormously. It is inconceivable that such writings proceed from the parental pen, or from the pen of any pedagogue or any governess. They unquestionably issue from the nursery. The nursery is essentially republican, yet there are no such tyrants as your little republicans, with their air-pumps and Cabinet Cyclopedias; nor any such abject slaves as your Mrs. Fondlechilde and your Lady Coax-ems.

The infant schools have done not a little mischief. They have been, in fact, "normal schools of juvenile agitation," and then the scholars have been taught arithmetic, which has taught them the power of *numbers*, so that we should not wonder if "young England" were soon to declare "WE ARE SEVEN MILLIONS!" We object for the same reason to the common phrase "little people." There is a magic in the word *people*, and it would have been better that so numerous a body of misses and masters had never known that they were even a *little* people. *Vox populi vox dei!* And where is the homunculus now that does not understand Latin as well as Cardinal Mai?

We do not pretend to say that were matters to come to a crisis the parents of England, headed by the First Mother as well as the First Lady in the land, might not ultimately triumph. There is an omen of conquest in the very name of Victoria. But we earnestly maintain that the peril is extreme, and that in the present times the school mistress ought to be *at home*, and so ought the mother also. It is to be recollected that a general rising of the little people of the empire would have the support of many important interests, which (however they may lately have suffered), unquestionably grew up and flourished under the auspices and patronage of the British nursery. We need scarcely enumerate the China merchants, who have profited so largely by the annual breakage of "young England,"—the confectioners—the fruiterers—the toymen, and, in all probability the Dutch, and the Infanta of Spain; indeed we may add the Queen of that country, who is only a woman by Act of Cortes.

CHARGES AGAINST NIEBUHR.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Niebuhr's History of Rome.* Vol. III. Translated by Dr. W. Smith and Dr. Leonhard Schmitz. London, 1842.
2. *Examen de divers point du Gouvernement et de l'Administration de la République Romaine et de l'ouvrage de M. Niebuhr.* Par. M. Auguste Poirson. Paris, 1837.

AFTER a lapse of ten years the English reader is presented with the continuation of 'Niebuhr's Roman History,' as translated by Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall. These distinguished scholars have been prevented completing what they so excellently began; but the reader has some compensation in the reflection that the third volume has fallen into worthy hands. Dr. Schmitz being himself a German, and having by long and abundant practice in composition of English, attained a rare mastery over our difficult tongue, was alone a very competent person to undertake the task; he has, however, associated Dr. W. Smith with his labors, so that what with the knowledge of the original language on the one hand, and of that of the translation on the other, the reader may feel secure of having a very accurate version. This, in so cumbrous a writer as Niebuhr, is no small recommendation.

The appearance of this volume affords us an opportunity of saying a few words on Niebuhr's qualities as an historian, and of placing before our readers the substance of one of the most terrible assaults which have yet been made upon his reputation. We allude to the pamphlet mentioned at the head of this article. M. Poirson not only combats Niebuhr's views, but also believes that he has proved the historian guilty of several deliberate falsifications of the text of Livy, to support those views. So grave a charge merits the most serious examination. Niebuhr's moral reputation is no less splendid than his intellectual. Like his father, he is said never to have told a lie in his life: could he then write one?

We abstain from any comment till the facts are placed before the reader. The importance of the question is sufficient to fix attention. It strikes at the root of a reputation which has scarcely an equal in modern times; it throws a doubt upon the weightiest authority which Europe accepts; and according to the judgment pronounced upon it, shall we be justified in bowing to the authority of a great writer, or rejecting the paradoxes of a dishonest one. For it is on the soundness and copiousness of his erudition, no less than his sagacity in detecting latent analogies, and

appreciating the value of neglected facts, that Niebuhr's reputation rests. Convict Hume of a thousand blunders, even misquotations, and you do not destroy his merit. You impeach his accuracy or his honesty; but you might as well hope to shake the reputation of Livy or of Thucydides, by detecting their inaccuracies. Hume's merits are searching penetration of motive, philosophical remark, and admirable narrative. It is manner more than matter that we prize in his book. With Niebuhr it is just the reverse: scarcely ever was such excellent matter presented in so inartistic a manner.

The truth is, Niebuhr is not a *Geschichtschreiber*, but a *Geschicht-forscher*. His work is a series of dissertations, not a history. We know not what his 'Lectures' (which Dr. Schmitz announces by way of a fourth volume) may contain; we are quite willing to believe that they will exhibit the author in another and more favorable light: and that, as he there treads historic ground, we shall have fewer paradoxes, less dogmatism, and more interesting matter; but till they appear we can speak only of what lies before us. The 'History of Rome' has merits of the highest order; but those not the historical. It is a work which Europe has pronounced a master-piece of critical inquiry, and ingenious restoration of institutions. But it is not the story of Rome's rise and progress. This will seem an useless truism to many readers; to others a critical impertinence. Let us therefore succinctly state the grounds of our opinion.

It is, perhaps, hardly fair to criticise his pretensions as an historian by the two first volumes. The whole subject was buried in obscurity, and he had to clear away much rubbish before light could penetrate. He was condemned to write dissertations, because he had no settled narrative to relate. Dr. Arnold, coming after him and accepting his conclusions, could write historically at his ease; but Niebuhr had to cut the road through a quarry, not to ride gracefully over it, pointing out the adjacent beauties. It is in the third volume, therefore, that we must look for the historian; there his friends tell us we shall find him. Unfortunately we see as little evidence of historical genius in the third as in the other volumes. Take the first Punic war as the most favorable specimen, and see how far below the mark it is, —how indifferent the narrative, how wanting in imagination and picturesqueness, and how bad the style. The style of the whole work is bad: not simply unattractive, but so cumbrous as to be readable only for the matter it contains. It has neither the vigor, rapidity,

nor beauty of a good narrative; nor has it the unpretending lucidity of a good disquisition. The sentences are long and ill-constructed; the facts are not well grouped; the meaning not felicitously presented.

But we believe this, though a serious drawback, to be less important than his greater deficiencies in art and historical philosophy. Few men ever approached the subject prepared with so much valuable knowledge, and few have shown such inability to use it as an artist. To a copious erudition, and a rich and varied knowledge of history in general, he joined a practical experience of political institutions, and a large acquaintance with men. Few writers have been so learned who have been so little of the mere book-worm. Yet he is singularly deficient in that quality which usually distinguishes the practical man, or the man of the world, viz., an ability of imparting what he knows. However great Niebuhr's knowledge of Roman life, he is unable to reproduce it under the form of art; nay, as far as internal evidence goes, one might almost suspect that he had never realized it for himself. All that relates to the political institutions has a great attraction for him; but we do not see that the social life ever absorbed his attention. No Roman lives in his pages. No Roman feeling is artistically reproduced. The ethnological peculiarities are left to be guessed. Neither the great characters nor the great mass are to be met with vividly delineated; only names, indications, and abstractions. We are almost ashamed of mentioning these deficiencies; but since it is upon such that we found our opinion of his want of historical genius, properly so called, we must enumerate them, though at the risk of unfavorable interpretations. The claims of Niebuhr to every respect are undoubtedly great, but the claims of science are greater still.

Deficient as an artist, we believe Niebuhr to be equally deficient as an historical philosopher. This is no great charge against him, individually, should it be admitted to the fullest; but it is a grave charge against his work. He only shared in the general deficiency of his age: a deficiency our age is not yet able to supply. But the excuse for the man is none for the work. This is not the place for a detailed examination of his philosophy, but we cannot resist quoting the following passage to show that he was not even on a level with his own age, much less in advance of it.

"Now, while in forming a just estimate of the Romans, we must not lose sight of those dark shades in their character, and must therefore

limit our assent to their praises, we are also forced, though in a different sense from the Greeks, to ascribe a large share in producing their greatness to fate. Through the whole of their history we shall see how often all the virtues of the state and of the people would have been ineffectual unless destiny had saved Rome in her perils and paved the way for her triumphs. The nations and men before whom Rome might have fallen appeared too late. In the periods of her weakness she had only to fight with adversaries no way superior to her: and while Rome staked every thing on the cast, and war was her natural state, other nations husbanded their efforts because they despaired of victory, or at the bottom of their hearts loved nothing but effeminate sloth, whatever their ill-judged enterprises might seem to imply. Philip's inaction at the beginning of the war with Hannibal—that of Mithridates so long as the Mysian war threatened Rome, and a slight additional weight would have turned the scale—these are events in which we cannot but recognize the finger of God. For that Rome was not naturally unconquerable was demonstrated by the resistance of a few warlike nations, who were only overpowered by superiority of numbers and force."*

We take this to be about the worst general reflection ever made. We might pardon a rhetorician for escaping the real difficulty, and pompously explaining the enduring might of a nation, by attributing it to Destiny. We might pardon a theologian for setting aside the virtues of the state and people as ineffectual, and for only recognizing the finger of God in very natural events. But what are we to think of the historian who thus philosophizes? What are we to think of the "demonstration" of Rome "not being naturally unconquerable," which rests upon the fact that a few warlike nations resisted her—and were overpowered? As if such a thing needed demonstration, or such a demonstration would suffice!

To return from this digression, in which we have indulged that we might not be accused of wantonly detracting from the merits of a great man, and more precisely to fix the scope of the inquiry into which we are about to enter, the result we arrive at is that Niebuhr was a magnificent dissertator, not a great historian. The extent of his learning, and the honesty with which he employs it, are therefore questions of paramount importance, in estimating his value. No one doubts its extent; nor are we aware of any doubts as to the honesty of its employment, except those contained in M. Poiron's pamphlet. On the one subject of the mode of electing the Dictator that gentleman finds Niebuhr five times falsifying quotations. These we are now to consider.

* Vol. i. p. 28. English Trans.

But is it possible? is it likely? Such are the first thoughts of every one. Would so virtuous a man peril his fair name; and that too by an action which must sooner or later be detected? We know not. Misquotation is one of the literary and learned dishonesties. The temptation to secure a temporary victory, though certain that a worse defeat will follow, is too strong for some minds. The misquoter triumphs, and in the heat of triumph he is blind to consequences. Theology, politics, and criticism, have too often been dishonored thus for us to doubt whether it be possible. Nor indeed has history been without this stain. The pride of paradox and vehemence of self-love have triumphed over honesty here, as elsewhere. Niebuhr's dogmatism was unbounded. His passions were enlisted as warmly on the question of the Agrarian laws, as any man's would be on that of Reform or Corn laws. But did his partisanship get the better of his conscience, did his zeal for truth exceed his practice of it? This is the point the reader is now called upon to consider, after a perusal of the case brought by M. Poirson, of whose researches we are here the interpreters.

Before entering upon the main subject of the dictatorship, it is necessary to mention Niebuhr's distinction between the *populus* and the *plebs*. Before he wrote, it was universally believed that *populus* was the general term *people*: including patricians, senators, and plebeians: in a word, the mass of the nation; and that it likewise bore the restricted concrete meaning of *the mob* as opposed to patricians and senators. The word *people* has precisely this double signification in English. In the former sense it means all who live in England, without distinction of caste; and in the latter, all those who do not belong to a definite caste, being then an elliptical expression for "the rest of the people."

Niebuhr contends, on the contrary, that *populus* anciently meant the patrician order, as opposed to the *plebs*. The "concilium populi" is therefore equivalent to an assembly of the patricians and senators. The few passages which he adduces in support of his opinion are, we think, easily to be understood the other way, and whatever ambiguity there occurs is owing to the ambiguous sense of the word. The passage from Lælius Felix, quoted by Gellius, xv. 27, "Is qui non universum populum, sed aliquam partem adesse jubet, non comitia, sed concilium edicere debet," can hardly prove that the "concilium populi" means an assembly of the curies or patricians; since, as it has been observed, "universus populus" here means,

according to Niebuhr himself, the whole nation, and if none but the whole nation could be called "comitia," there could have been no such thing as the "comitia curiata" at all, for they included only a part. It would appear therefore that Felix does not mean by "aliquam partem" one order to the exclusion of another, but simply a detached part of either order or parts of both, as distinguished from the whole nation.

M. Poirson asserts, that every authority on Roman history is against this notion of Niebuhr's. In collecting and comparing a crowd of passages in which Dionysius employs the word *δῆμος*, he has found, he says, some in which it signifies the mass of the nation opposed to the senate; a great number in which it is synonymous with *plebs*; but in no single instance meaning the body of patricians. Let us add, that the derivations from *δῆμος*, such as *δημοτικοί*, *δημοταί*, *δημοσία*, are always used by Dionysius in the sense of plebeian; and in one passage formally defines it thus: *πλεβείονς, ὡςδ' ἡλληνες ειποιεν δημοτικούς*: "plebeian, or as the Greeks would call them, *δημοτικοί*."* This question of signification is of importance, and much of Niebuhr's reasoning derives assistance from the view he takes of it. The student will therefore do well to be on his guard before admitting so novel and paradoxical an opinion. We come now to the dictatorship. The word *populus* is here also interpreted as signifying patricians; but we will quote Niebuhr's whole statement of his argument:

"Like ignorance as to the ancient state of things is involved in the notion of Dionysius, that, after the senate had nearly resolved that a dictator was to be appointed, and which consul was to name him, the consul exercised an uncontrolled discretion in the choice: which opinion, being delivered with such positiveness, has become the prevalent one in treatises on Roman antiquities. Such might possibly be the case, if the dictator was restricted to the charge of presiding over the elections, for which purpose it mattered not who he was. In the second Punic war, in 542, the consul, M. Valerius Lævinus, asserted this as his right: and in the first the practice must already have been the same, for else P. Claudius Pulcher could not have insulted

* A learned friend writes:

"In regard to the *populus* and *plebs* Niebuhr is right, notwithstanding all that can be quoted from Dionysius, for neither Dionysius nor any other writer of that time had clear notions of what *populus* and *plebs* originally were. They judged of the early times by what they saw in their own, when every thing had assumed a completely different aspect. Perhaps so; Dionysius may be a bad authority, but can Niebuhr produce a better? It is easy to say Dionysius had not clear notions of the ancient times, but who had? Who shall we be guided by? or shall guessing be our guide?"

the republic by nominating M. Glycia. But never can the disposal of kingly power have been intrusted to the discretion of a single elector.

"The pontifical law books, clothing the principles of the constitution after their manner in a historical form, preserve the true account. For what other source can have supplied Dionysius with the resolution of the senate, as it professes to be, that a citizen, whom the senate should nominate, and the people approve of, should govern for six months? The people here is the *populus*. It was a revival of the ancient custom for the king to be elected by the patricians; and that such was the form is established by positive testimony.

"Still oftener, indeed, throughout the whole first Decad of Livy, do we read of a decree of the senate, whereby a dictator was appointed without any notice of the great council of the patricians. The old mode of electing the kings was restored in all its parts. The dictator, after his appointment, had to obtain the *imperium* from the curies; and thus, from possessing this right of conferring the *imperium*, the patricians might dispense with voting on the preliminary nomination of the senate. Appointing a dictator was an affair of urgency: some augury or other might interrupt the curies: it was sufficiently unfortunate that there were but too many chances of this at the time when he was to be proclaimed by the consul, and when the law on his *imperium* was to be passed. And after the plebeians obtained a share in the consulate, as the senate was continually approximating to a fair mixture of the two estates, it was again for the freedom of the nation, provided the election could not be transferred to the centuries, to strengthen the senate's power of nominating. Under the old system, a plebeian could not possibly be dictator. Now as C. Marcius in 398 opened this office to his own order, whereas in 393 it is expressly stated that the appointment was approved by the patricians, it is almost certain that the change took place in this interval. Even in 444 the bestowal of the *imperium* was assuredly more than an empty form; but it became such by the Maenian law. Thenceforward it was only requisite that the consul should consent to proclaim the person named by the senate. Thus after that time, in the advanced state of popular freedom, the dictatorship could occur but seldom, except for trivial purposes; and if on such occasions the appointment was left to the consuls, they would naturally lay claim to it likewise in those solitary instances where the office still had real importance"*

This opinion is supported by various passages from Dionysius, Festus, Livy, and Pliny. We refer to M. Poirson's pamphlet for a minute examination of them; it need only be observed that Niebuhr, who elsewhere treats Dionysius and Festus with that dogmatic contempt which was his weakness, cites them here, when in his favor, as if they were the most precious authorities.

* Vol. I. pp. 566-9. Trans.

It is in the same spirit, as a contemporary pointed out, that he reckoned Numa with the shadowy personages of the mythic times, and yet quoted and reasoned on the public acts of his reign.*

But Livy, so far from confirming Niebuhr's view of the dictatorship, expressly contradicts it. He is only made an authority by having his testimony garbled. To place the whole matter clearly before the reader, we may illustrate Livy's opinion by our national usages. The king invokes a general parliamentary election, but he does not himself elect the members; he orders it to be done, but cannot do it: this latter is the right of the people. The king, or his ministers, may, and frequently do, manage to get such members elected as will support their views: but influence is not law, ascendancy is not a right; the right belongs to the people, and they use it even to the annoyance of the king, as in the case of Wilkes, whom the king both dreaded and detested.

A somewhat similar right existed in Rome. Livy has a very decisive passage, which Niebuhr abstained from quoting; it is this:—

"Apud veterinos auctores Titum Lartium dictatorem primum Spurium Cassium, magistrum equitum, creatos invenio. Consulares legere: ita lex jubebat de dictatore creando lata" (lib. ii. c. 18): "In the most ancient authors I find that Titus Lartius was the first dictator, and Spurius Cassius the first master of the horse, that were created. The consulars named them, as the law for the creation of the dictatorship ordained."

It is necessary to distinguish with Livy the *creation* from the *nomination* of the dictator. There were two powers exercised in the *dictatore creando*; first, the Senate, invested with the power of decreeing that there was a present necessity for a dictator; second, the Consulars, *i. e.* those who had exercised the function of consul, either during the present or anterior years, and to whom exclusively belonged the right of naming the person to be elected dictator (*consulares legere*). The consuls were part of the senatorial body, and were in continual relations with the senate for the government of the republic (*Polyb.* vi.). On a great many occasions, therefore, there was agreement between them; the senate designated the persons whom they wished to have elected, and the consuls complied with their wishes. But

* This is the second time we have quoted the author of an article on Niebuhr, which appeared in one of the *Reviews*. We possess the article bound up with some others, but cannot discover where it originally appeared. This will explain the vagueness of our reference.

the nomination of the dictator remained, nevertheless, the exclusive right of the consuls. This is very plainly stated by Dionysius:—“Οἱ ἄλιτοι κοιτὴ γνωμὴ δικτατορία Μανίον Οὐαλερίον ἀπεδειχαν” (lib. vi.): “The consuls unanimously named Manius Vale-rius dictator.” It is impossible to read *ἀπεδειχαν* otherwise than as indicating the person.

Pliny is cited by Niebuhr to this effect:—

“The viator who carries the dictatorship to Cincinnatus says to him, ‘Vela corpus ut profaram senatus populi Romani mandata.’”

But to make this favorable to his view, Niebuhr must translate it thus:—“Cover your person, that I may announce to you the orders of the senate and of the people:” with the implication that these “orders” were for Cincinnatus to become dictator. But neither the translation nor the implication are correct. No act emanating from the senate and people was ever called *mandatum*. The invariable custom of all writers is to employ the words *senatus-consultus*, *plebiscitum*, *lex*. Moreover, both Pliny and Livy explain the nature of the orders announced to Cincinnatus: they were not that he should assume the office of dictator, but that he should hasten with all speed to Rome to collect the forces, and march to the deliverance of the army of Minucius, as a delay of a few hours might be fatal.

Livy is, however, more directly falsified. We will give the examples as selected by M. Poirson:—

Case I. Livy (lib. iv. c. 21) says,—“A Virginio senatus in æde Quirini consulitur. Dictatorem dici Quintum Servilium placet. Virginius dum collegam consuleret moratus, permittente eo, nocte dictatorem dixit:” “The senate was collected in the Temple of Quirinus by Virginius; it was proposed to name Quintus Servilius dictator. Virginius begged for time to consult his colleague; and having obtained his consent, he named Servilius dictator during the night.” This is a strong passage. Affairs were serious; Rome was menaced; the senate assembled to concert with the consuls on the election of a dictator. They recommended Servilius, but the consul Virginius named him.

Nevertheless this strong passage is dexterously twisted by Niebuhr into a testimony in his favor. He transcribes the phrase “Dictatorem dici A. Servilium placet,” which seems to say that Servilius was elected by the senate, and omits the following sentence, which positively attributes the election to the consul.

Case II. By a similar artifice he cites this passage:—“Dictator ex senatu-consulto dic-

tus Q. Servilius Priscus,”—as if it were the whole; yet if the reader turn to the original (Livy, lib. iv. c. 46), he will find it followed, a few lines lower, by this, which refutes Niebuhr:—“Quintus Servilius magistro equum creato aquo ipse tribuno militum dictator erat dictus filio suo. . . . novo exercitu profectus est ad bellum.” “Quintus Servilius having chosen his own son as master of the horse (the same by whom, in his capacity of Military Tribune, he had himself been named dictator) set forth with a new army for the wars.”

This is sufficiently explicit. We know that the military tribunes had the same attributes as the consuls, and it was one of them who elected Servilius dictator. Niebuhr forbears to cite the passage.

Case III. Still more glaring is the omission in the passage cited from book vii. chap. 12, “Dictatorem dici C. Sulpicium placet.” In Livy we find this sentence immediately following: “Consul ad id accitus C. Plautius dixit,” i. e. “The consul C. Plautius, called to Rome for that purpose, named (*dixit*) Sulpicius dictator.”*

Case IV. This is perhaps the worst of the whole. It is an omission of the two words which fix the sense. Livy says, “Dictator ab consulibus ex auctoritate senatus, dictus P. C. Rufinus” (lib. viii. c. 17). “The senate ordered a dictator to be named: Rufinus was named by the consuls.” Niebuhr quotes the sentence thus: “Dictator ex auctoritate senatus dictus P. C. Rufinus,” omitting the words *ab consulibus*. This is like converting a negative into an affirmative by striking out the *not*.

Case V. Is the omission of a name which in this place is of great importance. Livy (lib. ix. c. 28), designates the consuls Marcus Valerius and Publius Decius by their names. At chap. 29 he says, “Publius Decius qui graviter æger Romæ restiterat auctore senatu, dictatorem C. J. Bubulcum dixit:” “Publius Decius, who was retained at Rome by a severe illness, having the authority of the senate, named C. J. Bubulcus dictator.” Of this Niebuhr only cites, “Auctore senatu, dictatorem C. J. Bubulcum dixit,” again leading the reader to suppose that the senate named the dictator.

Such are the distinct cases of mutilation which M. Poirson has detected; if they admit but of one explanation Niebuhr’s character is gone. But do they only admit of a painful explanation? Are there no circumstances

* At page 25, M. Poirson shows that *dixit* cannot be understood to mean “proclaimed,” but absolutely “named.”

which at least extenuate? To this question we address ourselves.

A suspicion will naturally enough creep into the reader's mind that the facts of the case are not even correct; a suspicion that if so great and good a man as Niebuhr is to be believed guilty of wilful falsification, not less so is the critic. There have been many instances of daring accusation which had no other foundation than their audacity, and which gained credit because the world could not suspect the truth of what was so confidently asserted. Lauder accused Milton of copying passages from the Latin poets of the middle ages, and with astonishing audacity forged the passages himself. Davis recklessly asserted that Gibbon had quoted passages which were not to be found, and books which had no existence. In the face of such experience shall we accept the accusations of M. Poirson? By no means. We advise the reader to put no faith in him; to put no faith in us; but to do as we did: to consult Drakenborsch and Gronovius, and there satisfy himself that, with respect to the state of the text, what M. Poirson says is perfectly correct. Nay, in one case he may satisfy himself by only comparing two different notes in Niebuhr. At page 567, English translation, Livy is quoted as we mentioned under case iv. with the important words *ab consulibus* omitted. At page 570, the same passage is quoted, for another purpose, and there the words *ab consulibus* are retained.

We shall now turn counsel for the defendant, and accepting the facts of the plaintiff, endeavor to interpret them to Niebuhr's honor—or at any rate to shield him from disonor. The jury will be good enough to bear in mind that Niebuhr throughout treats Livy, Dionysius, and others, as writers who were ignorant of many points of the history they narrated, and that, judging of ancient times by their own, they falsified the past. Their testimony is therefore to be received with caution. The modern historian will not accept it without severe scrutiny and comparison with other monuments. He will be forced to detect in their narratives those portions which are really trustworthy—those which were copied from the pontifical law books, from those which are the addition of the transcriber, and which may be called the interpretation of the facts. There is much of this in all history, and it is there the mass of error lies. Not in the facts, but in their explanation, are historians mostly wrong. Let us take a familiar illustration. Brutus condemned his son to death; such is the bare fact. "Impelled by motives of the noblest patriotism, sense of justice, and stoical sacrifice of

personal feeling to the veneration of the law, Brutus condemned his son to death;" such is the writer's interpretation, and it is profoundly false. These erroneous portions of ancient writers Niebuhr endeavored to separate from what is true. He therefore considered himself justified in accepting a portion of Livy's testimony, and in rejecting the rest. He would not have the historian deny a fact related by a chronicler, because around that fact there lay a mass of rubbish. Brutus did condemn his son, though from quite other motives than sentimental ones. Thus also some of the facts recorded by Livy are to be accepted, though others which he adds to them are false. What Livy learned in the pontifical law books was, that the senate did, on those occasions quoted, elect the dictators; what he added to these testimonies was, that the consul named the person whom the senate had designated. This addition was thought necessary to make the matter clear; and being the practice in his time, seemed to him the necessary explanation of the ancient practice. Livy reasoned upon the past with the political principles of his day, as the modern historian reasoned on the action of Brutus with the sentiments and morals of a Christian, believing or implying that none other had ever prevailed in the world.

Strongly impressed with this source of error in Livy, Niebuhr boldly set aside such statements as he deemed erroneous, and as boldly claimed the authority for others which he deemed correct. The pontifical law books had evidently mentioned the election of dictator by the senate, since Livy had so written it down. This Niebuhr accepted as fact, and this only. He therefore considered himself justified in quoting half of a sentence and in rejecting the other half, if the one were true and the other false. The question is not here whether he was right in his views, but whether his employment of authorities was honest. With such principles of historic doubt as those above hinted, he can hardly be called to account for suppressing passages, or omitting words; the answer is, that he omitted them because he could not accept their validity. Moreover—and this is a point worthy of serious reflection—Niebuhr, supposing him foolish enough to attempt a deception by garbling so well-known and widely-studied a writer, could not have pretended that Livy held the same opinion as he on the very point he for the first time was to satisfactorily explain. He proposed an entirely new hypothesis; had Livy agreed with him it would have been nothing new. It cannot therefore be supposed that, in selecting certain phrases

and suppressing the other portions of the sentence, Niebuhr wished to prove that Livy was an authority for the hypothesis, since it was notorious Livy held the contrary opinion ; but he wished to prove that even in Livy, and consequently in the books from which he copied, there were certain explicit statements of the fact of election by the senate ; and this was all he wanted.

Such is the course of defence we have heard suggested by one of Niebuhr's admirers. We have endeavored to give it all its force and plausibility ; it shook our opinions for a time ; it may shake the reader's. After long and close scrutiny we do not feel satisfied in pronouncing decisively on either side. Our reluctance to believe in such audacity and dishonesty, coupled with the silence of Niebuhr's German antagonists on the point, and with the arguments above suggested, lead us to refrain from accepting unconditionally the charge of falsification with intent to deceive. On the other hand, the more we look at Niebuhr's chapter, and the mode in which the authorities are adduced, the more strongly do we lean towards the unfavorable judgment.

Firstly. He in no place distinctly warns us that he is suppressing such portions as militate against his opinions ; he does not say that Livy has preserved certain facts from the pontifical law books, which are to be relied on in spite of Livy's explanation of them. On the contrary, he quoted the passages as if they were entire. In one place he says, "still oftener, indeed throughout the whole first Decad of Livy, do we read of a decree of the senate whereby a dictator was appointed without any notice of the great council of the patricians," and he then adds six quotations in a note which are meant as confirmatory of this statement. He subsequently quotes four more passages, with the remark, "The following also applies to the election by the senate." All this is true, with reference to the passages as Niebuhr gives them ; false, as they are in Livy.

Secondly. In the very note now under examination (1254), he follows up his mutilated quotations by this illustration : "The whole story, how Q. Fabius constrained himself to declare his mortal enemy dictator (ix. 38), implies that L. Papirius was already nominated, but could not enter upon his office unless the consul proclaimed him." Unfortunately Livy, so far from implying this, distinctly expresses the contrary. He shows us the senate and the deputies dreading lest the personal enmity of Fabius should prevent the election of Papirius, since this election depended upon him. He shows Fabius not

reluctant to proclaim a man already elected, but to elect him. "En vérité," adds M. Poirson, "c'est trop compter sur la négligence des lecteurs à consulter les originaux, à vérifier les textes pour faire dire aux auteurs anciens l'opposé de ce qu'ils disent en effet."

Thirdly. Whatever opinion may be formed respecting Niebuhr's honesty in this matter, there can be but one respecting the licentious and ever-to-be-reprobated method of using his authorities. Suppose Niebuhr sincere : believe him to have been actuated by the most conscientious motives : but do not cease to warn others of the unpardonable way in which he treated ancient writers. It is easy to call Dionysius ignorant of what he wrote about. It is easy to declare that Livy mixed up the practices of his day with those of the ancient times. This is very credible ; it is, we should say, undeniable. But with this wholesome skepticism let us beware how we mingle our own dogmatism, or the error will be incalculable in result. Who is to separate the chaff from the wheat, in a case like the present ? Livy is partly right and partly wrong ; right in as far as he followed the old law books—wrong in all the rest. Suppose this granted, would not the question arise—but how much did he copy from the ancient writers ? Who is to say this half of a sentence is valid, the rest worthless ? No one can say this, unless he can bring forward some more ancient or more credible authority. Or if he does say it, he must do so as expressing his opinion of what probably was the case, not as an opinion supported by authority.

Fourthly. It is argued that he could not have pretended Livy was an authority for the hypothesis brought forward, since all the world knew he maintained the directly contrary opinion, but that nevertheless there were traces in his work of the true ancient custom : half sentences, brief but significant hints, which Niebuhr accepted as confirming his view. As an answer to this, we beg to tell once more a very old Joe Miller, trusting its age may be pardoned for its applicability. A man once declared himself an atheist, and boldly asserted that the Bible was his authority, for it expressly states "there is no God." His hearers were incredulous, and demanded a reference to the passage, which, on being consulted, was found to run thus : "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." The half sentence here suppressed was not a whit more important to the meaning than the "ab *consulibus*" and other omissions of Niebuhr. Everybody knew the Bible preached the re-

verse of atheism, whatever any particular passage might seem to imply. Everybody knew that Livy held a different opinion from Niebuhr, in spite of sentences or half sentences; but on consulting the originals it was found that in neither case could such passages as were pretended to be quoted be said to exist.

If then we acquit him of dishonesty, we must convict him of rashness; and we must warn the historical student against this method of using ancient writers. Had he boldly said that he believed the consuls never had the nomination of the dictator; that he had no positive, measurable testimony for this opinion, but that it was the result of his long and profound study of Roman history; then indeed we should have applauded him. He would have constituted himself as an authority; and few would have rejected its weight. He would have said, "I think so;" and the world would have bowed respectfully.

Dr. Arnold has adopted Niebuhr's opinion, but refrained from citing any other authority. He says:

"If the consuls were superseded by the dictator because they could not be relied upon, we may be quite sure that the appointment was not left to their free choice.* One of the consuls received the name of the person to be declared dictator from the senate; he then declared him dictator, and he was confirmed and received the imperium by a vote of the great council of the curiae."—(Vol. i. p. 145.)

Our painful task is ended. We have endeavored to perform it with as much respect for the illustrious name of Niebuhr as was consistent with a just respect for truth. If offence has been given, we shall be sorry; and can only say, it was not meant. We fear the many warm admirers of the man and historian will condemn the temerity with which we have spoken; but let them remember that the question was one of strange importance: not the mere question of whether Niebuhr's opinion on the dictatorship was true or false; but the far wider question of whether he was trustworthy, whether the hundreds who are to study his great work could rely upon his statements and credit his citations. And to this question we, considering the facts here before us, and in acquitting him of dishonesty, yet convicting him of a most licentious method—we answer, No!

G. H. L.

* See on this point Niebuhr, vol. i. (Arnold's note.)

THE COMING EVENT.

SELBER.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CURTAIN the lamp, and bury the bowl—
The ban is on drinking!
Reason shall reign the queen of the soul
When the spirits are sinking.
Chained lies the demon that smote with blight
Men's morals and laurels;
So, hail to Health, and a long Good-night
To old wine and new quarrels!

Nights shall descend, and no taverns ring
To the roar of our revels;
Mornings shall dawn, but none of them bring
White lips and blue devils.
Riot and Frenzy sleep with Remorse
In the obsolete potion,
And Mind grows calm as a ship on her course
O'er the level of Ocean.

So should it be!—for Man's world of romance
Is fast disappearing,
And shadows of CHANGES are seen in advance,
Whose epochs are nearing;
And days are at hand when the Best will require
All means of salvation,
And the souls of men shall be tried in the fire
Of the Final Probation.

And the Witling no longer or sneers or smiles;
And the Worldling dissembles;
And the blankminded Skeptic feels anxious at
whiles,
And wonders, and trembles;
And fear and defiance are blent in the jest
Of the blind Self-deceiver;
And infinite hope is born in the breast
Of the childlike Believer.

Darken the lamp, then, and bury the bowl,
Ye Faithfullest-hearted!
And, as your swift years hasten on to the goal
Whither worlds have departed,
Spend strength, sinew, soul, on your toil to atone
For past idlesse and errors;
So best shall ye bear to encounter alone
THE EVENT and its terrors.

RUSLAND CHAPEL, VALE OF RUSLAND.

BY MISS SKELTON.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THERE is a little chapel on a hill,
The mountain breezes sing around the shrine,
The wild wind sweeps the narrow aisle at will,
Through latticed panes at will the sunbeams shine,
No shrouding curtain sheds a solemn gloom—
No glowing pane is rich with varied dyes;
O'er noble rest is rear'd no marble tomb,
Where dust with kindred dust in slumber lies.
Oh, little wayside chapel! rude and lone
Thou art; yet made most glorious by the might
Of faith! whose power can raise the meanest stone
Into an altar of celestial light,
Making this humble chapel on the hill
A temple God himself will not disdain to fill.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *A Treatise on the Adaptation of Atmospheric Pressure to the Purpose of Locomotion on Railways.* By J. D. A. Samuda. Published by John Weale. 1841.
2. *The Atmospheric Railway: a Letter to the Right Honorable the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, &c. &c. &c.* By James Pim, M. R. I. A., Treasurer of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company. Printed for private circulation. 1841.
3. *Report of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick Smith, Royal Engineers, and Professor Barlow, to the Right Honorable the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, on the Atmospheric Railway.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. Printed by William Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street, for her Majesty's Stationery office. 1842.
4. *The Atmospheric Railway: Observations on the Report of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick Smith, Royal Engineers, and Professor Barlow, on the Atmospheric Railway.* Addressed to Francis Low, Esq., Chairman of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company. By Thomas F. Bergin, M. R. I. A. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

THE successful operation of Clegg and Samuda's Atmospheric Railway in Ireland, upon the extension of the Dublin and Kingstown line, has rendered this mode of transit a subject of so much interest to the public in general, that we deem it our duty to lay before our readers in a manner as simple as possible an explanation of the *modus operandi*, and also of the advantages ultimately to be derived from it. Our data are taken from facts, of the accuracy of which any one may satisfy himself by going to Kingstown, and comparing our statements with his own observations.

The speed of the atmospheric mode of travelling as far exceeds that of the locomotive plan, as the locomotive speed exceeds that of the stage coaches; this mode also reduces the expenses one half, which the locomotive system does not, it being as expensive, or more so, than the coaches.

To describe the Atmospheric Railway in all its detail would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject, neither would such a description suit the general reader; the following particulars must therefore suffice.

Along the entire line, and between the rails, runs a pipe, which, on the Kingstown and Dalkey line, is fifteen inches inside diameter. Along the entire length of this pipe is a slit or opening, through which a bar passes, connecting a piston (which moves freely in the pipe) with a carriage outside. The opening at the top of the pipe is covered with a leather strap, extending the whole length of the pipe, and two inches broader than the opening. Under and over this leather strap are riveted iron plates, the top ones twelve inches long and half an inch broader than the opening, the bottom ones narrower than the opening in the pipe, but the same length as

those at the top. One edge of the leather is screwed firmly down, like a common bucket valve, and forms a hinge, on which it moves. The other edge of the valve falls into a groove; this groove or trough is filled with a composition, made of bees' wax and tallow, well worked by hand, so as to make it pliable and tough, before spreading it in the groove; this composition being pressed tight against the edge of the leather valve which rests in the groove, makes the valve air-tight, or at least sufficiently so for all practical purposes. As the piston is moved along the pipe by the pressure of the atmosphere, that side of the valve resting on the groove is lifted up by an iron roller, fixed on the same bar to which the piston is attached; thus clearing an opening for the bar to pass as it moves along. The opening thus made allows the air to pass freely behind the piston; the disturbance which takes place in the composition by the lifting of the valve is again smoothed down and rendered air tight as at first by a hot iron running on the top of the composition after the valve is shut down. This has actually been done when the piston was travelling at the rate of seventy miles per hour, and was smoothed down air tight after it by the iron above mentioned. It is contemplated to place stationary engines along the line, about three miles apart; at each engine or station there is an equilibrium valve fixed in the pipe, so that each three miles or section of pipe can be either exhausted or filled with air independently of the other sections. The equilibrium valve is made to move freely out of the way of the piston by the carriage while passing over it; so that the train passes from one section of pipe to another without any stoppage. It is evident, that as the tractive force is derived from the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston, the amount of the force or pressure will depend upon two causes, *i. e.* the extent of exhaustion on one side of the piston, and the area of the piston itself. On the Kingstown and Dalkey line, the diameter of the piston is fifteen inches; the usual working exhaustion is from eighteen to twenty inches, which propels six carriages filled with passengers (amounting to about thirty-five tons) up an incline, averaging 1 in 120, at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Having now given such a description of the Atmospheric Railway as will, we hope, render its operation intelligible to those at all conversant with mechanics, we shall proceed to point out its principal advantages over other modes of locomotion.

First. Economy in construction: a single line is sufficient for all purposes, and will convey more trains in a given time than any existing railway with two lines; this immense advantage arises from its velocity, averaging forty-five miles per hour.

Secondly. Economy in working, being propelled by stationary engines, taking about one-fourth of the fuel of a locomotive to do the same work, and saving the transit of the heavy engine and tender, amounting to twenty tons upon the average, and the carriages for the passengers not being subject to jolts and concussions, their weight may with perfect safety be reduced

to one half of the present weight; this again reduces the wear and tear of the line, much smaller timber being required for the railway bars to rest on, and the bars themselves only about one-third the weight required for a locomotive engine to travel on.

Thirdly. Safety: by the principle of working by the pressure of the atmosphere, one train cannot by any possibility overtake the one preceding it, however soon it starts after it; for, should it get into the same section of pipe as the preceding train, the power which propels the last will cease until the train which is in advance leaves the same section of pipe; and, from the same cause, trains travelling in an opposite direction cannot come in collision, for directly they enter the same section of pipe, the power which propelled them both ceases, and the trains stand still.

The power which gives the impetus to the trains is one undeviating pull, perfectly free from jerks of any kind; and when the rails are properly laid, the sensation of locomotion (except for the apparently moving objects outside, and a trifling noise) nearly ceases; so that an invalid, or wearied traveller, may recline on a couch in the carriage, with as little fatigue as if lying on his own sofa at home, though travelling at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Such are the leading features of this delightful mode of travelling: to what it will lead it is impossible to surmise. The velocity for practical purposes is unlimited, and as the first carriage is secured to the rail by its connexion with the pipe, it cannot get off the line; moreover, when we take into consideration the curves and bends in the Kingstown and Dalkey line, some of which are 500 feet radius, and that a carriage has actually passed along this line at the rate of eighty miles per hour, what velocity may not be attained when the rail is in a tolerably straight line, and the public has become familiar to the idea? Travellers were nervous when they first ventured on a railway where the speed was at the rate of twenty miles per hour, yet now that is considered tediously slow.

There is one remarkable fact which we wish to impress upon the public before concluding; which is, that the expense of working by locomotives increases as the square of the velocity. By the atmospheric traction the expense decreases as the velocity increases; therefore to the first mode there is soon a termination; the second is only limited by the speed at which man dare travel.

To the great exertions of Mr. James Pim, jun., of Dublin, the world is indebted for bringing the atmospheric system forward; without his aid years might have elapsed before the public would have been aware of the advantages to be derived from this invention: as, however, it is now before the public, it remains for them to decide how much time shall intervene before the interests involved in the existing railways give place to this new and improved system.

** Since the above was in type, we learn that the experiments on the Kingstown and Dalkey line, conducted by General Paisley, R.E.; I. Brunel, Esq.; and M. Mallet, were most

satisfactory. On one occasion a gross load of sixty-seven tons was propelled up the incline of one in one hundred and twenty, at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. After the transit of the carriages, the mercury-gauge at each end of the pipe was twenty-four and a half inches. Afterwards a load of thirty-five tons was propelled at the rate of fifty miles per hour.

ROSY CHILDHOOD.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE DREAMER."

From the *Metropolitan*.

Rosy childhood!—rosy childhood!

Thou art beautiful to see;

The green earth with its wild-wood

Hath no flow'r so sweet as thee;

The stars, night's reign enhancing,

Beam not within the sky

With a ray so brightly glancing

As the flash from childhood's eye!

Rosy childhood—merry childhood,

Thou art beautiful to see;

The green earth with its wild-wood

Hath no flow'r so bright as thee.

Rosy childhood!—bud of beauty!

Thou'rt a blessing, and art bless'd;

Holy ties of love and duty

Fill thy happy mother's breast;

And thy father, though he chideth

Thy loud but harmless glee,

In his soul no pang abideth

Like the charm of loving thee!

Rosy childhood, &c.

WIFE OF JACQUES DES LOGES.—A few days ago, as some workmen were employed in demolishing the ruins of a tower of an old manor house, near the *Chapelle-Gaugain*, on the confines of the *Sarthe*, they came on a skeleton which was recognized as that of a female. A chaplet of glass beads was found round the neck, and on two of the fingers were gold rings, one bearing the letters C.D.B., and the other, in which was a turquoise, the figure of a turtle, engraved on the gold, with the word *Impossible* close to it. The skeleton was in a place only just large enough to hold it. The teeth are in excellent preservation, and evidently belonged to a young woman. About 200 years ago, this residence belonged to *Jacques des Loges*, Gentleman of the Chamber to *Louis XIII*. By a legal process this estate was declared forfeited, but he was subsequently allowed to sell it, and in the act of sale he signed for his wife, whom he declared to be absent, but engaged to produce her ratification within a period of six weeks. This ratification, however, is not to be found amongst the titles of the property, which are otherwise complete. The wife of *Jacques des Loges* was *Catherine de Broc*: C.D.B.—Ath.

STATE OF CRITICISM IN FRANCE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

This will be found to be a valuable article, and interesting, from the fact that it characterizes the principal journalist-critics of Paris.—ED.

From the British and Foreign Review.

Histoire des Idées Littéraires en France au XIX siècle, et de leurs origines dans les siècles antérieurs. Par ALFRED MICHELS. Paris, 1842.

IN two successive articles we have treated of the state of Philosophy and of History in France; we have now to cast a glance at the scarcely less important subject of Criticism. The part played by criticism in modern European literature is of an importance hitherto quite unknown, not because more grave, more philosophical, or more respected, but because more abundant, more rapid, and more immediately influential. From the flippant *Feuilleton* to the grave *Revue*, a new work has to endure an incessant battery of objection, or intoxicating offerings of incense. As no one can pretend to keep pace with the publications of the day, all seek an opinion on the book whose title has attracted them, or look for piquant extracts which may save the time and trouble of reading the whole.

The influence exercised upon contemporary literature and art by the incessant enunciation of received principles, and their application to the works of the day, is one which, though extremely minute in each individual case, is on the whole most extensive; it is not one critic, nor one review; it is the sum total of hundreds of daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly criticisms,—good, bad, and indifferent,—each exercising a particle of influence. Empty formulas are repeated till they are received as truisms, sonorous epithets become common property, and valuable canons are within reach of the dull and trivial. There are also many of the journalist vices,—shameless venality, reckless partisanship, cruel flippancy, and astonishing ignorance. Those who have real science seldom avoid pedantry; those who are ignorant, either treat knowledge with disdainful mockery or affect omniscience. Few people in France have any confidence in the critics, yet all read them. Critics are abused, despised, but listened to; they are dreaded by all who come within their jurisdiction, and dreaded for their power rather than their intellect.

In France at the present moment there are very many witty writers, but very few good critics. Wit, which is the gift—the perhaps fatal gift—of that extraordinary nation, is too often deemed sufficient. Hence with an amazing number of clever men, there is real-

ly very little good criticism. Gustave Planche, Nisard, and Philarète Chasles, are critics in the real sense of the word; St. Beuve, Marmier, Jules Janin, Rolle, Gautier, and the rest, are but men of cleverness, writing more or less amusing accounts of works, but seldom penetrating deep into either beauties or errors.

GUSTAVE PLANCHE was for some years the terror of the poets, and justly, for with a keen glance he saw through all their sophistical pretences, and detected the latent falseness of the ideas which glittering verses or paradoxical systems had served to conceal. His two volumes of 'Portraits Littéraires,' though containing some barefaced plagiarisms and not a few errors, are worth consulting, and the criticisms they contain of the plays of Victor Hugo and Casimir Delavigne are, without exception, the best that have ever been written on the subjects. It is in vain that the feeble author of the book placed at the head of this article endeavors to dispute M. Planche's talent; it is in vain that he brings forward Planche's very impudent reproduction of Sir Walter Scott's essay on Fielding; it is in vain that he ridiculously collects the passages in preceding authors which bear great resemblance to some of M. Planche's ideas:—all these drawbacks may be admitted to the fullest, and yet not affect his reputation as the most penetrating and redoubtable critic of the day. He made a mistake respecting Bulwer's 'Eugene Aram,' but his insufficient knowledge of our language and literature may explain it. On the other hand, he saw from the first the astonishing genius of George Sand, and the false, mechanical, paradoxical talent of Victor Hugo.

Gustave Planche has introduced no ideas of any importance, but he has availed himself of the best of such as were known at the time (1831–36) and applied them happily. His great merit consists in the certainty of his glance; he sees at once the difference between what the author intended and what he really accomplished. This is the touchstone of criticism. The poet deceives himself, and then deceives his readers by a dexterous or pompous exhibition of his aim. The word is taken for the deed; tinsel holds the place of gold; and, since both glitter alike, the public needs the real connoisseur to warn it of the counterfeit.

DÉSIRÉ NISARD, author of 'Etudes sur les Poètes Latins de la Décadence,' of an 'Essai sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française,' and of the articles on Victor Hugo and Lamartine in the 'London Review,' has greater acquirements than Gustave Planche, without possessing however the same searching in-

sight. It is his besetting sin to see little merit in any thing that was not produced in the seventeenth century; he completely misunderstands both the wants and tendencies of his epoch. He is an excellent writer, but should be read with caution; he is better as a critic of belles-lettres than of art, for which he has little feeling; and always more to be trusted when speaking the age of Louis the Fourteenth, than when speaking of any prior or subsequent to it.

M. Alfred Michiels is nearly as angry with M. Nisard as with M. Planche, and his anger shows itself in still feebler attacks. What can he mean by ridiculing Nisard's use of the words 'reason' and 'understanding,' because Kant interprets them differently? or by opposing Reid's definition of common sense to the meaning affixed to it by Nisard?

Although we regard Nisard's critical philosophy as erroneous, because one-sided, yet we cannot but admit that it was very important for France that such a philosophy should have had so able an exponent. Boileau may not, perhaps, be the ideal of a critic, but he must always be an invaluable corrector of the most frequent vices of literature: his astonishing good sense, if it fail in carrying him into the recondite regions of art, yet always guards him against what is trivial and false. In literature there is more extravagance to correct than refined beauty to appreciate, and this is the reason why the adherents of the classic school have so salutary an influence. Nisard is one of these, and battles on behalf of good sense; any thing that contradicts good sense may be pretty as a caprice, it may tickle the ear or gratify the fancy, but it will not *live*,—it deserves not to be written. Idiosyncrasies, subjective peculiarities, caprices, or extravagances are all trivial. "La gloire de nos grands écrivains," he says, "c'est d'avoir exprimé dans un langage parfait des vérités de la vie pratique; c'est d'avoir créé en quelque sorte la poésie de la raison." This reason is the faculty by which we distinguish the true from the false, the general from the particular, the rule from the exception; it is seen in its perfection in the best comedies of Molière, in the dramatic truth of Racine, in the fables of Lafontaine and in the works of Boileau. "Chez nous," he says, "l'imagination, même dans les ouvrages d'imagination, est une qualité d'ornement qui pare les compositions bien plus qu'une faculté souveraine qui les inspire." We believe this to be very false but very useful doctrine, as counterbalancing the presumptuous mediocrity and idleness of an age which outrages common sense and then pleads for pardon on the score of imagination,

—very useful to the young *échevelés*, who, relying on heaven-descended genius, fancy that art is but the caprice of an individual,—very useful to all earnest young men, by forcing them to scrutinize their pretensions and productions.

Nisard writes of art like a man who never tasted its exquisite delights,—it has no flavor to him. He asks of the poet, "what have you done?" never, "how have you done it?" This is enough to invalidate all his criticisms, when taken in an absolute sense, though not interfering with their relative value. He is an excellent flagellator of "light literature," but we would counsel no one to trust him when speaking of the great masters. He sees through such men as Persius, Phædrus and Lucan; he rightly despises such authors as Théophile Gautier and the rest; but Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, Ariosto and Spenser are, we believe, beyond his ken.

PHILARETE CHASLES is remarkable for an acquaintance with our literature, quite unique in a Frenchman for its extent and accuracy: his knowledge of German, Italian and Spanish literature is also considerable. With such acquirements, he would have acquired a far greater reputation, could he have added any depth of thought or brilliancy of style; unfortunately he has neither. His articles are conscientious, judicious, but dull: he is one of those who find no time to write briefly. Strange to say, his long articles in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' are much shorter in proportion to the matter than his short articles in the 'Débats'; the sense of having only two columns of *variétés* in that huge journal, to express an opinion on a single book, seems to deprive him of whatever condensing power he may ordinarily possess. Nevertheless let no reader of the 'Débats' overlook the article *Variétés* when it bears the signature of Philarète Chasles. If no new ideas, if no witty epigrams repay the trouble of perusal, there will certainly be compensation in the honesty of the judgment and the erudition on which it is founded.

SAINTE BEUVE is one of the Parisian celebrities. Poet, novelist, historian and critic, in each capacity of untarnished mediocrity, he has contrived by mere force of position to gain a reputation. The 'Pensées d'Août' and the 'Poésies de Joseph Delorme' were praised when they appeared. 'Volupté,' the most tedious and sickly of novels, is more praised than read; and 'Port Royal' is, we believe, a work of meritorious industry. But it is the 'Critiques et Portraits,' in other words the republication of his articles in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which we are now called upon to consider.

Sainte Beuve, though a very indifferent critic, is an entertaining writer, and, as amusement is generally preferred to instruction, he is a favorite. Perhaps no man in a similar position ever judged so little of works, and that little so ill; but in neglecting the work, he only attaches himself the more closely to the author, and thus substitutes gossip for ideas, biography for criticism. Now biography is extremely amusing: the biography of the most insignificant man that ever lived is not without its interest to all other men; and a skilful writer knows how to picture humanity in the life of one poor man. To this natural interest is added, in the case of poets, a laudable curiosity to learn any thing about a celebrated name, about one whose works have delighted us. Sainte Beuve has seen the truth of this; his natural talents and natural incompetence have led him to biography, and his vanity has led him to declare that biography is the only useful criticism. Having once settled himself in this conviction, he had only to study memoirs, correspondence and anecdotes, and with a good style the throne of criticism was open to him. This he has done, and on the throne he is firmly seated: one word, however, with respect to his style.

When women write, they usually imitate men: this is not fortunate, because not only do they spoil their own style, but usually select very bad models. There are men, however, who return the compliment, and sedulously imitate the writing of women. When Balzac writes best,—that is, when he forgets his pedantry and condescends to write correctly,—he imitates the feminine style. Sainte Beuve does so always: he is coquettish, epigrammatic, and delicate; full of happy turns, charming phrases, and what Balzac would call “adorable affectations,”—a style always conscious, even when seemingly most at ease. Speaking of a passage in a novel which he admires, he says, “Jamais ruban soyeux ne fut plus flexueusement dévidé, jamais soupir de lutin plus amoureusement filé, jamais fil blanc de bonne vierge plus incroyablement affiné et allongé sous les doigts d'une reine Mab.”

Sainte Beuve, though he commenced his career as a poet, has shown little poetry in his criticisms. His judgments in general are singularly deficient in those subtleties and niceties which distinguish a poet's appreciation of his art, nor can his taste be relied on. It may be pique, prejudice or envy which made him commit the ludicrous error of raising Madame Aimable Tastu above George Sand; but it was ignorance alone that made him depreciate Boileau and over-

rate the romanticists. He has also the questionable merit of having discovered a great many of the *neglected geniuses*: he loves to dwell upon the merits of mediocrity,—perhaps upon Hazlitt's principle, that the style of poetry which a man deliberately writes, “that, and that only, will he praise.”

The ‘*Revue des Deux Mondes*’ and the ‘*Revue de Paris*’ number some other critics in their ranks, such as Lerminier, Marmier, Chaudes-Aigues, etc., but none of them call for any detailed notice. The first two have a sprinkling of German literature and very considerable pretensions; they give themselves out as philosophic writers, and some of the good-natured take them at their word. M. Chaudes-Aigues has very unnecessarily republished some of his articles; they betray great spite against Alfred de Musset and Balzac, but if these authors had no more formidable enemies they might be happy. Each of the critics before noticed has either talents or acquirements; M. Chaudes-Aigues has neither,—“*Ecrivain amusant quand il n'endort pas son lecteur.*”

Such is the *personnel* of the two principal Parisian Reviews: the rest have no critical importance. But it is not in the reviews so much as in the newspapers that French criticism is to be studied. The quantity of talent which finds vent in the journals of Paris is perfectly amazing to a foreigner; he may call for one paper after another, and in each be surprised at the wit, the elegance and penetration. Not but that he will see many evidences of personal favor and dislike, many authors and actors sacrificed to a jest; these blemishes are as plentiful as with us, and perhaps more so; but the general impression will be one of admiration. We will briefly indicate a few of the popular critics.

JULES JANIN is known all over Europe as one of the most amusing, impudent, familiar, witty and malicious writers of the French press. Few people let the Monday morning pass without remembering that it is the day on which the ‘*Journal de Débats*’ offers to its readers the immense *feuilleton* signed J. J.* Whatever may be the absorbing topic of the day, every body has time to listen to the *causeries* of Jules Janin. Whatever other people may have said respecting the new plays or new *débuts*, every body is anxious to hear what Jules Janin has to say thereon,—perhaps some acute criticism, diving in a

* The ‘*Débats*’ is the great field of his glory, but such is the attraction of his name that no literary journal is now established without demanding his aid. From the gayest to the gravest, from the critical pages of a weekly paper to the elaborate encyclopedias, Janin is always in request.

masterly familiar way into the very heart of the matter; perhaps some clever chat about every thing save the matter in hand; or, which is still more likely, some preposterous foolery which amuses you in spite of yourself. Janin is a spoiled child, and all his tricks are applauded: but it is a mistake to suppose that, because he plays antics to amuse the public, he is therefore a mere mountebank. Janin is one of the cleverest men in France,—an admirable scholar, an elegant writer, and, when he chooses, an acute critic. Some of those long articles of twelve columns, which he throws off with such singular rapidity amidst the noise of his friends conversing, singing and laughing around him, might be selected as among the most charming essays in the French language. Who does not remember his article on the Pont Neuf? who has not heard of his 'Flower-girl?' who did not read his 'Madame Laffarge?' who can forget his first articles on Rachel, when he revealed to the public her extraordinary talents? He has since turned round and written the most stinging objections ever directed against her; he decries the goddess whom he formerly worshipped,—but not, as is so often said, for mercenary motives. No, Jules Janin is not an honest man in a strict sense; he is little scrupulous as to truth or the feelings of others, but we believe him to be above the corruption of money. He will slaughter a reputation, to produce a *feuilleton* at which all France shall laugh and be amazed. He is always in want of a butt, of somebody on whom to pour the torrent of his malicious epigrams, but we believe him to be incorruptible by other baser temptation. Recklessness, impudence, pique, perhaps envy, have guided his pen; but until some positive proof is advanced of his having once sold his praise or blame, we are entitled to deny the rumors circulated against him by those he has offended.

It has been happily said of him, that "il se pose devant le public comme un bon garçon, gros et gras et très jovial: le fait est, qu'il est très gros et très gras, mais il est moins bon garçon qu'il n'en a l'air. C'est un faux bonhomme qui a plus de méchanceté que de malice et plus d'esprit que de malice et de méchanceté, ce qui n'est pas peu dire." You must always be on your guard whilst reading him; his object is to startle and amuse you. The play or actor are but the excuses; what he really intends to do is to write twelve columns of very entertaining matter, and this he does. If the new piece be a good one, Janin's account of it is more amusing still; if it be a bad one, it is of little consequence, Janin's *feuilleton* is a compensation,—there

is amusement in *it* at all events: if the play fail, Janin buries it in witticisms, or writes about every thing else in the world except that play. He coquettes with his verbose interminable phrases as an Indian juggler plays with balls; he rattles forth his endless epithets and similes with a fecundity that would be oppressive, were it not for his inexhaustible lightness; he realizes that most paradoxical condition, of extreme verbosity combined with amazing liveliness; he expresses every thought that crosses his brain, and uses more words to express it than any hesitating bungling orator. Yet, in spite of all this, he is one of the most animated of writers: there is a *laissez aller* about him perfectly charming. He takes up his pen evidently ignorant of what he is going to say; the pen runs on,—runs till it fills twelve columns, by turns pathetic and burlesque, eloquent, grave, rhetorical and witty, and then stops, for no other apparent reason than that the required space is filled. "Voici une histoire que je tiens pour vraie quoiqu'elle m'ait été contée par un témoin oculaire," is the commencement of one of his articles, and the continuation is worthy the beginning; it is as dazzling as a display of fireworks, and as evanescent.

Jules Janin is of course the terror of all managers, actors, actresses, and dramatic authors. Beyond all men he has the art of writing an actor into favor, or of damaging an established reputation. With a keen eye for faults, he has a terrible mode of exposing them: his smiling cruelty is beyond compare more effective than any violent tirade. He "murders while he smiles;" but his voice is so soft and jovial, he seems so overflowing with kindness, his objection seems so wrung by stern conscience from his rare good nature, that the effect is irresistible. This is what Boileau calls

"Voilà jouer d'adresse et médire avec art :
C'est avec respect ensancer le poignard."

Although a very entertaining writer, Janin has all the disadvantages of being able to say what he pleases, and we believe his influence to be quite as often pernicious as useful. He has almost all the vices of the journalist, and some of them in their worst form: it is but fair to add, that he has also merits which all journalists claim, but which few really possess.

ROLLE, who writes the dramatic *feuilleton* in the 'National,' under the signature *X.*, has recently been raised to the rank of second critic, and by some even raised above Julius Janin. He owes this to his two very masterly articles on Victor Hugo's 'Burgraves,' in

which, with a bitter though cautious pen, he exposed the schoolboy inexactness of the poet's pretended erudition, the absurdity of his pretended philosophy, the shallowness of his pretended profundity and the falsity of the conception. Before he wrote these articles Rolle was known as a witty critic, with a tolerable share of ability ; he has since been treated with more consideration. It must be owned that he gained his laurels easily ; 'Les Burgraves' was not difficult to criticise. Let us add, however, that Rolle's merit, consisting more in the justness of his views than the liveliness of his style, needed some subject which attracted general attention to be remarked.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, author of 'La Comédie de la Mort,' 'L'Arme du Diable,' 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' 'La Jeune France,' 'Fortunio,' 'Tra los Montes,' etc.—poet, traveller, novellist, vaudevillist and critic,—is one of the cleverest and most contemptible authors of *la Jeune France*. Seldom has such rare talent been ruined by such inordinate vanity. All that in England we conceive to be characteristic of French fatuity, extravagance and bad taste may be said to be united in Théophile Gautier : he is romanticism run mad. Whilst others are combating the strictness of the classic rules and asserting the right to an occasional license, M. Gautier, both by precept and example, preaches that there should be no rules at all. Wherefore, saith he, am I made a great poet, a voluminous novellist, a severe critic ? not to follow old laws, but to invent new ! Art is but the glorious caprice of genius : the public has but to listen and be thankful.

M. Gautier is in the most unhappy position. Instead of having what the Greeks call the *oīστρος* within, goading him into poetic fury, he has the perfectly modern fatuity urging him to extravagance, that he may attract attention. Notoriety is his ambition and his curse. The most singular in appearance of all the singular men who haunt the Boulevards, he is not less fantastic in his writings than in his dress. He is said to have shown himself in his box at the representations of 'Hernani' in a *pourpoint* of red velvet. We know not how true this may be, but we believe nothing too extravagant for him to attempt.

Théophile Gautier condescends to use the *feuilleton* of 'La Presse' as the vehicle for his impertinence and the chief source of his revenue : he there criticises the productions of the day, with abundance of wit but a complete want of judgment. Although writing an elegant and beautiful style, he often injures it by unheard-of terms and expressions.

It is to him that the French language is indebted for the term "*chocknosoque*." Théophile Gautier has fancy, wit and audacity ; he only wants judgment, to become an original writer : but audacity without judgment leads to extravagance and impertinence, and thus all his strenuous efforts at originality only produce monsters. When a man craves notoriety so inordinately as to stand on his head rather than not be looked at, he will indeed gain attention, but with it contempt. This is M. Gautier's case ; he has plenty of wonderers, but no admirers. M. de Balzac, in one of his prefaces, is indignant with the public and the press that so little attention has been paid to Gautier's 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' which he calls one of the most original works of the day ; but he forgets to add, that it is a work which even the circulating libraries are often ashamed to have in their possession ; he forgets that the *allure si franche* which delights him disgusts other people.

M. FORGUES, better known by the pseudonyme of *Old Nick*, is an indefatigable writer and very severe critic. He reviews new books in the *feuilleton* of the 'National' and in the 'Revue de Paris.' He also writes satirical articles for the 'Charivari.'

M. LOUIS REYBAUD is still more indefatigable, no less severe and more influential than M. Forgues. He is the author of the 'Etudes sur les Réformateurs Modernes,' and the satirical novel of 'Jérôme Paturo.' He is to be met with in the *feuilleton* of the 'National,' under the pseudonyme of *Léon Durocher* ; in the 'Constitutionnel,' under the signature R. ; in the 'Corsaire,' under no signature at all, and in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' under his own name. He is not without ability, but he has the misfortune to believe that he has philosophical talent, and consequently writes upon subjects quite beyond his reach. The biographical, anecdotal portions of his work on the Socialists are as interesting as the critical portions are trivial.

EUGÈNE GUINOT, better known by his pseudonyme of *Pierre Durand*, is one of the most agreeable of the *feuilletonists*. His theatrical critiques in the 'Courrier Français' are amusing and tolerably impartial ; but it is by his 'Revues de Paris' in the 'Siècle' that he made his reputation. These are weekly *causeries*, in imitation of the celebrated 'Courrier de Paris' by Madame Emile Girardin, and are generally as caustic and amusing as their prototype.

EUGÈNE BRIFFAUT has written almost everywhere and on every subject. Careless, wordy and often ungrammatical, M. Briffaut is a sort of Jules Janin on a small scale.

Some of his feuillets are extremely clever. He is fat and jovial; more addicted to good living than study, but ever ready to defend with his sword the offence given by his pen. At the time of the imprisonment of the Duchesse de Berri, he was called out by a Royalist for having written in the 'Corsaire' an article which roused the anger of the Royalists. He was wounded severely, and recovered,—only to be more satirical than before.

But we must cease enumerating the various journalists: of one and all it may be said, that they have a great deal of wit but little serious conviction; they are admirable critics of the frivolous vaudevilles and novels which their contemporaries produce, but utterly unable to guide, develope and correct the young and erring artist. Is not this strange? How comes it that France, the nation which for so many years was regarded as the pattern of good taste, the supreme arbiter of excellence, the nation of critics to whom all Europe bowed, has now fallen so low that it has nothing but the *feuilleton* to boast of? This is a curious problem in the history of literature. France, as a nation, is eminently gifted for criticism: with keen susceptibility, it possesses great power of reasoning; philosophy has always been a favored guest there, and it is to philosophy that we must look for criticism. The climate, the susceptible nerves and quick impressions of the people, foster a love of the arts and a certain delicacy of taste. In this most essential point the Germans have always been strikingly inferior, and yet the Germans are indisputably the first of European critics. What can be the cause of this? How is it that a country gifted like France should rank below one apparently so inferior? How is it, moreover, that a country like Italy, the land of art, whose people have the most perfect organization, both for the production and appreciation of art, should be so manifestly inferior to France, and should never have produced a respectable critic? The answer is plain: criticism, being philosophy rather than feeling, flourishes best in a land where the people can best analyze their feelings, and, as it were, catch enjoyment in the act.

The Italian criticism is the most wearisome, and in some sense prosaic, of the three. When not indulging in rhapsodies of admiration, it is a tedious, though perhaps useful, dissertation on the mechanism of the poet's verse or painter's coloring. A false image, an impossible simile, a preposterous conceit, generally pass unnoticed, especially if it be felicitously or sonorously worded. With the Italian critic the question

is one of transposition, inversion, elision, cadence, or inharmoniousness; the inner life, of which this is the clothing, attracts him not. As his delight in art is almost purely sensuous, so also his criticism is occupied solely with the form. In France the attention to the form is also rigorous. The French language is itself the most rigorous of all,—the most definite, fixed, exclusive, and, let us add, the most perfect; it is no mean accomplishment in a Frenchman to be able to write it elegantly. The consequence is, that in no literature are there so many exquisite, and so few bad writers as in the French. The difficulty is however tenfold with verse; not only is the language poor in rhymes and high-sounding words, but it is essentially a language of prose; it possesses nothing similar to what in other nations may be called the poetical dialect, which is so distinct from the dialect of ordinary use as to be highly ridiculous if mixed up with it. An Englishman learning Italian through the poets, and attempting to speak it to a native, would, unless his hearer were well educated, be often unintelligible and always absurd. It would be the same with an Italian speaking the language of Milton, Byron, or Coleridge. The incalculable advantage of this poetical dialect consists in its using words that have no debasing associations to interfere with the intended effect. The great art of the French poet is to avoid using words that have unpleasant or discordant associations,—to escape the danger of

"Le Parnasse parlant le langage des halles."

as Boileau well says. And yet in avoiding one fault you must not commit another; bombast is as faulty as vulgarity:

"Quoique vous écriviez, évitez la bassesse;
Le style le moins noble a pourtant sa noblesse."

It is very difficult for foreigners, who have not made a special study of the language, to comprehend the force of certain degrading associations. The 'style noble' does not mean the perpetual employment of grand words, but the rejection of such as are discordant from their associations. Racine has been eulogized for having so successfully introduced the word *chiens* in 'Athalie.'

"Les chiens à qui son bras a livré Jézabel."

To an English ear this word 'dogs' has nothing in the least unpoetical; but it needs defence in French poetry, and that defence La Harpe has undertaken. He shows that this being a scriptural allusion, the word is here exempt from ordinary associations. In

a similar way 'sel,' which is otherwise inadmissible, is used in this verse :

" Quelque fois à l'autel
Je présente au grand prêtre et l'encens et le sel."

The word incense, suggesting a religious ceremony, carries the *sel* along with it, secure. "En sorte que," says La Harpe, "ce qui nous paraît une hardiesse de son génie n'est que le coup d'œil de sa raison." Strange language this to an English ear ! yet it may in some measure be rendered intelligible if we remember the intensity of the word '*cochon*' compared to our 'pig.' There is hardly a greater insult than to apply the word *cochon* to a Frenchman ; no familiarity, no license of jesting can excuse it. To call a man a pig in English is certainly not to compliment him ; but it passes in jest, because the word excites no such degrading, disgusting associations as in the mind of a Frenchman.

But these are not the only difficulties which the poet has to struggle with in that

" Langue un peu sèche et sans inversions,"

as Voltaire himself styled it. There is the difficulty of a feeble rhythm and harmony. It is the most unmusical language in the world ; thin, nasal, and monotonous, with few and short intervals ; when most musical, it is hardly ever more than a soft murmur, a luxurious lulling sound, not to be compared to the rich, rolling, varied, organ-like music of some of our own poets. The most musical writer France ever produced is, in our opinion, George Sand ; and she writes prose, but prose such as the world has seldom heard. In French poetry there is necessarily a deficiency of harmony : "ce sont des nuances plutôt que des couleurs," as M. Philharète Chasles well remarks, "des souplesses plutôt que des audaces, un murmure plutôt qu'une musique. Le principal caractère de la poésie Française considéré sous le rapport de l'harmonie primitive se trouve renfermé dans l'emploi de l'*e* muet, qui n'est pas une voyelle, mais un quart de voyelle, un souffle."

Such being the material difficulties with which the poet has to struggle, it is very natural that to such would the critic address himself. The great glory of the French poet being to triumph over obstacle, the great object of the critic is to see whether he has triumphed fairly ; hence the rigorous attention to form. But let us observe the difference between this attention to form and that of the Italian. In the latter it is because the form is so pleasurable that it absorbs the attention ; in the other, the form

is a rebel and must be vanquished, but never being perfect it does not exclusively absorb the attention. Hence the French critics equally direct themselves to the ideas expressed :—

" Quelque sujet qu'on traite, ou plaisant ou sublimé,
Que toujours le bon sens s'accorde avec la rime."

This leads them into the domain of reason and erects their criticism into philosophy.

Having arrived thus far, let us now ask why this double attention to both idea and form, in a nation eminently susceptible and ratiocinative, has produced no single work of deep and comprehensive criticism ? The answer is, that admiration of their own poetry has prevented their appreciation of any other. It is strikingly illustrative of this opinion, that not until the modern widening of the ancient limits, not until the freedom of the Romanticists, could foreign poets be said to have been appreciated in France ; and although there is still much prejudice and more ignorance constantly put forth respecting German and English literature, yet all the rising generation deem it a duty to study Shakspeare, Göthe, and Schiller. Before this time the French, bred up in the study of Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Voltaire, J. B. Rousseau, and others, naturally regarded these as the models of art, as we regard Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden. Any thing that was at all similar was welcome ; therefore Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Catullus, and Martial were read with pleasure, the Greeks with reverence, the English with contempt. Nothing could be more natural. We regard them with very much the same feelings of pity as those with which they formerly regarded us ; and from precisely the same reason,—contrariety of style and taste.

What our own poetry was, all English readers know. What was the French ? Let us hear a grave critic and a native, M. Philharète Chasles : "La perfection de forme," says he, "que Ronsard, le premier, puis Malherbe, Racine, J. B. Rousseau, André Chénier [and let us also add Lamartine] ont su introduire dans la versification Français, tient en grande partie à cette révolte de la matière employée. Mais de là aussi il est résulté un mode poétique très élaboré très didactique, une habitude pour ainsi dire scolaire." And what are the consequences of this ? Why that "l'émotion naïve et primitive, la passion intense et de premier jet se sont rarement fait jouer dans cette versification laborieuse." What more natural ? how could it be otherwise ? Moreover "le mérite de la difficulté

vaincue a dominé tous les mérites dans la poésie Française : on a vu Bossuet et J. J. Rousseau, poètes-nés, écrire en prose leurs ardentées pensées ; et Malherbe, Boileau, Jean Baptiste, nés prosateurs, sans imagination et presque sans ame, se placer à juste titre au premier rang des grands ouvriers poétiques, des suprêmes artistes de la versification et du langage."* We solicit attention to these passages from a quarter which cannot be suspected either of ignorance or prejudice. It is in the study of our own as well as of the German poets that M. Chasles has seen the inherent peculiarity of the poetry of his nation. He has noticed our impetuous bursts of passion, our lyrical movements, our graceful caprices, our bold negligence ; and he is aware, that although such license often leads to worthless, feeble writing, yet, when in its perfection, there is a freedom and an inspiration, a matchless witchery and grace, which no rigid rules can possibly produce. Well may we exclaim with " rare old Ben,"—

" Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace !
Hair loosely flowing, robes as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art
Which strike mine eyes but not my heart."

There is a charm in such " sweet neglect " which no elegant dressing, no polished courtesy can rival. But while we can assert this, let us not forget that such neglect too often makes a slattern : let us not forget, that if genius may snatch a grace above the reach of rule, it is only genius that can do so ; any lesser power rejecting the guidance of rule falls at once into anarchy. For what is rule, what is law in art ?—the precept dictated by universal good sense, by universal feeling, by universal precedent ; what has always been found to be discordant and wearisome, must be always avoided ; and what has always been found consonant with the eternal principles of human feeling will always please. We speak not here of frivolous notions pretending to be rules ; such as that a tragedy must have five acts, must end with a death, and must have for its subject persons of elevated station ; or that the first book of an epic should have only a fixed number of similes. We speak of rules founded on examination of standard works, and their operation on human feeling. The rules of verse, for example, are founded on the principles of musical feeling, which can never be violated with impunity. A poet may indeed write apparently in defiance of them and write well. But what does he ? he merely adds a new rule,

he shows the propriety of an exceptional subordinate rule being admitted. Thus : a blank verse consists of ten feet, in iambics ; the primary rule therefore is, that no English blank verse should exceed ten feet, in iambics, and two-thirds of our poetry is in strict accordance with this rule. It was found, however, that the monotony of this verse was considerably relieved by the mixture of trochaics, as in Marlowe. It was subsequently found that a still greater variety and harmony might be produced by adding an eleventh foot : a twelfth, a thirteenth, nay, even a fourteenth, were also sparingly used with fine effect. Now these have been very improperly called licenses ; they are laws,—subordinate laws it is true, but nevertheless founded as strictly on human feeling as the primary law : for they were introduced as improvements, they were to relieve the monotony of a verse musical in itself but tedious when too long sustained. When therefore any poet neglects ancient custom, ancient laws, and yet produces a musical effect, he is justified ; but when he neglects these laws without a corresponding improvement in effect, he errs from idleness or incompetence, and should be severely condemned.

It appears to us that the French critics have been too rigorous in their enforcement of primary laws, without regard to the secondary ; and that English critics have been altogether too careless in admitting infractions of primary laws, without ascertaining whether they were founded in reason. The French muse has, in consequence, very often been prim and formal,—the English muse a slattern. Of the two evils we prefer the former. For the same reason we prefer the rigor of the French to the carelessness of English criticism ; believing firmly that every muse, with really a divine impulse burning within, needs the rein far more than the spur. Boileau himself has told us with what difficulty he wrote, and how he roamed through the woods in anxious search for a rhyme. The truth is that, for every twenty thoughts that presented themselves, he only selected one, but that was the right one. It is one of the commonest boasts of our poets that they finished their poems in some incredible brief time ; even that great and genuine poet Shelley was not proof against such vanity. What is the consequence ? Boileau's works are the quintessence of his mind ; there is hardly a line one would wish away ; they are of their kind very near perfection ; they have lasted two hundred years of incessant study and admiration, and they will last as long as the language. Of our own rapid careless poems how many remain ? Not one will outlive its

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Nov. 1840, p. 354.

day, except, as in Shelley's case, when in connexion with other works that deserve to live; and this because, instead of selecting their very choicest thoughts, our poets wrote down any that presented themselves, forgetting the eternal canon,—

"Qui ne sait se borner ne sait jamais écrire."

French criticism is quite as rigid with respect to ideas as to forms; it has no pardon for bad metaphors, for hazardous personifications, for any thing in short which offends the reason. Milton's "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled" would find no favor, and justly. On the other hand, "the *starry Galileo*" of Byron would be almost as inadmissible, and unjustly. It is here we see both the excellence, and deficiency of the national poetry influencing their criticism. Their poetry has fewer elements than that of any other nation, and consequently their criticism is the most confined: excellent when treating of subjects within its proper sphere, it is absurd when endeavoring to reduce all varieties to one standard. The radical vice of their criticism, as of their poetry, is a want of flexibility.

The radical virtue of German criticism is precisely this desired flexibility, which, so far from reducing all works to one standard, endeavors to appreciate them from their own central point. The Germans have long been celebrated for their cosmopolitanism: much of their intellectual strength has proceeded from this tendency,—much also of their weakness. In criticism its effects have been almost wholly beneficial. What giants were Herder, Lessing and Winckleman! With what astonishing power did they, as well as Wieland, Göthe, Schiller, Jean Paul, Tieck, F. Schlegel, Wackenroder, Solger, Hegel, and so many more that we must abstain from enumerating them,—with what power did they not only see into the nature of art but also throw off their own national predilections, to view each artist from his own central point! What are the names that France can oppose to these? Not surely Bossu, Dubos, Du Piles, Louis Racine, La Harpe, or even Voltaire and Boileau. The only man who can at all be named as penetrating deep into the questions of art in the abstract is Quatremère de Quincy, and by the side of Lessing he is a pygmy.

It is to Germany that Europe owes the opening of a new vista in Grecian literature: it is to Germany that we are indebted if we are now somewhat enabled to call up the spirit of that wonderful literature, which for four centuries has been studied in a scholastic, pedantic and trivial manner. Grecian life,

Grecian antiquities, Grecian history, Grecian literature, we owe them all to Germany; they were almost dead to us before. Even our own Shakspeare, about whom we are now so bigoted, needed German science to be appreciated fairly. We have learnt to shed no more tears over the 'inelegance' of Homer: we are saved all our pity for the 'wild and irregular' genius of the immortal dramatist.

All this and more we owe to German cosmopolitanism, to a flexibility of mind which the French never had, and which we never suspected. We have learnt to separate art from artifice, to appreciate the superiority of life over convention. Whenever human passion has found melodious expression, a poet has sung,—a poet great in proportion to the sincerity and music of the feeling and expression. No matter in what language, no matter under what form his feeling has found vent, if the feeling be but true and the expression musical (imaginative), he is emphatically a poet. He may have the pomp of oriental imagery, or the severe simplicity and straightforwardness of the Greeks; he may have the sensuousness and *concetti* of the Spaniard or Italian, or the plain homeliness of the English ballad: but under all these forms he is a singer, and his song is poetry, "which is the eloquence of truth." Now for one nation to object to the nationality of another,—for a Greek or Frenchman to object to the profuse imagery of the Indian or Spaniard, and not detect beneath those superficial differences the generic resemblance of truth and beauty, is not criticism, but arrogance. These are very plain and simple truths; but they are only of modern enunciation, and needed the cosmopolitanism of Germany to enunciate them.

French criticism, then, is inferior to the German, owing to a lamentable want of flexibility. The French, speaking no language but their own, were unable to acquire that familiarity with foreign poetry which must at last have opened their eyes to the fact that their own standards were not, could not be, universal. They were condemned, therefore to the enjoyment of no poetry but their own, and in consequence greatly blinded to many of its defects. Since they have begun to study foreign languages, and to acquire strong sympathies with other forms of poetical expression, they have made great advances. We do not say that they have shown themselves to be illustrious critics, but they have shown that a greater knowledge of art is spread abroad. Unfortunately the *feuilleton* absorbs all the talent, and it does not produce works which form er in lite-

rature. Occupied with discussing the productions of the day, it has little time for large questions of art, or patient criticism of the great artists; nor is there perhaps a public for such works. That France should so long have been regarded as the supreme arbiter of taste is perfectly natural, at a time when all Europe was imitating her writers; but that she was at any time a great or safe guide in such matters we wholly dispute, and have endeavored in the foregoing remarks to show the reason why she was not,—why she could not be. More completely to show this, we must follow the course which criticism has pursued; and this leads us to consider the work of M. Alfred Michiels, placed at the head of this article.

The 'Histoire des Idées Littéraires' is a sad failure. M. Michiels is industrious; but industry alone, though quite indispensable, is hardly sufficient for a work of such philosophical import as this. But we wrong him when we say that he has only industry: a liberal endowment of coxcombry cannot be denied him; and this, with a spice of malice, concludes the list of his positive qualities. He affects an intimate acquaintance with English and German literature. From the evidence here given, we should pronounce his knowledge of our own very superficial. The same of the German; the very language we suspect is scarcely known to him, since the only sentence we recollect his quoting, he mistranslates. But the greatest deficiency of all is that of philosophical capacity. The history of the ideas which have ruled a nation's literature, demands both depth and comprehensiveness in the historian, or it will be but a catalogue. If, as M. de Bonald says, literature is the expression of society, then must the historian thoroughly penetrate the nature of each phasis of society and estimate its influence. By M. Michiels society is set apart from the question, and perhaps fortunately.

Nevertheless, 'L'Histoire des Idées Littéraires' is not altogether unprofitable reading. Those of our readers who are anxious for information, will do well at least to consult this book; to no one else can we venture to say a good word for it. Badly written and false in its judgments, it has nothing but some not very recondite information to recommend it.

The whole history of French criticism may be resumed in a few words. Ever since the days of Boileau there have been two parties in constant antagonism: the one demanding a release from the weight of authority and urging the necessity of new styles; the other imperatively declaring that the an-

clients were the proper models, and that none other should be erected. Perrault and Boileau are the types of the two parties. The classicists, as they are styled, had the victory until very recently; then the romanticists for a moment turned the scale, and called the day their own. The immense quantity of nonsense which the squabbles of the two parties have caused to be published, has deterred many minds from the subject; yet it is one of great importance, lying indeed very near the root of art. It must be settled on philosophic grounds, or the present anarchy will continue.

"Viens défendre, Perrault, la France qui t'appelle!"

This was the invitation given to the great iconoclast, who in the seventeenth century set up the banner of reason against authority, as he said,—of extravagance against reason, as Boileau said. He obeyed the call: his 'Parallèle entre les Anciens et les Modernes' was to show the superiority of the moderns over the ancients: unfortunately the portions of his book which were reasonable were weakened by the exaggeration of the rest. Like many reformers, he went so far in his attacks as to rush past his enemy: in trying to shoot too well he overshot his mark. Blaming the ancients as often groundlessly as with reason, he was only treated with contempt: his errors were exposed, his ignorance ridiculed, and what was excellent condemned together with what was bad.

Perrault saw dimly that, literature being the expression of society, each new phasis of society most produce a different literature. The Iliad was a proper epic for the Greeks, but not for the French. The mythology and legends of antiquity were no longer to be used in poetry, since they were no longer subjects of belief. But though we are convinced that these opinions vaguely agitated Perrault's mind, they did not gain consistence or clear utterance. All that is definitely put forth in his celebrated Dialogues is, that the moderns being older in wisdom than the ancients are really wiser than they; that in poetry, eloquence, history, science, nay, even in the fine arts, the ancients are totally inferior to the moderns,—and such moderns as Chapelain! Indeed it is characteristic of the book, that the author places the Iliad and Æneid below La Pucelle of Chapelain. This revolutionary fervor, this resolute ignorance, prevented his having a fair hearing. M. Michiels sneers at Boileau for only exposing Perrault's errors and false translations, instead of grappling with his ideas. We would advise M. Michiels to study Boileau a little more: he will find

that great writer anticipating almost every thing sensible in the system of the romanti-cists, and that without the accompanying non-sense : he will see moreover that Boileau did not deem the arguments of a man like Perrault worth answering : it was enough to prove the reformer grossly ignorant of the language of those authors he pronounced absurd. Proving this, was showing that he was not entitled to sit in judgment or be heard on the question. Boileau did not deny that a modern might equal or surpass an ancient ; he thought Racine equal to Sophocles ; but he resolutely denied the possibility of such moderns as Chapelain or Scudéry approaching the perfection of Homer or Virgil. Boileau objected to Chapelain because he was a bad writer, not because he was a modern one. To him, Racine, Corneille, Molière, even Lafontaine (though it is generally thought otherwise), were men of great genius ; he recognized them as such in spite of their being moderns : yet he wisely abstained from pronouncing them equal or superior to the ancients, simply because "leurs ouvrages n'ont point encore le sceau qu'ont les ouvrages d'Euripide et de Sophocle, *je veux dire l'approbation de plusieurs siècles.*" He before pointed out how many a writer has delighted his contemporaries, without counting an admirer in the succeeding generation ; he asserted, therefore, that until succeeding generations have stamped a work with their approbation, it cannot be pronounced truly great ; but when once it has undergone this ordeal, its rank and immortality are secured, for "le gros des hommes, à la longue, ne se trompe point sur les ouvrages d'esprit."*

Perrault's manifesto may be summed up in a few words : the ancients were very mediocre poets, whom modern pedantry has elevated to the rank of immortal models. The admiration expressed for them is traditional : in some it is superstition, in most hypocrisy. Away with such folly ! let us open our eyes, see for ourselves, and boldly declare the immortality of Chapelain.

To show the world the nonsense it has so long been cheated into admiring, he proceeds to criticise the classic writers. The manners painted by Homer he deems very burlesque and vulgar : heroes cooking their own food, and princesses washing linen, inspire him with unmitigated pity. He forgives Homer however ; the blind old singer was not to blame because he could not foresee the refinement of advanced civilization. The style of the ancients also calls down animad-

version : he considers it vulgar, verbose and full of insignificant details. The Greek tragedians are uninteresting, commonplace, and wanting in every dramatic requisite : the chorus is his special annoyance,—it is as useless as it is tiresome.

A man who talks in this way must at least prove his adequate comprehension of the language in which those authors wrote ; otherwise he is obviously beneath criticism. Boileau, therefore, very properly undertook to refute him by proving that the faults which Perrault blamed were of his own creation. The attempt of Perrault was revolutionary, and failed, as it deserved to fail : it pleaded for license under the guise of pleading the cause of reason : it endeavored to set up false idols, declaring them to be the only true : it gained over many of those who, not well versed in classical knowledge, suspected that all the admiration professed was at the bottom mere hypocrisy ; but it gained none of those who were competent to judge.

The question raised by Perrault has since been very often and energetically put by succeeding writers, both here and in France,—Is the admiration of the classics genuine, real, untainted with hypocrisy ? This doubt has been often proposed, still oftener felt. Hundreds have felt it, but have not dared to give it utterance ; modesty and shame have stifled the expression. Some have boldly solved the doubt, and declared that there was nothing genuine in the admiration ; that it was a tradition, a pedantic superstition. There are, however, few hardy enough thus to set themselves in opposition to the judgment of centuries, continually renewed ; there are few who can consent to own themselves so deficient in the classical taste and knowledge which have so long been the badges of refinement. Meanwhile the question is as far from solution as ever.

The whole dilemma, as it seems to us, lies in the very different nature of the delight received from the works of an ancient and modern author : in the former it is *critical*, in the latter *emotional*. Persons not seeing this distinction, and not feeling the same delight in reading Virgil as in reading Byron, yet expressing their admiration of both in the same terms, are apt to suppose that others share their gentle hypocrisy. It is a fact, therefore, that while many sincerely delight in classic writers and make them their constant study, a far greater number affect that delight and exaggerate the small pleasure they have received, lest they should be supposed incapable of receiving as much as others ; but, be it remembered, the admiration when most sincere has very different

* In his 'Lettre à M. Perrault,' he very explicitly and judiciously states his opinions respecting both ancients and moderns. It is worth consulting.

grounds from that felt for a contemporary production. No classic work has what we have called an emotional effect: our pulses do not beat at its witchery, our hearts do not swell at its eloquence, our eyes are not moistened by its pathos; it images a different world, with different feelings and different ideas; we do not worship its gods, tremble at its superstitions, or glory in its national pride. Its language may be that of the gods, could they speak; but it is not *ours*, it has not the myriad associations which, as by an enchanter's spell, our own raises in our minds. What is its sonorous, grave, and stately march, in comparison with the magic power in every native tongue? In sonority the English may be, nay, is, greatly inferior to the Greek; but to all English ears it has the charm which no other charm can equal,—it is our own. The guttural, hissing sounds have been familiar to our ears in infancy, boyhood, manhood, and old-age; we have heard them from our parents and our playfellows, from the soft lips of our lovers, in the tender anxieties of our wives. Scenes of mirth and scenes of sadness are linked with certain words: our joys, our hopes, our cares, our griefs, have found utterance in those words, which, though unmusical to any other ears, are full of charm to ours. This charm can never exist in a foreign tongue, yet it is the primal element of poetical delight.

Our emotional delight therefore in a modern work, supposing it to be really capable of satisfying us, is far more intense than that derived from any ancient masterpiece, and is indeed of a totally different nature; but it by no means follows that we should admire it more. We may very conscientiously prefer Milton to Homer, as on the whole affording us more pleasure, but we must not therefore declare Milton to be the more admirable poet; this is a question of criticism, and into it there will enter various considerations quite independent of our individual pleasure. We may like Milton more, but will all ages and all nations? He speaks our language and our thoughts, but to those who speak differently and think differently he can only afford a critical delight.

We take up Homer; we admire his straightforward, garrulous, fresh, vigorous, and sounding writing; we are interested in the pictures he draws of primitive manners; we are delighted by the morning breath of poetry; there is a perpetual pleasure to the philosophic mind in watching the peculiar style of the primitive singer, so different from our own, so similar to that of all other early singers. But all this is the pleasure of the understanding; it is critical, not emotional.

We do not weep with Andromache and Priam, but we see how the Greeks must have wept: the shafts do not enter our own hearts, but we hear the dreadful twanging of the bow, and know how sure the aim; we are not the marks, but the bystanders, capable of judging of the marksman's skill, but not of feeling its effect.

If then our admiration of the classics be critical, if it be grounded in the judgment, not in the emotions, (and the same applies in a less degree to all foreign poets,) its sincerity will depend very much upon our critical knowledge. If we have been long familiar with the language and feel its delicacies and felicities, our enjoyment will be great: if our historical knowledge of the era be full and vivid, our enjoyment will be increased: if to these we add a knowledge of art and a large acquaintance with the best works in other languages, our enjoyment will be very considerable indeed, but always critical. Thus Boileau, who was an accomplished scholar and profound critic, had a very sincere admiration and enjoyment of the ancients. Voltaire, who was a very indifferent scholar, honestly said, "Toutes les tragédies grecques me paraissent des ouvrages d'écolier en comparaison des sublimes scènes de Corneille et des parfaites tragédies de Racine." Finally, Perrault, who was no scholar at all, thought admiration for the classics all pretence. These three are types of their classes. It is a charge brought by Perrault and which has constantly been repeated, that the ancients are admired because they wrote in Latin and Greek; if they had written a modern language nobody would care about them. This is extremely silly. The mere language has very little to do with the matter: Seneca's tragedies are in Latin, yet very few people ever look at them, and never except from curiosity or for information. Who ever reads *Gallus*? How seldom are *Statius*, *Propertius*, or even *Lucan* read? We need proceed no further to show, that if the classics were admired because they were ancient and written in dead languages, the bad poets would be as much studied as the good. There is in truth a far greater interest attached to the classics because their languages are dead, and this interest will even triumph over indifferent poetry: there is so little of ancient literature left, that we cannot afford to spare even the bad.

One more remark respecting the critical nature of our admiration for the classics. It is notorious that none but an "educated eye" can appreciate the paintings of the old masters. To the man who only brings his senses and intellect to bear upon an old pic-

ture,—who, ignorant of the art, unfamiliar with its specimens, has only his impressions to guide him, however great his intellect, however keen his sensibility, the old picture will appear dingy, ill-colored, perhaps even disagreeable:—to a connoisseur it will be deep, glowing, and full of meaning. Does then the connoisseur feign this? No: the pseudo-connoisseur does, because he wishes to be supposed to understand pictures; the real lover of pictures is perfectly in earnest. The uneducated man cannot understand why the connoisseur should spend day after day in studying Titian's 'Jupiter and Antiope'; nor why it should be thought a miracle of beauty by those who yet detest Guérin's 'Dido and Æneas.' This latter celebrated picture is perhaps the most generally admired in the gallery of the Louvre; it is very bright, very soft, very warm, and very smooth; it is excellent *tea-board painting*, and for this reason charms all uneducated eyes; but it is no more a good picture than Montgomery's 'Satan' is a Miltonic poem, though fifteen editions show that many people think so.

The cause for which Perrault combated failed, but it was not given up. La Mothe, Marivaux, Diderot, and others, from time to time renewed the fight, and with more success, because they directed their blows against more vulnerable parts. The drama was the subject chosen for reformation: the attacks were directed against three points,—the unities, the employment of confidants, and the pomp of language and character. We need say nothing here respecting the unities, they have been very generally given up; the confidants were also undeniable faults in dramatic construction; but respecting the pomp of language, we have some observations to offer in defence of the classic school, especially as the romanticists have completely overlooked what appears to us the real nature of the question.

We begin with insisting on all arguments founded upon what is "natural" being removed from the question. Art is art, and as such different from nature; verse is not the natural speech of any man, and to endeavor to make verse natural is to deprive it of its artistic qualities and merits; verse, therefore, is amenable to the laws of metrical harmony, not to the laws of ordinary conversation. The sophism about nature has been fertile in erroneous criticism; it must be done away with at once.

French poetry, like its language, is a thing apart, *sui generis*. The romanticists have made the gross mistake of overlooking this: seeing in Shakspeare and Calderon the mix-

ture of the familiar with the sublime, they have imagined the same might be accomplished in French. So far from this being the case, French poetry can only be stately, artificial and elegant. Such a passage as that in Lear,—

"I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Four score and upwards; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind,"

it would be impossible to write in French. Why? Their language does not admit of such plain and familiar words being employed in poetry, on account of the syntax being so rigid, the inversions so limited. The pathos of the passage, as has been often remarked, is increased by the simplicity of the words. True; but how are these words selected, and how collocated? In this lies the triumphant art of the poet. If only simple words were needed for pathos, every town-clerk might draw tears; but we know that such words are very perilous, and that the line between the most exquisite art and downright drivelling is barely perceptible. Wordsworth's error consisted in not seeing the difference between the use of homely words and vulgar expressions; accordingly he often raised a laugh where most he wished to move sympathy. Suppose Shakspeare to have written—

I am a very *silly*, fond old man,
More than eighty years of age; and, 'pon my word,
I fear I'm not quite in my senses.

All the pathos would be gone: nevertheless the words here employed are plain, the expressions are perfectly simple, and quite in accordance with ordinary conversation, *for which reason* it ceases to be poetical.

The art of the poet then consists in using homely words, but avoiding the homely turn of expression, and avoiding also any words that may tend to raise degrading associations. The difference between 'foolish' and 'silly' is very small in meaning, but is immense in poetical effect; and it is the poet's keen sense which must direct him in the choice of happy words. Victor Hugo in 'Hernani' suffered Ruy Gomez to be called *vieillard stupide*: this created an uproar every night, and when he revived the play some years afterwards he judiciously suppressed the passage. Many people are unable to see what made the *parterre* so sensitive: this was the reason,—it is admissible in English tragedy for one man to call another 'fool,' 'rash fool,' even 'rash old fool,' and no audience would laugh; but if he said 'Why, you old fool!' the pit would shout in derision. *Vieillard stupide* has the same effect in French. In short, it is not so much the simplicity of the word, as the vulgarity of the colloquialism, which disturbs poetical feeling.

The French language does not, like the English, admit of many inversions; in using ordinary words, therefore, it is extremely difficult to avoid using ordinary collocations. There are ways of escaping the difficulty, as great poets have shown. Here is an instance from Boileau, of the description of lighting a candle:—

“ Des veines d'un caillou qu'il frappe au même instant

Il fait jaillir un feu qui pétille en sortant,
Et bientôt au brasier d'une mèche enflammée
Montre à l'aide du souffre une cire allumée.”

This is very masterly writing, but it is as rare as it is masterly: the language refuses to bend beneath the will of the poet; its syntax is as rigorous as it is limited. Unable to write simply without degenerating into prose, the poet is forced to employ every artifice to escape being ridiculous. Hence the pomp and uniformity of expression, hence the impossibility of being familiar without vulgarity. We can turn a phrase into a variety of shapes, and so avoid the effect of a colloquialism; we can omit pronouns, verbs, and expletives. The French have no such liberty; they have no choice left between artificial verse and prose.

This will account for the abundance of epigrams and antitheses which are found in the French tragedians, and for which foreigners unjustly reproach them. A good antithesis has a sharp startling effect amidst a quantity of declamation and description: hence the beauty of the couplet of Voltaire describing Tancred in battle:—

“ Il voulait mourir, il n'était qu'invincible;
Plus il s'abandonnait, plus il était terrible !”

Still finer is the single line in Victor Hugo's ‘Burgraves,’ where the lover promises his mistress to replace both father and mother:—

“ Oui tous les deux ! j'en prends l'engagement sans peur !
Ton père ? j'ai mon bras ! Ta mère ? j'ai mon cœur !”

The first line is as weak as possible, but the second is beautiful. Let us add the sublime passage in ‘Athalie’ which ends with that magnificent and well-known line,—

“ Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.”

It is a sorry criticism which only sees in these passages the epigrammatic turn, without also appreciating the admirable effect.

We throw out these hints, as much to assist the student in his appreciation of the French tragedians as to clear up the present question on which we are engaged. Conscious that in a form of art so different from that of other nations there must be much to startle

the unpractised reader, we shall be rendering no slight service in assisting him to adjust himself to the right point of view. We repeat, then, and we say it in defiance of French critics, in defiance of the romanticists, that to alter the style of the classic tragedians is to destroy French tragedy. We do not say that no alterations can be made in the mysteries of ‘enjambement’ and ‘césure.’ That the mechanism of the verse may be improved is possible, but not the style of diction. The instinct of such poets as Racine is worth volumes full of theory. The drama grew up under the hands of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and the shape it assumed was the true national shape,—as national as the Shakspearian drama is for us. Romanticism may for a time usurp the throne; ‘Cato’ was once thought a model in England, but after a while the nation returned to its former idols, from which novelty and fashion had seduced it.

If it seem temerity in us, as foreigners, to assert that, in spite of the temporary success of romanticism, the true national French drama is the old classic, in diction at least, we will waive all arguments drawn from the probability of Racine having done what all the great early poets did, viz. fixed the form, and point only to recent facts. The chief, the most celebrated, and unquestionably the most able of the romanticists, after a long silence, brings out at the Théâtre Français his trilogy of ‘Les Burgraves.’ This play, the obvious fruit of immense care, produced with all the splendor the Parisian stage could afford, heralded by preliminary praises, protected by a name celebrated throughout Europe, and supported by bands of enthusiastic admirers,—this play could not keep possession of the stage for twenty nights. About the same time a young man from the provinces had presented a play to the Odéon: it was on the model of Racine: the dagger and poison-bowl were absent; the ‘stage effects,’ the violent contrasts, the ranting passions, the unnatural characters of the *drame* were replaced by pure, elegant, and harmonious verses, an antique simplicity of conception and execution, and characters distinctly and faithfully delineated. All Paris flocked over the water to the *Quartier Latin* to see the ‘Lucrèce’ of M. Ponsard! A bad theatre, with indifferent acting,—an unknown author, venturing to revive a decried and neglected school of writing,—these obstacles did not prevent the triumphant success of ‘Lucrèce,’ which was played all last season and is resumed in the present one. Criticism only increases its popularity. What meanwhile has become of ‘Les Burgraves?’ No the-

atre performs it, no one reads it, no one criticises it; nevertheless it is not more false, more absurd than 'Hernani,' 'Angelo,' or 'Ruy Blas'; and it is quite as effective in stage-tricks and much better written. Why then did it fail? why did 'Lucrèce' succeed? Because in truth the public had recovered from its intoxication, had got tired of the novelty of the *drame*, and welcomed 'Lucrèce,' not as a novelty, be it remarked, but as a return to a healthy style,—a national drama. No doubt the *drame*, with its coarse effects, was preferable to those classic plays written after the time of Voltaire,—simply because in those there was no effect at all. Dulness, droning dulness, had usurped the scene; any thing was preferable to that. But because these authors wrote bad plays, imitating Racine, it by no means follows that Racine is a bad model; it only follows that they were bad poets. When a good poet arose (and M. Ponsard has proved himself to be one) the public immediately showed that its real taste was classic and not romantic.

We have endeavored, both by argument and facts, to show that the artificial diction of the classic writers is the only fitting style for French tragedy. We have endeavored to point out how the attempt to make this style familiar is to make it prosaic, and that wishing it to be more natural is wishing it to be no longer art. Indeed this is the inevitable result, which might have been foreseen, which has been accomplished. The reformers, it is true, shook the throne of the classic drama; but it was only to establish a *prose* drama. Can any thing be more illustrative? "Racine is tiresome from the monotony of his elegance; Voltaire is frigid from the abundance of antitheses and epigram; passion nowhere expresses itself naturally, etiquette has taken the place of nature, the drama has no familiarity." These were the popular assertions, and they ended in the prose drama. Art was sacrificed, because it could not be art and nature at the same time; prose was more natural, and it triumphed.

The great result, then, of so much battling and such loud-trumpeted conquest, is that the drama ceased to be poetical! Instead of the poet, it employed the playwrite. We do not here condemn the prose drama, we only state the consequences of false criticism. The *drame* was, and is, more or less in accordance with the demand for novelty, or it would not have succeeded; but it is not poetry. The age may be prosaic, or may prefer poetry in other forms; certain it is that the *drame* suits the Porte St. Martin and its audiences. It may be likened to the novel, which, though very amusing perhaps to the majority

of readers, more amusing than a poem, is nevertheless inferior as a work of art. And the question here concerns art, not amusement.

We say, therefore, that as often as the French poet wishes to write tragedy he must follow the classic model. If he only desires to amuse a vulgar audience, he may write a *drame*; but he might as well amuse them with spectacle or opera dancing, as far as poetry is concerned. We will not say that the *drame* is not a proper thing for the stage; if it be found more entertaining than a tragedy, authors are right in producing it. But we cannot watch the honorable attention of a Parisian audience witnessing a play of Racine, which they have seen over and over again, without believing that there is something in the very nature of that drama peculiarly attractive. We cannot see this steadiness of admiration and this refined delight, without believing that the classic is the truly national drama; especially when, on the other hand, we see the works of the romanticists, which claimed the most attention in their day, now completely shelved. If Victor Hugo be right and Racine wrong, how is it that the public so soon got tired of the one and never of the other? If Racine be formal and frigid, how is it that France continues to weep, tremble, and exult at his tragedies? how is it that the life and fire of Victor Hugo cannot warm an audience?

The real case is this. Racine's art is founded on truth, that of Victor Hugo on falsehood; the passions in Racine are deep, subtle, and above all, true. The language is exquisite and the thoughts admirable; the style is that which France recognizes as national. In Victor Hugo there is nothing of this: his characters are false, his passions false, his language by turns admirable and ludicrous, and above all, the form of his drama anti-national. The public cheered him on for a time,—he offered them novelty; their admiration was a caprice,—like all caprices, it did not last. After they had once been startled with his stage effects, they could be startled no more, and began to find out that the more peaceable but refined and lasting pleasure afforded them by Racine was after all to be preferred. After they had been startled by moral paradoxes, they returned with fresh enjoyment to truth of human passion. The attempt to force upon the nation the peculiarities of foreign dramas only produced incongruity; and, the novelty once gone off, the incongruity was apparent. Novelty of course will attract, excellence alone can permanently succeed. Could new classic tragedies be written, and written well, they would always attract, because they are

truly national. Unfortunately none but men of rare talents can write them well; unfortunately also mediocrity in art is insupportable. A stirring *drame* is better than a dull tragedy, as a tale of adventure is more amusing than a bad poem: but a beautiful poem is worth hundreds of novels; a good tragedy is better than the very best of *drames*.

We have so often in the course of this article spoken harshly of Victor Hugo, that we owe it to his admirers to state briefly our reasons for so doing. In many respects we sincerely admire him, but as a dramatist he seems to us as pernicious as he is paradoxical: he is in truth a playwright, not a dramatist. Strength, as Carlyle well says, does not manifest itself in *spasms*: so, we say, a dramatist does not waste himself on paradoxes, which are the spasmodic efforts of weakness trying to be genius. Out of the elemental passions does the true poet construct his drama, preserving the logic of passion in the truth of character; and his work endures, for it is of eternal substance. But the paradoxes of Victor Hugo, however they may startle and amuse, can never last; they are like ice-palaces built for Russian fêtes,—brilliant, but uninhabitable, and melting at the first approach of summer. Does he wish to delineate parental love?—he selects a Triboulet and a *Lucrèce Borgia*. Does he wish to paint man's love?—he selects a monk, a monster, and a valet; a Claude Frollo, a Quasimodo, a *Ruy Blas*. Woman's love?—he has no fitter types than two notorious prostitutes, Marion de l'Orme and Thisbe. Does he wish to picture the sacred grandeur of old age and the reverence we owe it?—his old men are a bandit and a fratricide, whose ferocity and crimes are lost sight of in their courage and prowess. In the same spirit of paradox he makes his Burgrave of a hundred years, as well as the son of sixty, vigorous and full of life, while the only young girl in the play is dying of slow disease. We will not ask the reader to compare these things with Racine; we will only ask him to compare them with M. Ponsard, and then consider whether our judgment is well-grounded.

In the fiercely debated question which has so long occupied French criticism, we take the side of the classics: not, we trust, with bigotry; not without a full persuasion that modern writers have in some things introduced great improvements; but from a philosophical examination of the question, led to the conviction that the classic is the national style. As Englishmen, and as upholders of the Shakspearian drama, we cannot be supposed to be prejudiced in favor of the old French school; but as critics, recognizing

French poetry as something *sui generis*, we see every reason to believe that the admixture of foreign elements is destructive of its very essence. If French taste was destructive of poetical vigor in England and Germany, we are sure that English and German taste would be equally destructive in France. It is on this ground that we would urge France to assert her independence, and force her poets to cultivate the national style instead of borrowing that of other nations. The great influx of bad taste, consequent on the introduction of English and German writers, has now had full time to manifest its incompetence: the novelty of romanticism has worn off. Let us hope that M. Ponsard's '*Lucrèce*', is the herald of new era. When once that is accomplished, France will have great critics of her own art,—critics of foreign art we fear cannot be expected from her.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

From the *Literary Gazette*.

“THE butterfly folds its downy wings,
The bat flits round the ivied tower,
The ringdove in the valley sings—
'Tis twilight's gentle hour;
And earth is still, and skies serene,
And calmness reigns throughout the scene.

All things in nature seek repose
At this sweet hour, so calm, so blest;
Even zephyr quits the folded rose,
And sighs itself to rest;
While at the vine-clad cottage-door
The matron's wheel is heard no more.

And from the fevering cares of day
The mind should seek a brief repose,
Casting life's troubled thoughts away
At gentle Twilight's close;
And peace should lull the scheming breast,
And bid the o'er-task'd spirit rest.

That rest is not in crowded halls,
Where cheeks are pale and lamps are bright;
Where the gay voice of Fashion calls
With promise of delight;
Where dying odors, fading flowers,
Mimic (how falsely!) Nature's bowers.

'Tis where the glowworm's spark is seen,
Amid the hedge-row shining bright,
And glist'ning from its leafy screen,
The fairies' path to light;
There let me roam at this still hour,
When inspiration's spell hath power.

Or by the ocean's winding shore,
Where restless tides its pebbles lave,
There would I wander o'er and o'er,
Counting each rippling wave.
Amid such scenes 'tis sweet to live,
There peace the world can never give.”

BEHIND THE SCENES.

(CONFESSIONS OF A KEYHOLE.)

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Mrs. FIXBURY was a fair representative of that numerous class of ladies,—grandmothers, mothers, and daughters—single, wedded, or widowed—who are so passionately fond of their homes that they can with difficulty be persuaded to go out.

No minister ever equalled a woman for staying in, when it suits her—and it always suited Mrs. Fixbury exactly. To women of her no-turn of mind, and of her corporeal fixity of tenure, the open air is one immense superfluity. “Out of doors” is to them what land was to the inveterate salt water rover, “a thing he could never see the use of.”

Like cherubs round an altar-piece, they cling
To the fireside.

They must confess, for their parts, that they do love their home, and that’s the truth. They are not ashamed to acknowledge, if people want to know the real fact of the matter, that they do take a little pride in their house, and do like to enjoy it of all things. Going out occasionally is all very well, no doubt,—very right, very proper, and very pleasant, in some cases; and they might like as well as other people, to make a call on somebody they don’t care for, or to perform the tour of the shops when they have no intention of buying, or to look in at an exhibition not worth a shilling, or to walk under a broiling sun until caught in a soaking shower. But it so happens that they can always find something else to do—indeed they can never find a single minute’s leisure even for dreaming of indulging such roving propensities. There is quite enough at home to forbid all thoughts of going out, and on any such errands and embassies, the thing would be impossible.

As for recreation, thank Heaven, they can find amusement as well as cares in-doors. Whenever they are out of spirits they can go up and dust their drawing-rooms. As for health, they should die in a week if condemned to such gadding about. They have no notion, not they, of rambling hither and thither like the Wandering Jewess. They have a home of their own, and they are persuaded that every right-minded woman who has a home of her own has something or other to do in it.

How the H.’s and the M.’s manage they can’t think! Those women are always out—and what must be the state of affairs in the home department they couldn’t guess if it were to save their lives! And how the foolish people’s brains bear all the whirl and worry of such a life they are as much at a loss to imagine. It amazes them to think how any body, not quite crazed, can go all through the town continually leaving cards, staring in at bazaars and shop-windows, dragging themselves edgeways through muddy mobs (or, what is worse than all), walking in quieter places merely for the sake of walking;—seeing nothing, saying nothing, hearing no-

thing, doing nothing—except walking! And all this when they have a home to go to, and plenty, no doubt, to do there!

Good domestic creatures, like Mrs. Fixbury, are clearly of opinion there is a class of people who should be known in society as the houseless rich, almost as pitiable as the houseless poor, who demonstrate by their habits the existence of a kind of elegant, luxurious and voluntary vagrancy; a prescriptive posting from parish to parish. They also see established a species of legal offence, which may be called a system of friendly and polite burglary, comprised in the custom of breaking into the houses of acquaintances in the open day, any decent time before dinner, and stealing therein fifteen minutes and upwards of irrecoverable time, “of no use to any body but the owner.”

To some earnest appeal on her husband’s part, some gentle remonstrance with Mrs. Fixbury on the subject of her stay-at-home habits, some solicitation that she would make a call in such a street, or go and spend an hour or two with her oldest friends in their new house, her reply would be,

“And havn’t I a house here? Why should a person who has a home of her own want to go to other people’s? Now you know I love my home—and I’m sure I find plenty to do in it. What time have I for going out? Why, only last week I made a desperate effort at your anxious and urgent entreaty, and at one period of the experiment, although with so much to do, I really half-believed that I should get out after all. It is true I did progress towards the desired end so far as to succeed in getting my bonnet on, but before I could quite tie the strings of it I found it was time to take it off. So off went my things again, of course: and I remember” (here I could see her little eyes sparkle with delightful recollections)—“I remember I had a capital job all the rest of that day in dusting those dear books!”

What! was Mrs. Fixbury a passionate lover of books? Was she a great reader? Perhaps she was a writer too—and the beloved volumes were her own works, handsomely bound! Ah, this at once accounts for her joy in tossing off her bonnet, and staying at home with maternal tenderness and delight to dust and handle, arrange and re-arrange those darlings of English literature,—those patterns of intellectual binding!

No, the reader is altogether in the wrong. On the authority of a keyhole it may be stated that Mrs. Fixbury never in private or public wrote a word. Then it will be supposed that she was a great devourer of the writings of others. Not at all; she never read a book through in her life, and had scarcely seen the inside of the treasures she took a joy in dusting. Then they were gifts and she set a precious value on them for the sake of the giver—no such thing. Then she prized them because they had been long in her family, and reminded her of her childhood and of her buried parents. Stuff!

Well, then, why on earth did the unwriting, unperusing, anti-literary Mrs. Fixbury apostrophize the set as “thos d a’ books?” Ah, that is a mystery which can only be solved by such

knowledge as may be picked up by the small sprite that lodges in a keyhole. The point goes in a direct line to the very heart of Mrs. Fixbury's character.

That lady, if minute and constant observation have not utterly failed of its object, intensely loved what she called "her home." A person more gifted in discriminating the niceties of language would have simply called it "her house." Taking pride in her house, she fancied herself fond of her home. Many people fall into this capital error of confounding a house with a home, and of endeavoring to make others believe that they have both, when, alas! they have only one. But the confusion of terms is convenient, and saves family explanations.

Home, in Mrs. Fixbury's idea of it, meant certain rooms, with suitable fixtures and furniture. That was all! Observe. She was ardently attached to her home!—that is, in other words, she had a wonderful liking for her nice apartments. She had an exquisite sense of all that is most elevated and refined in domestic associations!—that is, in other words, she had a tender regard for every inanimate thing belonging to her on which her daily household eye rested.

Home never meant, in her clear, plain, domestic understanding, no, never meant Husband, and Children, and Friends—the cheerful Meal, the social Fireside, and the silent Pillow;—it only meant a collection of commonplace conveniences and ornaments, sanctified and endeared by hourly use and habit.

A picture out of her own house would have been to Mrs. Fixbury's glance as the blank wall behind it; but hung in her own room it became as part of herself, being, that is to say, part of her household property,—of her home. Her personal effects were the same to her as her person. When she alluded to those "dear books," she applied to them an epithet due equally to every article around her. She would have spoken in the same tone of those dear bellows, or those dear nut-crackers. They were hers. What is the love which some bear to pups and canary birds compared with that which settles on mahogany and steel sundries. The poet paints the human heart as sometimes

Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air.

Mrs. Fixbury's heart

Wasted its kindness on sticks and stools,
And on the elbow-chair.

Household furniture purchased but last week was precious in her eyes as relics dug at Pompeii. She had a liking—but why mince the true phrase!—she had an affection for her sofas and tables. They were visible domesticities; they were a portion of that domestic reality of which she was the conscious centre; without them, she could not feel that she had a home.

Now, if the reader, wandering and groping about in the odd dark corners of the world, have not yet encountered a lady wrapped up in a fond regard for her own fire-irons and buffet, her harpsichord and window-curtains, then he has missed what he assuredly would have known had he been born sooner and encountered Mrs.

Fixbury. Children and husband! Oh no. A sentiment towards these, as properly the first objects of her affection, might be stored away in some remote recess of her nature—an abstract thing, unfitted for actual use, and never to be brought into play; but husband and children had no share in the practical cares, sympathies, and interests of her life, which were lavished upon her chairs and tables.

It was lest *these* should suffer that the children were packed off at the earliest possible age to a grandmother, or to a school; instead of receiving at home the education their father desired for them.

"Now, Fixbury, not another word," she would say. "It is quite impossible, and a long way out of the question, that children can be allowed to run about my place now that I have brought it into such order. If you have no regard for those cushions, I have. It is proper that somebody, at all events, should have an eye to home and its enjoyments—the children must go. If it hadn't been for the new carpet, indeed, little John might have staid at home for a few months longer, but you know it's not in mortal power to keep him or any of them from trespassing in these rooms. Besides, I'm very sure that the regular duties of home will prevent me from paying the smallest attention to the children. Domestic cares would leave me no time for maternal tasks; and as for a governess—there again—I'm very sure these chairs will lose their beauty quite soon enough without new comers coming to help spoil them; and, moreover, I shouldn't by any means like to see my house littered all over with French grammars. However, one objection is as good as a thousand; I don't choose to have those chairs spoiled. We must either part with the chairs or the children; and such chairs as those we shall never get again—for that money!"

But holidays arrive in due course, and bring with them in most homes a happy reunion. That time never arrived, according to the handsome clock on Mrs. Fixbury's chimney-piece.

"Fixbury, how can you think of such a thing! how meditate any thing so destructive to one's peaceful, neatly-regulated home! Have them all here during the holidays! Quite impossible, quite. Nice curtains they would make me, with their blind-man's-buff and bo-peep. John would have one of those jars down before he went to bed, and most likely send a marble through the mirror next morning. Think of the finger-marks we should find upon this door. Of all things, I hate to see a beautiful polished table like this smeared all round the edge—butter, barley-sugar, or jam, it's equally disagreeable. Oh, no; we must go and see them all at their grandmamma's. The house will fall into terrible disarrangement while I'm absent, but still we must spare a day, and I must redouble my energies to correct every thing on my return next morning."

At thirty-five, Mrs. Fixbury might have been supposed childless, for her children were very rarely included among the accessories of her home. In fact, they had no home, because their home was in such a state of perfection. But its mistress still had a husband to share it? Yes, if she had permitted him to feel at home when he arrived there. There, however, he very sel-

dom was. She begged him not to come home to dinner, for although there was but a simple cutlet to cook, it threw all the house into disorder. When he had ensconced himself snugly, she entreated him to go and make a call somewhere, for she was going to be so busy, and his presence was fatal to her projects. She couldn't think of letting the sofa be drawn round to the fire, or of having the high-backed chair disturbed, when she had fixed it in the very spot upon which it was always to stand. His brother had asked him into the country for a month, and why couldn't he go? then she could have the two rooms down-stairs set entirely to rights.

"Well now, Mr. Fixbury, I really must say I do hope you are not going to spread papers and letters all over my table after all the pains I have taken with it—such a polish as it has! if you had found a grain of dust on it, I would have forgiven your abominable insensibility to the true refinements of home. Your mind becomes daily more blunted to the real delights of domestic life. Pray mind the ink—mind the ink, Mr. Fixbury, if you please. I hope you are aware that there are already five or six large spots on your new writing-desk! Oh, you must not touch those books—let me beg of you not to take a book down now; not to-night; I have dusted and arranged them all in the nicest manner possible. Mr. Fixbury, there is no draught in this room, and I can't have those curtains drawn on any pretence whatever—I'm sure I would bear *any* degree of cold—they can never perhaps be put into the same folds again."

At the close of some such harangue, Mr. Fixbury, perhaps would ring the bell, to guard in a more innocent way against a chill.

"Some more coals, Kitty."

"Coals can't be put on just at present," interposed Mrs. Fixbury: "don't you see that the hearth has just been swept up? I believe you like to see every place in disorder. Spare the fire-place, pray."

His boots when he entered, would exhibit traces of the street, and perhaps in that condition find their way by an innate depravity to the edge of the fender; or his pocket would be emptied of some miscellanies upon the sofa or the side-table; or he heedlessly scattered in the impetuosity of appetite, some crumbs beside his chair at dinner; or he left his newspapers, price-currents, and shipping-lists lying about, as if in savage disdain of decency; and consequently Mrs. Fixbury devoted every minute of the waking hours which he spent in the house to an endeavor to drive him out of it. Perseverance seldom fails of success.

But what a change when he took his hat and went out. She had heard his knock at the door with an aching-heart; but it leaped up in joy when he departed. With sad and almost streaming eyes she had followed all his movements about the room; smoothing with careful hand the chair-cover where he had sat, and reviving the gloss on the table upon which he had rested his profane elbow. Sighs spoke her anguish, when words failed, as she saw her domestic economy disturbed, and every line of her face betrayed anxiety, let him turn as he might. But, the instant he closed the door, had he peep-

ed in again, he would not have known the face of his melancholy, careworn, and complaining wife. Dismay at his presence gave way instantaneously to delight.

"Kitty, come! Good news for you! Your master has gone out for the day, and now, my good girl, we can have up the stair-carpets. Now, girls, where are you? Come, be quick. We have a charming long morning before us; and, thank Heaven! we can take those hangings down and give them a good shake!"

What happy hours were hers that day! Her blood flowed through her busy veins one tide of pleasure. There she was upstairs and downstairs, and both almost at the same time; directing Kitty; superintending Sally, hurrying one, retarding another, perplexing both, inspecting the progress of their work every minute, and doing it after them all over again herself. Then, lest a dozen particles of dust, or a single particle, should have escaped upstairs, how she would glide about the room of the house, darting a keen suspicious glance at every object in turn; redusting a crowd of nick-nacs, brightening a glass-shade here and a china-jar there, needlessly rubbing a bit of shining mahogany, adjusting the tongs and poker with the nicest accuracy, wondering if their dazzling polish could possibly be increased, and longing to take down the dear books once more, to rub with perilous vigor their clean gilt-edged tops.

And then when all was done, how she yet continued to go over her work, arranging again and again, and surveying her furniture as a fond mother looks at the family she rejoices in. And not less careful was she indeed of every item of it.

"Mind, my good girl, pray take care; if you were to scratch that it would break my heart." "The screen! be careful—if any thing were to happen to it—" "Ah, that darling vase! now hear what I say—destroy that, and you destroy me!"

Many mothers, when referring to past times, and collecting their reminiscences, are frequently observed to take for their guide the date of some piece of good fortune, or, more frequently still, of some sad calamity, that had happened to their children. They recall a particular circumstance because it occurred when Louisa had the bit of bank-stock left her, or when Master Harry had the measles, or Tom broke his poor collar-bone. Mrs. Fixbury's reminiscences were all dated agreeably to this principle, only substituting chaitels for children. The vicissitudes occurring among these always guided her calculations.

"It was the very day the pier-glass was cracked,"—or "I remember the whole affair, we had our new bed-furniture that winter"—or, "Don't you recollect? I was dusting that identical little bronze Mercury there, at the very moment the news came," or perhaps her reminiscence would be of a more touching character:—

"Ah, yes, well indeed do I remember the event, for it happened just at the very time when that dreadful Welch girl, in her cruel clumsiness, knocked over this dear little table, and broke its pretty claw, which has worn a small

plate of iron inside, in consequence of the distressing fracture, from that day to this."

With such constant cares, and such exalted sympathies to detain her ever at home, how should she possibly dissipate the household spell!—how get out even for a morning to see her children or visit her friends—to seek pleasure or secure health—to take exercise for her own sake, or to gratify the open air partialities of her husband. She never *did* get out—or, as she phrased it, she never *could*. From summer to summer she enjoyed scarcely a breath of fresh air save what she drew through me. If at the open window a tide of breezy life for a moment poured in, she pronounced it to be positively reviving; but then—"You must shut the window; there is a little dust, I think; to say nothing of blacks from that chimney opposite!"

"What a lovely spring morning," she would cry; "beautiful, quite beautiful. What a clear blue sky, and the tops of even these London trees look wonderfully bright and green. Delicious morning! Kitty, I've been thinking that, as we happen to have but little to do this fine day, we may as well take down these pictures, and I can help you to dust the backs of them—perhaps we may succeed in arranging them rather differently—that would be delightful!"

Visiting nobody, nobody visited her; a happy, a most essential consequence; for what in the name of all her goods and chattels could she have done with visitors? Company would have crushed her with dire affliction for her furniture. Ordinary folks have fine things about them for others to see; Mrs. Fixbury's pleasure was to look at them herself. It was her own dear home, and she was always so fond of it—she did enjoy *that*! At forty years of age she was known, where known at all, as The Domesticated; or, the Woman who never went Out. Yet out she was doomed to go at length, for a removal to a different quarter of the town became indispensable, and Mr. Fixbury was ruthless on the score of furniture and fixtures.

Heavens, what a morning was that of the removal! When the van, with a suspicious looking set of springs, drew up at the door, any body would have supposed that it was a hearse come to know if Mrs. Fixbury was ready.

A world of sighs escaped her as rude hands listed her cherished chattels, and horrid fingers smeared her shining goods—handling all things, not as humanity gently touches living objects which it loves, but as surgeons knock about dry bones that have no feeling. Here was a rug tossed upon damask-curtains, there a bit of Dresden peeping out of a coal-skuttle. In her pale, thin face there was a presentiment of evil. She was like a sensitive plant being torn up by the roots. This was not removing; it was being dragged away.

As she saw the several objects of her many years of household pride carried one by one down the stairs, the hopes of life vanished with them in quick succession. She followed each favorite with her eyes, and heard it pitched into the large van with the suspicious springs. The presentiment of evil darkened more and more in her visage. As the place was cleared, left lone and naked, and the first load of moveables

was driven from the door—Crash! what was that! Her face had too plainly prophesied. The pillar of a pet work-table snapped, a favorite japanned cabinet staved in, a prized armchair mutilated—but something has just dropped between the wheels.

"What is it?" shrieked a voice of anguish.

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing," replied another, composedly, (it was the voice of Mr. Fixbury,) "it is only a little carved oak bracket fallen; the clock is, fortunately, in safety, inside the vehicle."

To say that Mrs. Fixbury, under these fearful trials, in the disruption of what was dearest to her, looked aggrieved, would be tame language—she looked agonized, aghast: but whether, when thus torn from her home, she went soon to that which is held on a far longer lease, is doubtful. The only thing positive is, that a few months after the removal, when Mr. Fixbury paid a visit of business to his old quarters, I observed there was a crape upon his hat; and yet it must be acknowledged that he looked unusually cheerful.

Mr. and Mrs. Crossworth, when they took possession of the apartment, over whose extent by eye and ear I hold observant sway, had been married too long to have nothing to talk about when sitting together after dinner, and yet not long enough to have found out the unprofitable subjects. They started off in conversation without thinking of the conflicting points, and floated down the tide unconscious of its treachery.

The gentleman was thirty and plain, the lady was twenty-three and pretty. He had an austere, cold look, that but half concealed some warmth of feeling underneath; she had a languishing and amiable air,—yet that seemed to give token of a spirit not incapable, upon occasion, of flashing and proving formidable. There was something of melancholy about his mouth, and a careless smile upon hers.

"I have been thinking a good deal, Charlotte," said Mr. Crossworth, "about that poor family in Kent, who applied to you yesterday."

"Dear me, Charles," returned Mrs. Crossworth, rather quickly, "what an eminently disagreeable subject to turn your after-dinner thoughts upon!"

"It is painful, certainly; the weather threatens to be terribly severe, and before they lose their little cottage—"

"Now, I must entreat, Charles, that you will not go one step further upon that ground, or you will bring a whole troop of starved and frozen sufferers, the most horrid picture of want and misery imaginable, directly before my mind's eye. I shall see it all in a moment—infant in arms, and white-haired grandmother included. You know how susceptible I am. Take your wine and be at peace."

Melancholy more plainly marked the drawn-down corners of Mr. Crossworth's mouth, and at the corners of his eyes, moreover, the faintest of all conceivable reproaches peeped out.

"But, Charlotte," he said, gently, "something must be done!"

"Very well, Charles, then do it; but do not,

I pray, under cover of the purest humanity, have the cruelty to distress me by conjuring up so shocking a spectacle. I always observe that very tender people are apt to be very hard upon those they love. Because their own kind hearts are bleeding at a tale of sorrow, they must thrust daggers into the kind hearts of their friends. If you find the subject so very painful, how barbarous of you to introduce it when I was indulging in a thousand happy thoughts. Drink your wine, Charles, do!"

The gay smile with which this was uttered did not communicate itself to those lips which, nevertheless, obediently sipped the suggested glass, and Mr. Crossworth, gravely and tenderly, in a voice sometimes tremulous with the benevolent feeling that prompted his words, proceeded to explain that he mentioned the melancholy matter to her because to her the appeal had been made—that he mentioned it just then, because whatever was done must be resolved upon that very night. He could not think of allowing her to contribute, in however slight a degree; though he owned that charity in this case was a costlier virtue than he could often afford to indulge. But the case was one of roofless famished misery, and he avowed that the tug at his heart-strings had torn his purse-strings asunder too—and thus his sympathy and his money both flowed out together.

Mrs. Crossworth said in reply that the case was far too prodigiously disagreeable to be contemplated. She would rather that Charles should pay much than say even a little. Such distresses were not meant to be talked of—she could not bear to think of them. She always hated these real life tragedies; and would infinitely rather give, if she could spare it, ten times the sum asked for, than listen to a doleful petition. Her system was to keep on the sunny side of things, and never to distress herself but for some good reason. If she could relieve the wretched narrator of his woes—that would be quite another thing. If her sighs were balm, her tears diamonds, the poor man should have them in plenty; but why inflict wounds upon herself when she could not heal his! Why listen, when she could only lament! She detested all gratuitous disagreeables, and her heart was closed against them for ever!

And then, as though her heart were indeed closed to pity, whose gentle dews had fallen there and found all barren—as though by an effort of the will the spirit could revel in an unfading summer, and all the frosts of life be dissipated by the magic of a smile—she rose from the table, and quitting the room, turned the most laughing, mocking look possible upon the displeased though polite husband, who held the door open for her as she skipped giddily by.

Here then was a sorrowful, a sickening spectacle! Youth, loveliness, a lively temper, a quick sense of pleasure, charms to fascinate, the capacity to enjoy—grace, spirit, gaiety, and brightness of the blood—all suddenly obscured, crushed, buried under an insensibility hard as a rock; a crust of selfishness, like thick-ribbed ice! How hideous she looked with her sweet, happy face. Yes—this was her theory, and her practice strictly conformed to it. Suffering, sick-

ness, sorrow in its hundred shapes—want, nakedness, hunger—the sharp struggle with misery, and the last horrid writhing under its onward rolling wheels—these excited not her pity, not merely her impatience, but her very hate!

"Of all things I hate sights of woe!" "Do not speak to me about distress, for I detest it!"

These were phrases familiar to her beautiful lips as smiles themselves. Selfishness never spoke more expressively. It was so easy to decide beforehand upon the incapacity to relieve; and that done, the wretchedness that sought relief was just as easily dismissed. When the languid, amiable Charlotte had (without the least difficulty) persuaded herself that it was perfectly impossible for such a hand as hers ever to lessen by one feather's weight the heavy, and too often the intolerable burden of mortal misery, she had become quite convinced of her exemption from the necessity of keeping it in view, or recognizing by thought, sigh, or word, its ever-present existence.

And that such calculating coldness of soul should be neighbored by such rich and lively blood! That such marble hardness should hold so soft a seat! That such insensibility should be so full of life! That one who cared so little for others, should have a form to win homage from all!

Mr. Crossworth when he had shut the door, returned to the table, and having poured out a glass of wine, looked as though some such reflections as the above were passing silently in his mind. But he speedily filled his glass again, and as rapidly emptied it: indeed this ceremony was repeated somewhat eagerly several times; and then, during a pause, his thoughts appeared to be slowly undergoing a revolution. Sadness and severity had vanished from his face, his eye brightened, and his brow was visibly lighter. He seemed to meditate yet more cheerfully, and refilled his glass.

"Who knows," he muttered, as he set it down empty; "Charlotte's system may be the right one after all! There is nothing like a second thought. Charity is expensive; and, by the way, the wine-merchants—the unconscionable rogues—are not so easily paid in these times. One must have a check upon one's luxuries in some direction or other—and, by Jove! a man can better do without benevolence than without port."

The wine was again raised between his eye and the light. It seemed to warm his brain, as it cooled his heart.

"If this costly piece of folly, which would really be sheer ostentation, and rank injustice to myself, is to be done at all, to-night the undertaking must be given by which the cottage is secured to the—how many shall I say?—just half a dozen poor wretches, out of the millions who are at this moment not merely beyond help, but beyond hope! What a farce is this benevolence of ours after all! Here am I troubling my inmost soul about the fate of six drops of sorrow, while the great ocean of misery rages unappeased and boundless. Dry up those six drops, and where is the difference? The world will wear the same look to-morrow; though my shrunk coffers assuredly will not. No, but a

very different one, indeed! Crossworth," he continued, addressing himself with a smile bright as the bumper he eyed admiringly, "you are a good fellow, but you must learn to control your generous propensities. You cannot afford these extravagancies of the heart."

Mr. Crossworth then, closing his soliloquy, sprang up from his solitary revel, and having taken a stride or two across the room, with the manner of one who is satisfied that he has just done a wise thing, and is at least as virtuous amidst all his iniquities as mankind in general, rang for coffee.

With the cups, re-entered Mrs. Crossworth. Husband and wife were equally in a happy humor. They sipped, smiled, and chatted. Controversy had fled the scene; all unpleasant topics were avoided; not a word was said about the hungry and the homeless; not a thought of human pain, human fortitude, human selfishness, and tyranny, intruded; they were all in all to each other; and the world was to them a scene which no pauper-dwellings darkened, and in whose ordinary public paths no graves gaped for the destitute and wandering poor.

Mr. Crossworth was to go out, Mrs. Crossworth was to amuse herself at home. This was pleasantly settled between them, and tender adieus were interchanged.

"Adieu, Charlotte! Then for three whole hours, if I choose to stay so long, I am to desert you, and be forgiven!"

"Ah, Charles!" answered his pretty wife, playfully; "reflect upon what you are doing. You are deserting Faith and Hope (united in poor me) for *Charity*."

"No, 'faith!'" returned Mr. Crossworth, moving off; "I have declined, at least deferred, that melancholy affair, and am merely going to see a famous pantomime which they have just brought out at the theatre—it is called 'Mother Goose!'"

Mrs. Crossworth, just as he was vanishing, set up one of the sweetest little laughs ever heard, so that her hero made his exit to soft music. The change of intention, and the contrast presented in it—pantomime and philanthropy, charity and Mother Goose—amused the light-hearted lady amazingly.

"Well," she cried, "commend me to his choice. A rather more agreeable way of spending his time and money, I must own. It is quite useless to attempt to alleviate people's distresses; to cry and sob over their calamities is ridiculous; and besides, one is a little too old now to make one's self needless griefs and be miserable for nothing. But now for my delightful novel. I do think I shall have time for two volumes."

And Mrs. Crossworth, seizing a book, and settling herself very comfortably, with no intention of speedily disturbing herself, began to read; a long silence ensued, broken only every few minutes by the rustling of a leaf.

Her hard-heartedness had quite chilled me, and the air as it rushed through seemed to my fancy to have been cooled by her very breathing—such was the insensibility she had shown. More positive vices might have been pardoned in preference; had she committed some vile

deed, had she branded herself as criminal, had her sins been of a more active nature, inflicting grievous injury where she owed benefits, and betraying a headlong and passionate disposition to work evil to mankind, out of a feeling of jealousy or revenge—some excuse might have been found for her, some forbearance have been shown. As it was, I would rather the room had been empty; such a pretty, graceful thing, so young, and with the amiability of youth in her looks—and yet so hopelessly selfish, unsympathizing, and frozen in heart!

Half an hour had elapsed, and she sat reading on in silence, rapidly at times, and in some excitement. I watched the play of her countenance, which I now saw was variously expressive, and indeed almost explained the course of the story as she read! Her excitement increased, and my interest grew with it. At times there was a bright glow upon her face—presently she was sad and pale. Prepared for the fire, I had not expected the softness of her aspect, the tender pity of her eyes. Soon her bosom heaved with its emotions—her little hands trembled as they turned the page—her cheeks brightened, and from her parted lips the breathing came quick and murmuringly; then, by imperceptible degrees, a more tranquil feeling crept over her; her heart still throbbed, but not violently; pity in place of terror and anguish touched her soul; her eyes traced the lines less clearly, and tears fell glitteringly upon the page. The volume dropped upon her lap; she covered her face with her hands and sobbed—fairly sobbed.

With many a heart-drawn sigh, she presently resumed her reading; her face flushed to the temples, her long lashes vainly essaying to retain the drops that gathered there. And then she read on more composedly, but with a still gravity, a fervent interest, a passionate enthusiasm, that showed how devotedly her spirit had yielded itself to the spell. If ever there was pure, ardent, unbought sympathy, it was there; if ever there was a melting, compassionate nature, it was suffering before me. If she sat awhile mutely grieving, she would quickly brighten into hope, or thrill with fear; in every change of passion and turn of sentiment, losing self-consciousness and living only in the humanity of which she read. How divine humanity thus looked—how beautiful was that life in another's life! Earth could have nothing more heavenly to offer to the sight.

And were those the same eyes that had wilfully shut out, but an hour or two before, a picture of actual misery and despair! Was it the same heart that had not a single throb for living, breathing wretchedness, suing to it for the last succor! Was it the same Mrs. Crossworth who never shed needless tears, who shunned distress upon system, who heaved no more sighs than she could help, and detested misery like vice. The very same, and a very every-day person she was. She hated misery and revelled in it—she had actually no heart, and yet broke it once a week over a book. The saddest, deepest afflictions hourly darkening the world around her, moved her not; but the lightest tale of sorrow if untrue, at once turned her into a creature of exquisite sensibility. She hated the re-

ality, and was in raptures with the representation of it. What was most repulsive in life was most seductive in a novel. People's troubles were detestable bores, but in a romance they were infinitely charming. She was steel, adamant itself, to the proofs of workhouse horrors and prison tragedies; but susceptible as a pitying angel to fictitious woe—when they "did but jest, poison in jest."

The contradiction is perhaps too common to excite frequent notice in daily life; but such a specimen of it as Mrs. Crossworth presented, was not unfairly matched by her anomalous matrimonial partner. With a hard, severe look, he was sensitive and tender in his nature; with a glad and generous face, she was stubborn and unfeeling as a flint. He cooled and corrected the warm and kindly tendencies of his disposition, with those draughts which inflamed the native desires of most men; she heated her imagination with romantic fancies, by way of apology for her insensibility to distressing facts.

Every good resolution formed by Mr. Crossworth in the morning was sure to be effectually dissipated in the course of his comfortable musings after dinner; and every harsh, unpitying expression of Mrs. Crossworth during the day, was sure to be amply atoned for by torrents of compassionate tears at night.

As he, less and less easy, allowed sorrow for the world's wants to flow from his eyes, and sighs for unrelieved misery around his path to rend his bosom, he paid more and more frequently private visits even before dinner, to a small recess at the end of the room, containing medicine for the cure of his grief; and as her nature hardened with years, and her first slender stock of the charities and sympathies dried up and withered for want of exercise, she sat longer and longer over her blotted pages, and made atonement by sobbing more bitterly than ever over the miseries of the Unreal!

A WOMAN BEHEADED AT HEIDELBERG.—An awful spectacle has been presented—the decapitation of a woman for the murder of her husband. The culprit exhibited no extraordinary emotion, but surveyed the apparatus of death with perfect composure. She ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and took her seat in a chair which was placed in the centre of it. A short prayer was read by the clergyman, after which part of her attire was removed from her neck, and a cap was drawn over her face. There were two executioners, one of whom twisted the sufferer's hair, and held it up at arm's length. When this was done the principal headsman advanced with a broad two-handed sword. The dreadful weapon was raised, and a single blow severed the head from the body. The head was then held up to the gaze of the crowd, the body sank through a trap-door, and the dismal scene closed.—*Examiner.*

TRACHEOTOMY.—M. Scontetten has performed tracheotomy successfully in the case of a girl six weeks old in the last stage of croup. The details were communicated to encourage timid practitioners, and to exhibit the extraordinary resources of nature in early age.—*Lit. Gaz.*

H E A R I N G.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Lend me your ears.—SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is not a greater cheat in existence than the auditory nerve. "What! may I not believe my own ears?" the reader exclaims. The answer is, "No! you must have very long ears if you do!"

Would you have the ancient Germans believe their own ears when they declared, according to Tacitus, that they could distinctly hear the sun passing under the sea during the night, from the west back again to the east; thus beating Fine-ear, in the fairy tale, who, when he laid his head to the ground, could hear the grass grow! Tacitus only repeated what he had heard: but as he could hardly have credited the assertion, he would surely have shown himself more worthy of his name had he been silent. Whatever might have been the practice in former times, nobody nowadays thinks of crediting all that reaches his ears. For my own part, I have a sliding-scale in these matters, which probably gives me as near an approximation to the average truth as can be obtained; I believe half the ill and double the good that I hear of my fellow creatures. In the former instance, some people have accused me of incredulity, and in *their* particular cases the charge may be true: the latter mistake, so far as *they* are concerned, I have no opportunity of committing! Men in general are too skeptical, too prone to think that they show cleverness in disbelieving the current rumors of the day, too fond of doubting, as if they belonged to the ancient sect of the Pyrrhonists.

What ridicule was thrown upon Bruce for some of his marvellous statements, which have since received indisputable confirmation; and yet, unwarned by our groundless incredulity on the subject of Africa, we are committing the very same ungenerous mistake as to some of the averments made by our transatlantic brethren, merely because they sound strange to European ears. More than one John Bull has even carried his illiberality so far as to doubt the averment in an American paper respecting one Jefferson Twig, surnamed the Stentor, whose voice and ear were both so powerful, that when the wind was favorable, he could hear himself shout at a distance of two miles. Happy am I to say, that I never had the smallest misgiving as to the veracity of this story. Indeed, I believe every thing that comes from the United States, unless it should happen to begin with the words—"I promise to pay." A well-known epigram in Joe Miller, affords the finest instance on record of the pleasure of hearing.

"I heard, friend Edward, thou wert dead."
"I'm glad to hear it too," quoth Ned.

Perhaps the greatest annoyance connected with hearing is the cry of "Hear, hear" in the House of Commons, an ejaculation equally useless and impertinent; for, if the members have not heard what has been said, you cannot assist

them by making a noise ; and, if they have, you needn't tell them to hear. We laugh at Swift's Irishman who, having an over-roasted sirloin placed upon his table, told the servant to take it down again and desire the cook to roast it less ; but is it not equally ridiculous to invite people to hear what has escaped their ears, or to hear more what has already entered them ? This absurd interruption was well rebuked during the last session of parliament. An impatient senator, wishing to draw attention to something that accorded with his own notions, turned towards one of the silent members and vociferated, " Hear, hear ! " " Sir, I never do any thing else, " was the meek reply.

What a curious mistake as to his auditory powers is made by *Macbeth*, when, in answer to the triple summons of the apparition, he exclaims, " Had I three ears, I'd hear thee." Of course he would, and all the better, in the proportion of three to two. To show how intensely he was listening, he ought to have said, " Had your suit been a chancery suit, it should have obtained an immediate hearing ! ! " This would indeed have been attention, and would have been received by the Ghost as a compliment involving something very like a miracle.

Various are the cures for deafness. Applying a trumpet to the drum of the ear certainly does seem calculated to make a very audible *charivari* in that region, and ought to be successful, unless where the patient is made deaf with the noise ; but to obtain hearing for a lawsuit is a very difficult and tedious operation, and usually induces great exhaustion, with alarming attacks of impecuniosity in the patient. The most successful mode of treatment is an application of the client's last guinea to the palm of the solicitor, after which the hearing generally comes on, and leaves the respective parties in the established predicament—the poor patient utterly ruined by getting his hearing,—the lawyers enriched by having been deaf to all his remonstrances against delay and expense.

When people fall together by the ears, and have recourse to litigation, and find that the effects of the cause have caused their effects to disappear, they are generally ready to exclaim, that they would have given their ears if they had never sought to obtain a hearing.

Listeners, we are told, hear no good of themselves ; and why should they ? When a man is performing a mean action, purloining opinions to which he has no right, which is little better than picking a pocket, how can he expect to be praised for honorable dealing ? And what a simpleton he is for his pains ! Has he never heard—if not he must be deaf indeed—that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise ? The pleasure derived during a whole life from hearing what is said in our favor, would not compensate the pain of a single month, if we overheard all that is said against us. That man is no fool who can turn a deaf ear to detraction, and a deaf ear to flattery. When he is thus hard of hearing let him not call in the aid of any aurist. Not only should we be much happier, but much better moral characters, less censorious, less prone to scandal and backbiting, were we all truly and literally deaf

for every ill-natured insinuation. Every direct calumnious invention is invariably prefaced by the words, " they say, " or, " I hear, " or, " if hearsay is to be credited." These are the masks worn by malice when it goes forth to stab. There is not a more arrant jade, scold, liar, and slanderer, than this same Hearsay, nor one that more richly deserves the ducking-stool. Hearsay is not to be believed, either in the present or the past. Common report, which is the hearsay of to-day, is a tissue of spoken falsehoods, and History, which is the Hearsay of former days, is a volume of written falsehoods.

Fielding used to maintain there was no other difference between the *Chronicles* and the novels of a nation than this : in the former, nothing is true, save the names and dates ; in the latter, nothing is false, save the names and dates. Had he lived to read the researches of Niebuhr and others, he would have learnt that names and dates are in many instances the most fabulous portions of history. Pity that he could not have read the following passage from Vico's " *Scienza Nuova*. "

" All those magnificent ideas which have been hitherto entertained, as to the beginnings of Rome and all the other capitals of celebrated nations, disappear, like mists dispersed by the sun, before that precious passage of Varro, quoted by Saint Augustine in his ' *City of God*. ' During two centuries and a half, when Rome was under the government of kings, she subdued more than twenty people, without extending her empire more than twenty miles." A great portion of history—nearly the whole indeed of its early stage, may be defined as an authentic account of incidents that have never occurred. We know where the fabulous ages begin, but it is difficult to say where they end.

Coming nearer to our own times gives us no greater assurance of the truth of History. Who has not been familiar from his youth upwards with the story of William Tell shooting the apple from the head of his son ? How often has it been represented to us in the form of a melodrama, opera, and pantomime ! How we admire the patriotic Tell, and the brave Swiss for his sake ; and how we anathematize the tyrannical Herman Gesler ! What circumstantiality in the details of the narrative, what picturesqueness in its accessories ! who could dream of doubting its accuracy and literal truth ? Yet the whole story is in *Saxo Grammaticus*, who wrote two centuries before Tell was born, and who assigns the perilous exploit to Tocco, a Danish Bowman. Some Swiss historian, having heard probably of this achievement, and wishing to exalt the hero of his own country, borrowed Tocco's plumes to decorate Tell's head—and such is History !

Had we no hearing, such falsification, slanders, and mischiefs, could never have occurred ; but still the world is a gainer after all by our possession of the auditory faculty, for had we not been gifted with hearing, this paper would have had no title, and the readers of the *New Monthly* would not have been entitled to this paper !!

THE ARTIST'S DESPAIR.

From Frazer's Magazine.

"Fur l'ultime lagrime,
Che il miser versò,
Poi cupo nell'anima
Il duol rinserrò;
Di negri fantasmi
Poi sempre il nodrì
Ahi, misero, misero,
La vita abborrì!"

"**SIR HORACE THOROUGHGOOD** is requested to call on Morton Sheridan this evening after eight, on matters of supreme importance.

"13 Little Russell Street, Bloomsbury, Friday, May, 2."

"Dear me! what is the matter with him? Hard up, I dare say, poor fellow. Perhaps ill, and just this evening—this evening! Let me see. Dinner with Sir Samuel Goodrich—ball at the Countess of Ragland's—Macready's benefit at the Haymarket. I wish to goodness he had chosen a more convenient opportunity! 'Matters of supreme importance'—fudge! What more momentous business than a snug dinner with an old crony? And yet if the poor devil is in distress—an upright, warm-hearted fellow like Morton Sheridan! Oh! come, Sir Horace, make up your mind, we must go."

After this brief commune with himself, the good-natured baronet took up his hat and stick, not omitting by way of precaution, to cram a few bank-notes in his pocket book.

"Bloomsbury—Little Russell Street, Bloomsbury! I should like to know what business decent people have to take up their quarters in Bloomsbury?—and these vile streets are so dirty, and these side walks so greasy—what a fool I must have been not to order out my brougham! And yet—no, hang it! better so; a carriage would create such a bustle in these dingy regions, and John has such a way of thundering at poor people's doors. Better so. Let us spare the nerves of poor Sheridan the irritation of a menial's impertinence. Well—I wonder what is the matter with the poor artist; I have not seen him for an age, and, now that I recollect, there were none of his paintings this season at the Exhibition. Why, Sir Horace, how very remiss, how very unkind, of you never to inquire after him! Good gracious! how forgetful this London life makes the kindest of us!"

At the corner of Museum Street, Sir Horace met two of his friends.

"Ha! John Ashton, Tom Landor! My good fellows, how are you? Whither go you? What! to Little Russell Street?—to Morton Sheridan's?—a note from him?—both of you?—the same as mine! Why, what does

the fellow mean by issuing such circulars? Humph! going to give a grand supper I suppose; exhibiting some of his new sketches, may be—'matters of supreme importance'—announcing his forthcoming marriage, perhaps, or making his will!"

Ashton and Landor were not the only friends, besides the baronet, whom the distressed artist had invited to his house that night. As they were ushered into the room, they found about ten of their acquaintance already assembled. There was Sir William Hardy, Lord Randolph, John Bellamy, the poet Lewis, two Irish M. P.s, a few young artists, and a distinguished German sculptor.

It was hardly after sunset, but the last faint streaks of a sickly twilight, still lingering on the purlieus of that foul neighborhood, in vain struggled to penetrate through the narrow aperture, through which the painter economised the light of day to accomodate it to his purposes, so that the room on first entering appeared plunged into utter darkness, and the reddish glare of a languid coal-fire dancing fitfully over the assembled company as well as on the pale busts, models, and clay-figures scattered in sublime disorder around, gave them a look of lurid ghastliness which did not much tend to improve the general look of that gloomy apartment.

Morton Sheridan was not a very handsome personage; but there was something in his open, manly countenance which easily won and permantly secured the good opinion and will of every casual acquaintance. In early youth he was known as a hearty good fellow, a blithe lad full of frolic and glee. As he advanced in life, the intense pursuit of what proved to him an unthankful profession, and, as it was surmised, the *res angustæ domi*, had gradually severed him from his gayer associations. He had lived many years abroad, and of late, as Sir Horace has already hinted, had been little seen or heard of. That matters went not very smooth with him, his friends had not the slightest doubt. Still they were at a loss how to account for that general invitation in such very strong terms of adjuration, as they knew him too well not to feel assured that he would sooner starve a thousand times, than apply for relief, or even acquaint any living being with his difficulties.

They found him seated in a leathern arm-chair, dressed in his loose and somewhat fantastic artist's costume. The cares he had bestowed on his long dark hair, on his linen, on the very folds of his gown, showed that he had taken more than usual pains to prepare himself for the reception of his visitors. He looked calm and collected; on his countenance, always beaming with intelligence, there

sat now an air of easy dignity and serenity, which drove at once from his friends' minds the sad forebodings, naturally aroused in their fancies, on receiving that hasty and ominous summons.

He rose, and bowed in silence to each of them as they made their appearance, motioning each of the new comers to one of the chairs that had been already disposed round the fire, and which began now to fill the poor but somewhat spacious apartment. Before him, at an oblique angle with the chimney, there stretched a long writing-table covered with green cloth; beside the table, on his right, rose a huge easel, against which rested a large picture, turned upon its face. The table, the easel, and other instruments and paraphernalia of his profession, compactly drawn up, apparently with a view to make room for his guests, constituted a line of defence, behind which the painter found himself entrenched, as it were, and separated from the rest of the company. Presently an untidy wench, who officiated as the poor artist's only attendant, brought in and laid upon the table a pair of lighted candles, snuffed them, and curtsied as she left the room.

"Gentlemen," at last began Sheridan, as the door closed upon the heels of the retreating domestic, "kind friends, I thank you! In my days of youthful sanguineness, when I fancied that every smiling countenance betokened a loving heart, I could hardly have hoped that my call had power to bring so many friends to my side. In this hour of final despondency, when I needed only a few warm and true bosoms to bear me through this last trial, I cannot express how proud, how happy you make me by complying with so much readiness, in so great a number with my request. I thank you; as you have not deserted your poor friend, so may God never forsake you!"

"Hurried on, goaded on in our mad race of life, in obedience to that instinct of self to which alone we continue true to the last, it is no wonder if we have no leisure to look after such of our fellow-wayfarers as may happen to sink overpowered by the road-side. Grappling each of us with our own share of misery, far from reaching a helping hand, we scarcely shrink from treading on our fallen neighbor, as we rush onward in our headlong strife. No man has a right to complain if he be left to perish unheeded; because evil is stronger than any, stronger than all of us; and, in the experienced inefficiency of our means of resistance, we recoil from the idle contemplation of suffering which it is not in our power to avert or to soothe.

"But he,—the weary pilgrim, the wound-

ed warrior bleeding to death on this wide battle-field of the earth,—he who has long manfully borne up against the tide of adversity, and, after strenuous but hopeless endeavors, crosses his arm on his breast and resigns himself to his doom,—shall be charged with faint-heartedness, if on the moment of succumbing he be tempted to implore from his fellow-beings—not their assistance, for despair admits of no auxiliaries—not their regret and sympathy, not at least that sterile commiseration which is almost invariably akin to contempt—but a word of reverence even more than love—the assurance that he has well deserved of his race, that he has stood his ground as beseemed a man, and even in his downfall only yielded to irresistible, iron necessity.

"It is for such a purpose that I requested your attendance here this evening. I wanted your countenance to a decisive, irrevocable measure which I am determined to adopt. I required your good leave for a long, long journey, from which I shall never return; and I wished you to stand on the shore and bear witness to the calmness and security with which I take my departure—with which I bid my country, my friends, and all I held dearest in life, a lasting farewell.

"It will be no difficult task to acquaint you with the causes that have led to this resolution. Mine was not an adventurous life, and there are hardly any of its leading vicissitudes with which you are unfamiliar. It was an artist's life—an unsuccessful artist's. It was the powerless struggle of an aspiring, soaring intelligence against unresisting and yet unyielding matter; the melancholy waste of all the faculties of a strong mind on a field of exertion in which unwearyed industry, stern perseverance, unswerving will, are, by themselves, utterly unavailing. My genius lied within me! From the first moment that, an untutored country lad, I sketched the old church in our village-green, Art, as an evil demon, took possession of its devoted victim. Like the arch-tempter, it exacted the sacrifice of my soul in exchange for its creative gifts; but, different in this from the great enemy of human kind, it secured its prize without being true to its own share of the compact. It worked upon me the persuasion that nature had lavished on me the elements of greatness; it repeated incessantly in my ears, 'Thou, too, art a painter!' an egregious hallucination of which death alone can bring the total disenchantment.

"From that moment I was a doomed man. My scanty patrimony, the bloom of my youth, the sunshine of my days, the repose of my nights, were wasted on shapeless creations,

beneath whose very features there seemed to lurk a fiendish sneer at the stark impotence of their maker. The glow of heated fancy, the trance of inspiration, the ineffable voluptuousness of conception, during the pressure of which I felt as if floating though an ethereal region between earth and paradise, subsided at once on the first attempt at mixing my colors. My buoyant imagination seemed lined, as it were, by the viscid clay on my palette, and every flutter of its wings sunk it deeper and deeper, till it utterly deprived it of its ingenite power of flight. All the tints in the rainbow could not body forth the colorless dreams of my fancy. The flitting phantoms of my brain refused themselves to all mechanical incarnation. The spark which I presumed to steal from the sun could not live in the mephitic medium of an earthly atmosphere. Every touch of my brush was like a downfall from the clouds. My failure was always proportionate to the degree of my previous excitement. If it ever happened that my works secured the suffrage of the vulgar (for without some partial success I could hardly have fed so long on my deplorable illusion), if my paintings ever met with public applause at the Exhibition, it was only when the hand wrought without the head, only in those moments of mental exhaustion, in those lucid intervals of my dreary infirmity, when my fingers went, almost unconsciously, through the mechanical routine of my craft. On these vile specimens of the materialism of art, I hardly deigned to cast a look of disgust and scorn; but those vague, shadowy sketches which I intended for a revelation of my heavenly visions, the pictures in which form was to be made subservient to spirit, in which the artist aspired to be, not the imitator, but the master of nature, those were never openly exposed, never privately shown to mortal eye; in fact, never achieved. Before these crude fantasies I stood as if spell-bound, gazing upon them with a vacant stare, as if my eyes were gifted with the photographic power of the sun, as if the realization of my unsubstantial conceit were to be the work of magnetism or magic, rather than the result of manual exertion, as if the canvass could, like a mirror, reflect the image of my intangible thought.

"In this manner long hours were spent in a consuming agony of inaction, amidst the withering throes of a barren travail; and when I finally rose, and tore myself from the charm of that ecstatic contemplation, my head swam round, throbbing and aching with feverish excitement.

"Then I looked around me, into the mad, whirling world, from which I fancied I had secluded myself past return, and with the

zest of long abstinence, deep for a season, I dived into its bewildering eddies, and in its enervating pleasures, in its cramping inanities, I strove to lull myself into utter unconsciousness. In vain! To exhaustion and satiety regret succeeded and self-reproach, and at the first twinge of remorse, that sleepless longing for something unattainable, incomprehensible, again sprang up in my bosom.

"Thus ruled by an unconquerable fatality, I returned to my dreary toil. For a brief space it seemed as if my spirit, refreshed by that short respite, had broken through the trammels of material obstacles. For a few touches the hand harmonized with the head. Oh, rapture! My idea, radiant with unearthly tints, startled into life under my trembling pencil. But alas! but alas! to the deceitful beams of that transient aurora chaos succeeded and deeper night. The creation of my morbid imagination assumed before my eyes gigantic, terrific dimensions. It pressed on my giddy brain till it crushed, it overwhelmed it; till I either fell senseless at the foot of my abortive sketch, or, in a paroxysm of rage, I tore it from the easel and trod it down with deep curses of frantic despair!

"At war with myself, I extended my execration to all surrounding objects. To the dulness of this gloomy climate, to the tardiness of my northern blood, to the grovelling spirit of my unimaginative countrymen, rather than to any deficiency of talent, I was willing to attribute my want of success. I rated the stars which had cast my lot on a land saddened by the incessant frowns of Heaven. I fancied that painting, like the vine, could never thrive under this pale, sickly sun; that fancy could have no full swing under the dead weight of this unelastic atmosphere. Urged by that idea, I hastened from a land that could be no home to genius; I abjured it—cursed it. I moved through the continent an eager pilgrim, with the light step of an enfranchised prisoner. Across the sea, athwart the mountains, I flew to the birthplace of art, to the universal fatherland of great minds. I was in Italy—an Italian! Only in that country has art ever been idealized. I gazed on a Raphael, or a Guido, as a living evidence of the practicability of my wildest conceptions. What thought can be said to be unutterable? What images can fancy conjure up which oil-colors may not convey to the senses? Art is as infinite as mind itself; and am I not an artist? Let only the secret working of these ancient masters be revealed to me. Their excellence was only the result of a skilful preparation of their coloring materials. It is only in the execution that I have any thing to

learn. My conceptions embrace as wide a design as the most daring among them.

"Alas! I was soon to learn that execution is the beginning as well as the achievement of art. Ten years of anxious wandering were frittered away in bootless efforts to obtain possession of this artist's mechanism, which should be the slave, and yet is nothing less than the tyrant, of thought. This mixing of colors, which I despised as a mere handicraft common to the meanest dauber, was, however, the utmost attainment of sovereign intellects. It is a gift as rare in Italy, at the present day, as in any other part of the world. It constituted the peculiar charm of the ancient masters; it was invented, perfected by them, and died with them. In my attempts at an emulous imitation of their master-pieces, I lost that nerve of originality in which I had hitherto prided myself. Truth began, at last, gradually, but irresistibly, to force itself upon my reluctant mind. The bitter conviction glared before my eyes. The brush dropped from my hands, my head sunk on my bosom—I was not intended for a painter!

"I began to comprehend that those bright, flitting fancies on which I had laid my claims to an artist's genius may equally glimmer through the benighted understanding of the dullest of men. That they are the vital spark inherent in the spiritual substance of every man's soul, latent under the deepest layers of coarse sensualism, slumbering, but not extinguished, under the ashes of the coldest materialism; that every man's mind is teeming with volumes of never-to-be-written poetry; that each of us might say, with a boast analogous to Archimedes's, 'Give me but a language and I will reveal Heaven!' But that he alone is indeed a creator who suffers not those familiar demons of imagination to run riot in his brain, but, with the might of a fearless enchanter, secures them in his grasp, subjects them to his will, forces them into daylight under the shape of words, colors, or notes; that the privilege of genius consists less in the conception than in the expression of thought; that, in short, a man is only a poet in as much as he is a versifier; only a painter in proportion as he is a colorist.

"Thus did I see myself baffled in the sole object of my whole life. In the midst of my career I became aware that I had followed a road without issue. Great God! upwards of thirty years lived in vain!

"And yet this blasting conviction, this death-blow to my fondest expectations, found my heart more calmly resigned than I had anticipated. No stroke of affliction can bear

down the stubbornness of human vitality. An outcast from the temple of art, I continued to worship at its threshold. I shrunk from the creator into the mere amateur. I followed, a discarded suitor, in the train of the beauty that spurned me. The quiet enjoyments of the man of taste are not without relish even for one who aimed at the more tempestuous raptures of operative genius. A long contemplation of the beautiful gives our mind all the refinement of the most exquisite Epicurism. A visit to the Tribune or a lounge in the halls of the Vatican,—a thunder-storm in the Apennines, or a sunset in the bay of Naples, had lost none of their charms, even though I had relinquished all hope of reproducing the wonders of nature, or rivalling the prodigies of art. Sense was not deadened or blunted, even though deprived of all vent and utterance. Inaction is not idleness in Italy; there is life in the air you inhale, life in your listless languor, life in the very dreams of your slumbers.

"From this delicious state of supineness, domestic afflictions came rudely to awake me. My father died, and the sins of his prodigality were severely visited on his no less extravagant son. I hastened back to England only to find myself an orphan and a beggar. In presence of staring poverty I was roused into exertion. Once more I took up my pencil, no longer, alas! to wrestle with the overpowering emotions of an exuberant fancy, no longer to toil for endless renown, but to engage in a desperate struggle—for bread?

"Ten years' absence had made me almost a stranger at home; still a few persons were living who had witnessed the earliest essay of what they looked upon as a promising genius. A long sojourn in Italy was no trifling recommendation in the eyes of the untravelled part of our wealthy citizens. Among these lower ranks of patrons of the fine arts I was for a season a novelty. I was invited to give life in my canvass to the round face of an overfed alderman; to produce a faithful imitation of the sharp features, shrivelled neck, and red elbows of his eldest daughter; to delineate the crazy chimney-tops of his Elizabethan villa at Hackney. In a profession in which mediocrity itself is an abomination, I consented at once to sink to the lowest order. I became a mere drudge. Still, even yet, I shrunk not from the degrading task. I drank my cup to the lees. I despised myself, and lived on.

"But I prostrated myself in vain. Fortune could not be propitiated by the most abject acts of dastardly submission. My vulgar employers gradually dropped me. Perhaps my talents did not even come up to their standard of excellence, or some successful rival

stepped forward with stronger claims to their patronage. Perhaps, also, my inborn haughtiness and irritability were not always sufficiently curbed in presence of those purse-proud idiots. Perhaps, in some unguarded moment, I betrayed my repugnance to the vile jobs that were offered to me.

"I deny not the charge. My stubborn spirit, my fiery temper may have had an ample share in working out my destitution. Adversity never fails to find a ready auxiliary in the morbid tendencies of our soul. Man is but too often the worst enemy of himself. But, to whatever causes my calamities might be ascribed, my desolation was now complete. I was left alone, with no prospects but sheer starvation before me.

"Thank God! I had now nothing to fear. All hopes of happiness were long since blighted; but I was now denied the very means of subsistence. Society cast me out of its bosom. The earth had not a square foot of ground for me to stand upon. I welcomed despair; I hugged it with a lover's transport; I revelled in its cold, withering embrace. Heaven and earth had forsaken me. I considered myself acquitted of all debts. I was at last thoroughly, absolutely, unconditionally free. I breathed again. I was now at liberty to do as I pleased with myself. I determined—to die!

"Yes, my friends, I have gazed upon the sun which shall never rise again for me. I have watched the deepening night which is to be the forerunner of a darker and more durable night. I am resolved on self-destruction!

"Start not—answer not—do not stir! Step not between me and my irremovable resolution. I anticipate all your remonstrances. I have provided against all opposition on your part. Think you I would so freely avow my design, if it were in the power of any living being to frustrate it? I am determined to die, and no man who loves me could conscientiously wish to thwart my purpose.

"Spare me your useless protestations of unbounded devotion. Tell me not that your friendly zeal is ready to snap your purse-strings, that the poorest of you is willing to break the last crust with an old friend. God bless you! I mean no reproach. It is the way of the world, and I hold you not accountable for a long neglect which originated in the common selfishness of mankind. But during these last three years in which I was plunged deeper and deeper in this abyss of misery, which of you sought me out? who remembered me? who thought it his duty to offer me a share in his fortune? Had you, to-morrow, heard the announcement of my death by starvation, would all your benevo-

lent intentions save you from the charge of murder?

"What! you give no relief unsolicited? But know you not that a man of honor dies, and begs not; that he hides, denies his distress, never implores your charity, till he has resolved not to survive his humiliation? Oh! take not pride from him to whom nothing else is left; the poor alone has a right to be proud. It is his last defensive weapon to save him from being trampled to the dust. I could not accept of any man's bounties: nothing could induce me to live by your alms. I asked for employment; I offered to work for my bread. I shrunk from no toil; I recoiled from no degradation. The world has no occasion for my services; I can make myself no useful member of society, and I will not hang on it, a parasite.

"Once fixed on this determination, you will ask what object made me solicit your presence. Do not think that I wanted courage to die alone, or that I indulged a vain wish to exhibit my firmness before you. I require neither your support nor your commiseration. But on this supreme moment I felt a longing for a final communion with men. I obeyed an almost animal instinct of clinging to life even in the jaws of death. Had I been stretched on my death-bed by consumption, or by any other lingering complaint, you would have vied with each other in performing the last offices by my side, you would have smoothed my pillow, you would have received my last breath, treasured up my parting words. Should it be otherwise now, because despair, and not disease, suddenly forces me from this world, and urges me to another, where nothing but darkness and terror await me? Hold out your hands—stand by me! Death is bitter, my friends, even though life may have become unbearable. Once more to-day, I mingled with the world as I took leave of it; with the springing step of buoyant youth I dashed through the crowded streets. How busy was life around me, whilst death lay heavy on my bosom; and the day was so pure and balmy, and every tree in the park was in blossom, and every carriage glittered, and every horse pranced, and every woman smiled.

"Alas! the smile of woman! I have not revealed yet the deepest source of affliction. I loved, my friends, and never was loved. My arms never clasped the object of my tenderness,—my head never rested on a faithful bosom. I loved not a woman, but woman. With an artist's power of abstraction I worshipped unsubstantial idols; as long as I fancied myself a creator, I was dead to the charms of God's creatures. Whilst my pencil conjured down angels from heaven, how could I long

for mortal embraces? You see this canvass on my easel:—that was my first picture and the last. I worked at that canvass till I could tell my years in every touch of the brush;—that was the woman I loved. It is no more finished than the thousand sketches which I have torn to pieces in my sullen mood of despondency. It is no less a failure; but I loved it, and could not bring myself to destroy it. Touch it not now, you will see it when I shall be no more.

“But when I abjured art, when I found myself an outcast from my paradise of dreams, groping through this benighted world, struggling against want and obscurity, oh! then I sought refuge in a woman’s bosom—then I gazed wistfully after every fair form that swept heedlessly past the forlorn painter, and I felt as if I could have held them by the hem of their garment, and thrown my arms round them and pressed them to my bosom, and cried, ‘Love me!—oh! let me be loved ere I die!’

“Alas! all of them seemed to read in my eyes the despair that sat on my soul. They shuddered at my haggard look, they feared me. Oh! he lies who describes woman as a tender, sensitive being. They also shrink from the contact of poverty and sorrow; they also refuse to smile on the wretch the world frowns upon. They do, indeed, delight in scenes of feigned misery, in fictitious recitals of imaginary disasters; for to their keen sensibilities sadness itself is a luxury, and tears a source of voluptuous emotions; but the sight of actual misery, the approach of real distress, is as unwelcome to them as to the most selfish of the coarser sex. All anxious for our safety, we steer wide of the craft perilling by our side in the ocean of life,—we dread a collision with its foundering wreck,—we stand in a superstitious awe of the deadly grasp of its drowning mariner. No—no! the sunbeam of woman’s eye never shot across the gloom of my despair,—the music of her voice never stilled the tempests of my spirit. Unloved I descend to my grave!

“Let, then, calm friendship surround him whom all warmer affections deserted. Leave me not, my friends! You see I am calm and collected. Profoundly grieved, incurably wounded to my heart’s core, but not unmaned, nor demented.

“God forgive me! I am no suicide. The world issued the warrant, and left me only the choice of my death. I have chosen the shortest and easiest. Be ye my witnesses that I depart at peace with mankind. None of them ever wronged me. It is no man’s fault if our race have outgrown its appointed abode,—if it has multiplied till the earth can no longer hold it. Let us cast lots. Let the less for-

tunate make room for their betters. I will set the first example. There is another world, let us hope, for those who find no place in this,—another world, incomprehensible, but, undoubtedly, boundless and endless.”

After these words, Sheridan ceased abruptly. His friends had heard him in silent amazement. Nothing could be more astonishing than the contrast between the mildness and sedateness of the artist’s manner and the terrible import of his words. His calmness deceived the most discerning among the bystanders. They hung down their heads, they dared not raise their eyes into each other’s faces. There were moments, indeed, in which some of them would have interrupted him. They waited for a pause, for a fair opportunity to start up and secure the unhappy madman. He gave them no time.

He rose suddenly at the conclusion of his speech. He stared at them for one second with a cold, bitter smile, then, with the swiftness of lightning, he tore open his loose gown, and a short, lead-coloured blade was seen gleaming in the air.

Of all that company one only had been a silent but not idle spectator. Sir Horace Thoroughgood had glided unperceived between the easel and the wall. Sheridan had hardly time to raise his arm for the fell stroke, ere the weapon was wrenched from his hand.

“Young man, not so!” exclaimed the baronet, as he secured the maniac in his powerful embrace: “ask us not to stand by and witness such a work of awful butchery. We admit the justice of all your past grievances. Could self-destruction annihilate by-gone evils, could suicide be retrospective, it might, perhaps, be a blessing to you. But how dare you murder the future? How know you what destinies are in store for you? ‘Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’”

Sir Horace said no more; he knew how to minister better than words to a diseased mind. A hackney-coach was called for; the struggling maniac was almost forced into it. Sir Horace bade them drive to his house in Harley Street.

On the following morning a large number of the baronet’s friends took luncheon with him. A picture was produced; it was the same that poor Sheridan alluded to in his insane speech, bequeathing it, as it were, to his friends. It represented a slight female figure, clad in snow-white drapery. The form was hardly sketched, but the countenance was an ineffable type of superhuman loveliness.

Sir Horace proposed its sale by auction;

the good baronet himself acted George Robins for the occasion. The picture was adjudged to Lord Randolph for 500 guineas. The painter was present, pale, silent, and sullen; a sigh burst from his breast; he threw his arms round his preserver, and wept.

On the same afternoon Sir Horace drove the rescued artist to his villa at Richmond. Lady Thoroughgood and her two lovely daughters were prepared for the reception of the repentant suicide. All that feminine tenderness could suggest was resorted to to make a paradise of their delightful residence. Sheridan looks still downcast and gloomy, but God is with him, and better thoughts begin to spring up in his breast. Reconciled to life, he has been often heard to repeat with deep conviction, "His wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in His pleasure is life: heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

THE HOPE OF THE AZTECS.

Suggested by a passage from Prescott's 'History of the Conquest of Mexico,' quoted in the *Athenaeum*, No. 837.

It was a glorious dream that hung
Around that race of old;
By kings believed, by poets sung,
By saint and seer foretold:
The sage amid his mystic lore,
The monarch in his hall,
And the weary peasant waited for
That promised hope of all—
The God, whose presence early blest
The children of the golden West.

His coming brightened childhood's hour,
And crown'd the hope of youth;
And manhood trusted in the power
Of its unquestioned truth;
And eyes, upon whose light had fallen
The mists of time and tears,
At death's dark portals lingered on,
To see those glorious years,
Which to their life and land should bring
The blossoms of eternal spring.

But children grew to toiling men,
And youths' bright locks grew gray,
And from their paths of care and pain
The aged pass'd away;
And many an early shrine grew cold,
And many a star grew dim,
And woods grew dense, and cities old,
Yet still they looked for him;
But never breeze, or billow, bore
That glorious wanderer to their shore.

At last, when o'er the deep, unfurled
They saw the first white sail
That ever sought the western world,
Or woo'd the western gale,

APRIL, 1844.

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How did the Golden Land rejoice,
And welcome from the sea,
With all a nation's heart and voice,
Her wandering deity!
But knew not that she hailed, with joy,
The Mighty only to destroy.

But who was he that mingled thus
With all a nation's dreams,
And on the monarch's memory rose,
And in the poet's themes?
Was it the child of some far land,
The early wise and bright,
Who shed upon that distant strand
His country's gathered light?
Or wanderer from some brighter sphere,
Who came but could not linger here?

Was it some shadow, vainly bright,
Of hope and memory born,
Like those that shed a passing light
Upon the world's gray morn;
Whose dreamy presence lingers still
By old and ruined shrines,
Or flits, where wandering Israel
For her Messiah pines;
For ages, as they went and came,
Have brought no dimness to that dream?

And, even amid our fainter faith,
How long, and oh, how far,
A thousand weary hearts look forth
For some unrisen star:
But all these vainly yearning dreams
That haunt our path of gloom,
May be but voices from the climes
That lie beyond the tomb;
Telling of brighter, better things,
Than ever blest our earthly springs.

FRANCIS BROWN.

ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES.—Signor Campanari, whose interesting exhibition in Pall Mall, a year or two ago, must be fresh in the memory of all our London readers, is now residing at Toscanella (the ancient Tuscania), where "he is constantly employed in opening sepulchres, selling the portable objects, and reserving the more weighty to adorn his own garden. He has fitted up a large cave with vases, sarcophagi, and ornaments, arranged precisely in the same manner as they had been in an Etruscan tomb. The cave is square, and surrounded by a ledge, upon which are sarcophagi, with recumbent figures resting upon them, with their backs to the wall: upon the legs and bodies of the figures vases, of different sizes, are placed, standing upright; and attached to nails in the wall, immediately above the heads of the figures, are bronze utensils, of various forms, known to *virtuosi* under the titles of *specchi misticci*, *prafericula*, *stri-gils*, &c. The effect of this cave, containing the genuine objects of ancient art, arranged in a place and style so closely resembling the original, is in every respect admirable." . . . He has also "on the top of a wall, enclosing the garden of a hospital, arranged twelve figures of men and women, the size of life, in the usual recumbent posture; one of them had an inscription carved on the cushion upon which he rested, and another held with both hands a scroll, with three lines upon it."—*Lit. Gaz.*

A BEWAILEMENT FROM BATH;

OR, POOR OLD MAIDS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. EDITOR!—You have a great name with our sex! CHRISTOPHER NORTH is, in our flowing cups—of Bohea—“freshly remembered.” To you, therefore, as to the Sir Philip Sidney of modern Arcadia, do I address the voice of my bewailment. Not from any miserable coveting after the publicities of printing. All I implore of you, is a punch of your crutch into the very heart of a matter involving the best interests of my sex!

You, dear Mr. Editor, who have your eyes garnished with Solomon's spectacles about you, cannot but have perceived on the parlor-tables and book-shelves of your fair friends—by whose firesides you are courted even as the good knight, and the *Spectator*, by the Lady Lizards of the days of Anne—a sudden inundation of tabby-bound volumes, addressed, in supergilt letters, to the “Wives of England”—the “Daughters of England”—the “Grandmothers of England.” A few, arrayed in modest calf or embossed linen, address themselves to the sober latitudes of the manse or parsonage-house. Some treat, without permission, of “Woman's Mission”—some, in defiance of custom, of her “Duties.” From exuberant 4to, down to the fid-fad concentration of 12mo—from crown demy to diamond editions—no end to these chartered documentations of the sex! The women of this favored kingdom of Queen Victoria, appear to have been unexpectedly weighed in the balance, and found wanting in morals and manners: or why this sudden emission of codes of morality?

No one denies, indeed, that woman has, of late ris' wonderfully in the market; or that the weaker sex is coming it amazingly strong. The sceptres of three of the first kingdoms in Europe are swayed by female hands. The first writer of young France is a woman. The first astronomer of young England, *idem*. Mrs. Trollope played the Chesterfield and the deuce with the Yankees. Miss Martineau turned the head of the mighty Brougham. Mademoiselle d'Angeville ascended Mont Blanc, and Mademoiselle Rachel has replaced Corneille and Racine on their crumbling pedestals. I might waste hours of your precious time, sir, in perusing a list of the eminent women now competing with the rougher sex for the laurels of renown. But you know it all better than I can tell you. You have done honor due, in your time, to Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Jamieson, to Caroline Southey and Miss Ferrier. You praised Mrs. Butler when she deserved it; and probably esteem Mary Howitt, and Mary Mitford, and all the other Maries, at their just value—to say nothing of the Maria of Edgworthstown, so fairly worth them all. I make no doubt that you were even one of the first to do homage to the Swedish Richardson, Frederika Bremer; though having sown your wild oats, you keep your own counsel anent novel reading.

You will, therefore, probably sympathize in the general amazement, that, at a moment when the sex is signalizing itself from pole to pole—when a Grace Darling obtains the palm for in-

trepidity—when the Honorable Miss Grimston's *Prayer-Book* is read in churches—when Mrs. Fry, like hunger, eats through stone walls to call felons to repentance—when a king has descended from his throne, and a prince from royal highnesshood, to reward the virtues of the fair partners to whom they were unable to impart the rights of the blood-royal—when the fairest specimen of modern sculpture has been supplied by a female hand, and woman, in short, is at a premium throughout the universe, all this waste of sermonizing should have been thrown, like a wet blanket, over her shoulders!

But this is not enough, dear Mr. Editor. I wish to direct your attention towards an exclusive branch of the grievance. I have no doubt that, in your earlier years, instead of courting your fair friends, as Burns appears to have done, with copies of your own works, you used to present unto them the “*Legacy of Dr. Gregory to his Daughters*”—or “*Mrs. Chapone's Letters*,” or Miss Bowdler's, or Mrs. Trimmer's, appropriately bound and gilt; and thus apprized of the superabundance of prose provided for their edification, are prepared to feel with me, that if they have not Mrs. Barbauld and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded by the frippery tomes which load the counters of our bazars. *This perception has come of itself.* If I could only be fortunate enough to enlarge your scope of comprehension!

My dear Mr. Editor, I am what is called a lone woman. Shakspere, through whose recklessness originate half the commonplaces of our land's language, thought proper to define such a condition “**SINGLE BLESSEDNESS**”—though he aptly enough engrafts it on a thorn! For my part, I cannot enough admire the theory of certain modern poets, that an angel is an ethereal being, composed by the interunion in heaven, of two mortals who have been faithfully attached on earth—and as to “blessedness” being ever “single,” either in this world or the next, I do not believe a word about the matter! “Happiness,” Lord Byron assures us, “was born a twin!”

I do not mean to complain of my condition—far from it. But I wish to say, that since, from the small care taken by English parents to double the condition of their daughters, it is clear the state of “single blessedness” is of higher account in our own “favored country” than in any other in Europe; it certainly behooves the guardians of the public weal to afford due protection and encouragement to spinsters.

Every body knows that Great Britain is the very fatherland of old maids. In Catholic countries, the superfluous daughters of a family are disposed of in convents and *béguinages*, just as in Turkey and China they are, still more humanely, drowned. In certain provinces of the east, pigs are expressly kept, to be turned into the streets at daybreak, for the purpose of devouring the female infants exposed during the night—thus benevolently securing them from the after torments of single “blessedness.”

But a far nobler arrangement was made by that greatest of modern legislators, Napoleon—whose code entitles the daughters of a house to share equally with sons, in its property and

bequests; and in France, a woman with a dowry is as sure of courtship and marriage, as of death and burial. Nay, so much is marriage regarded among the French as the indispensable condition of the human species, that parents proceed as openly to the task of procuring a proper husband for their daughter, as of providing her with shoes and stockings. No false delicacy—no pitiful manœuvres! The affair is treated like any other negotiation. It is a mere question of two and two making four, which enables two to make one. How far more honest than the angling and trickery of English match-making—which, by keeping men constantly on the defensive, predisposes them against attractions to which they might otherwise give way! However, as I said before, I do not wish to complain of my condition.

I only consider it hard that the interests of the wives of England are to be exclusively studied, when the unfortunate females who lack the consolations of matronhood are in so far greater want of sustenance; and that all the theories of the perfectionizement of the fair sex now issuing from the press, should purport to instruct young ladies how to qualify themselves for wives, and wives how to qualify themselves for heaven; and not a word addressed, either in the way of exhortation, remonstrance, or applause, to the highly respectable order of the female community whose cause I have taken on myself to advocate. Have not the wives of England husbands to whisper wisdom into their ears? Why, then, are *they* to be coaxed or lectured by tabby-bound volumes, while *we* are left neglected in a corner? *Our* earthly career is far more trying—our temptations as much greater, as our pleasures are less; and it is mortifying indeed to find our behavior a thing so little worth interference. We may conduct ourselves, it seems, as indecorously as we think proper for any thing the united booksellers of the United Kingdom care to the contrary!

Not that I very much wonder at literary men regarding the education of wives as a matter of moment. The worse halves of Socrates, Milton, Hooker, have been thorns in their sides, urging them into blasphemy agaist the sex. But is this a reason, I only ask you, for leaving, like an uncultivated waste, that holy army of martyrs, the spinsterhood of Great Britain!

Mr. Editor, act like a man! Speak up for us! Write up for us! Tell these little writers of little books, that however they may think to secure dinners and suppers to themselves, by currying favor with the rulers of the roast, *the greatest of all women have been SINGLE!* Tell them of our Virgin Queen, Elizabeth—the patroness of their calling, the protectress of learning and learned men. Tell them of Joan of Arc, the conqueror of even English chivalry. Tell them of all the tender mercies of the *Sœurs de Charité*! Tell them that, from the throne to the hospital, the spinster, unharassed by the cares of private life, has been found most fruitful in public virtue.

Then, perhaps, you will persuade them that we are worth our schooling; and the "Old Maids of England" may look forward to receive a tabby-bound manual of their duties, as well

as its "Wives." I have really no patience with the selfish conceit of these married women, who fancy their well-doing of such importance. See how they were held by the ancients!—treated like beasts of burden, and denied the privilege of all mental accomplishment. When the Grecian matrons affected to weep over the slain, after some victory of Themistocles, the Athenian general bade them "dry their tears, and practise a single virtue in atonement of all their weaknesses." It was to their single women the philosophers of the portico addressed their lessons; not to the domestic drudges, whom they considered only worthy to inspect the distaffs of their slaves, and produce sons for the service of the country.

In Bath, Brighton, and other spinster colonies of this island, the demand for such a work would be prodigious. The sale of canary-birds and poodles might suffer a temporary depression in consequence; but this is comparatively unimportant. Perhaps—who knows—so positive a recognition of our estate as a definite class of the community, might lead to the long desiderated establishment of a lay convent, somewhat similar to the *béguinages* of Flanders, though less ostensibly subject to religious law—a convent where single gentlewomen might unite together in their meals and devotions, under the government of a code of laws set forth in their tabby-bound Koran.

Methinks I see it—a modern temple of Vesta, without its tell-tale fires—square, rectangular, simple, airy, isolated—chaste as Diana and quiet as the grave—the frescoed walls commemorating the legend of Saint Ursula and her eleven thousand—the sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter—Elizabeth Carter translating Epictetus—Harriet Martineau revising the criminal code. In the hall, Dear Editor, should hang the portrait of Christopher North—in that locality, appropriately, a Kit-cat!

Ponder upon this! The distinction is worthy consideration. As the newspapers say, it is an "unprecedented opportunity for investment!" For the sole Helicon of the institution shall be "Blackwood's Entire"—its lady abbess

Your humble servant to command, (for the old maids of England,) TABITHA GLUM.

1st Jan. 1844.
Lansdowne, Bath.

THE PRESS IN HANOVER.—The minister of the interior of Hanover has published an ordinance imposing upon the owners of circulating libraries and literary circles an obligation to send their books to be censured anew, whether they had been already authorized or not by the authorities. The Journals received in those establishments are likewise to undergo the censorship; and hereafter no person who does not enjoy general confidence is to be allowed to keep a circulating library or a literary circle in Hanover. [What the "literary circle" is we do not know.—*Ed. L. G.*]—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE SPECULATIVE PARRICIDE.

A PLATONIC STUDY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

" Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
 Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear. The times have been
 That when the brains were out the man would die,
 And there an end."—*Macbeth*.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD observes ingenuously, in one of his letters to Charles James Fox, that Plato and Aristophanes were among the authors whose works he could never read through. Few scholars would say as much in the case of the comic poet; for if any classical writer can be said to be fashionable, it is he though the wild character of his wit, his everlasting parodies of tragedies now lost, his incessant local allusions, concur to render the study of his productions difficult. With Plato the case is somewhat different. He is supposed to lie wholly beyond the sphere of popular intelligence, not because of any peculiarities in his language or manner, but because he is very commonly believed to treat of subjects in which men of the world neither are nor can be interested.

But upon what, then, do the Platonic dialogues for the most part turn? Not upon steam-trains, we admit, or spinning-jennies, or upon the best method of flying in the air, or upon mesmerism, or homœopathy, or the cold-water cure, or repeal. Nevertheless, the topics which Plato delights to discuss are not altogether without their importance. He treats, for example, of politics, morals, and religion; that is, of the best methods for securing the happiness of mankind both here and hereafter. He even touches upon political economy, and commerce, and love, and industry, the management of wives and children, the arts of sophistry, and the mischievousness of tragedies and epic poems.

He is, then, a grave writer, it will be said, and, though his speculations may be highly profitable, very little pleasure or amusement can be derived from them. Besides, we need not now trouble ourselves with Pagan sermons, having so many compositions of that sort amongst ourselves, written in our own language, and nicely adapted to the times. Plato, we are sorry to say, has left us few sermons. Grave, no doubt, he sometimes can be when it seems to make for his purpose; but, on the whole, we look upon him as a comic writer, replete with genuine wit, sometimes disguised in solemn phraseology, sometimes bursting forth inopportunely in the midst of the most serious discussions, but more frequently introduced without reserve for the obvious and most legitimate purpose of enlivening and delighting the reader.

The fact being precisely as we have stated, it seems difficult to explain how it can have happened that Plato has in almost all ages been "caviare to the general." Our own hypothesis is as follows:—For some ages before the final extinction of Paganism, there flourished in Egypt and elsewhere a class of men who styled themselves philosophers and pretended to be the disciples of Plato. That they understood his philosophy we cannot be so uncharitable as to believe, for if they did we can only regard them as so many impostors. It is more reasonable to suppose that, being endowed with wild and irregular imaginations, living much in solitude, conversing with their own ideas, or rather dreams, they became, as a necessary consequence, enamored of mysticism, which transported them to the antipodes, as it were, of the actual world, in which they beheld men subjected to any thing but the laws of philosophy.

Indeed, it may be generally observed that there is a very intimate connexion between mysticism and despotism. The inventors and professors of the Vedah system sprang up under the sacerdotal tyranny of the Brahmins. Sufism first developed itself under the iron sceptre of the Shah-in-Shah, and our neighbors of Germany, urged, if they will pardon us the remark, by the same influence, have, in most periods of modern history, been fain to seek "the soul's joy which lies in going" among those obscure and visionary regions of the intellectual universe which separate the domains of philosophy from those of poetry and romance. Be this as it may, we discover the reason of Plato's unpopularity in the vagaries of the modern Platonists, who, standing between us and their supposed master, have cast back their shadows upon him and eclipsed his brightness.

In some such way as this we are accustomed to account to ourselves for a fact which would be otherwise inexplicable, because both in character and subject the majority of the Platonic dialogues appear to us essentially popular. In the first place, they are, to a very high degree, dramatic, and as the discussion or investigation proceeds, a number of characters, through whose instrumentality the business is accomplished, are simultaneously developed. In most modern specimens of this form of composition, where the matter, we mean, is philosophical, such as the dialogues of Hylas and Philonous on matter and spirit, and those in the Minute Philosopher between Euphranor, Alciphron, Lysicles, &c., upon things in general, there is no delineation of character at all. You see through the interlocutors at a glance. The author, incapable of disguising his partiali-

ties, brings forward, obviously, one person to beat and another to be beaten, sides throughout with the victorious party, and never puts his principles even in seeming peril for a moment. Plato is far more skilful. For although, when Socrates appears, it is generally felt that the right side is that which he espouses, he plays the part of Proteus so admirably, that it seldom in any dialogue becomes perfectly evident what he does espouse. Accordingly, it is not for the purpose of adopting a philosophy ready made that Plato should be read. In our opinion, there were many important questions upon which he had not made up his mind, and many others upon which he did not consider it safe to declare it. Besides, as the art of education consists not in the transfusion of knowledge, but in the formation of habits and in the exciting of the appetite to know, so the art of philosophizing, which may be looked upon as the education of men, consists in freeing all the powers of the mind from the trammels of prejudice, sloth, and ignorance, and setting it on the highway to wisdom.

Consonantly with this view of the matter, Plato's interlocutors often start subjects, pursue them for a short time, and then turn to the consideration of something else, connected, no doubt, with the original topic in hand, but sufficiently different from it to afford the charm of variety. In the *Euthyphron*, which forms the theme of the present study, several propositions are examined, slightly, perhaps upon the whole, but yet seriously enough to excite and direct towards them all the powers of the reader's mind.

Tiedemann, Schleiermacher, and others, though diligent students of every thing connected with the Platonic Dialogues, seem, nevertheless, to have overlooked an extremely important point in the design of the *Euthyphron*, which, when properly considered, will be found to be a kind of supplement to the *Gorgias*, rather than an accidental appendage connected with the *Protagoras*. In the former of these dialogues, which may be regarded as one of the most remarkable compositions bequeathed to us by ancient Greece, Socrates maintains a very startling doctrine.

He says, that when an individual has been guilty of any offence against the laws of God or man it is as much his own interest, as it is the interest of society, that he shall suffer punishment. If, therefore, his offence be worthy of stripes, he will undergo them; if of fetters, he will submit to be bound; if of fines, he will pay them; if of exile, he will leave his country; and if of death, he will die. For, according to the Socratic theory, guilt is moral disease, and punishment the

cure which that disease requires. To bring the offender to justice, therefore, is the same thing as to supply him when sick with the services of a physician. Now as, when a man is laboring under the effects of any malady, none are so eager to procure him medical aid as his nearest and dearest friends, so, if he be oppressed by the consciousness of crime, none ought to be so solicitous to provide him with the only remedy which Providence has, in that case, made available, as he himself in the first place, and in the next his parents, children, or family.

This notion required for its basis the belief upon which was afterwards founded the doctrine of penance and purgatory; namely, that suffering necessarily, by its natural operation, purifies and restores the soul to its original state. But Socrates, however comprehensive his mind may have been, was, obviously, far from foreseeing all the consequences which might be drawn from the principle he had laid down. For example, it never occurred to him, we will suppose, to imagine that, out of his general theory of crime and punishment, practical attempts at parricide could possibly flow.

Nevertheless, we may fairly infer from the *Euthyphron* that there were persons at Athens sufficiently material and cast-iron in their composition to be able to consider human actions as so many questions in mathematics; to disregard the sacred influences of relationship and consanguinity; and to be incapable of perceiving that no conclusions of abstract reasoning can sanction us in trampling upon the primary instincts of nature and setting at nought the elemental affections and impulses of the heart.

Experience, however, speedily undeceived him. In the first place, he himself became obnoxious to the laws of his country by the commission, not of a real, but of a conventional crime. The Athenians, it is well known, believed in a certain hierarchy of gods, in whose honor the state had ordered divine service to be performed, and respecting whom numerous fables were popularly related and required to be received as articles of religion.

Socrates, and the philosophers generally, rejected these sacred legends, together with the divinities whose actions they were supposed to celebrate, and elevated their thoughts to a knowledge, though imperfect, of the true God. This, however commendable in itself, was an offence against the laws of Athens; and Melitos, a tragic poet, scandalized, perhaps, at the great reputation and influence of the philosopher, brought a public accusation against him in the court of the

king archon, which consisted of two counts, the first charging him with innovating in matters of religion, the second with corrupting the youth by imbuing their minds with these new doctrines.

This circumstance rendered it necessary for Socrates to repair to the purlieus of the law-courts, where, while waiting for his trial to come on, he seems to have moved about conversing, as usual, with whomsoever he met in a talkative mood.

The quarter of the city in which the king archon usually sat as judge was adorned with magnificent buildings and porticoes, among which were the Royal Portico, where the court was held, the portico of the Hermæ, the portico of Zeus Eleutherios, and the Painted Portico. All these structures were situated in the street leading from the Peiræic gate to the new market-place, and a person pacing to and fro beneath their long colonnades could behold successively, according to the direction in which he moved, the conical mountain of Lycabettos, the rock of the Acropolis, surmounted by the glittering structures of the Propylæa, the Parthenon, and other temples, and the Hill of the Areopagos, famous for the uprightness of the judges who commonly sat upon its summit.

Walking here,—admiring sometimes the deep blue of the sky, sometimes the groups in *terra cotta* which stood sharply relieved against it, representing Theseus precipitating Sciron into the sea, and the carrying away of Cephalos, called the Beautiful, by the goddess of the day,—in the midst of clients, interpreters of the law, and that rabble of idle nondescripts who in all countries affect the neighborhood of equity and justice, Socrates was recognised by an old acquaintance, one Euthyphron, a soothsayer, whose chief ambition seems to have been to be employed, like our countryman Lilly, in prophesying for the public. To impress the vulgar with the greater awe, he was dressed, it is to be presumed, in his divining habit, which consisted of a sort of mitre, and a various-colored network of woollen thrown over his other garments.

This honest man, notwithstanding the laudableness of his pursuits, found that, like his betters, he had fallen upon “evil days and evil tongues.” Calchas, his predecessor in the art, had flourished in an age when the greatest men in Greece thought it incumbent on them to submit their judgment and their actions to the direction of that portent and dream-interpreter. But time had now sapped and undermined the foundations of the divining art, since our friend Euthyphron, though, as he assures us, his predictions ne-

ver failed to be accomplished, had the mortification to behold himself regarded by his countrymen in the light of a juggler or a merry-andrew. Still, in whatever light he might be contemplated by the world, Socrates did not disdain to hold communion with him. Besides, we should deceive ourselves were we, with some of Plato's commentators, to look upon Euthyphron as a mere contemptible ignoramus. He boasts, indeed, and glorifies himself upon his superior knowledge, and is so far ridiculous; but in many respects he may be regarded as the representative of the popular mind of his age, inclining rather towards the credulous than the skeptical side, but in the main, perhaps, not more superstitious than the rest of his countrymen. In his appreciation of Socrates he exhibits some acuteness, and lets fall in the course of the dialogue two or three remarks which betoken considerable judgment and reach of understanding.

Surprised at the philosopher's allusion to his trial, of which no rumor had hitherto reached him, “Who is your prosecutor?” inquires he.

“I don't very well know the man,” replies the son of Sophroniscos. “He is young, however, and as yet little talked of. His name, I believe, is Melitos, and he belongs to the Pittæan Demos. So, if you happen to know of a person thus called, belonging to that tribe, with long straight hair, thin beard, and hooked nose, that's your man.”

“I am not acquainted with him, Socrates; but what charge does he prefer against you?”

“What charge, friend? Any thing but a slight one, I consider; for it is surely no trifle for a young man like him to have so important a brief entrusted to him. He knows, however, as he says, in what way the youth are corrupted, and who it is that corrupts them; from which he would seem to be some very sage person, who, having fathomed my shallowness, has determined to complain to the city, instead of running to tell his mother, of my design against the innocent young folks of his age. He is, in fact, the only statesman going who understands his business, since he perceives clearly how necessary it is to begin with the training of youth, that they may be rendered good citizens, as husbandmen who would bring any plants to perfection always bestow their chiefest care upon the seedlings.”

The whole account of Melitos is one of the most masterly examples of the Socratic irony, keen, quiet, but to the last degree effective. This person, it will be remembered, was a poet, and probably made use in his accusation of highly figurative language; for

Socrates seems to satirize, though very slightly, an expression of his. "I am, as he says, at blasting future generations in the bud." The metaphor, in itself, however, is fine, and could only have appeared objectionable to Socrates, if he really did entertain any objection against it, from something in the context which has not been preserved. The irony that follows is biting. Having taken care of the youth, Socrates observes that Melitos would no doubt extend his solicitude to his elders, and see that the old men were precisely what they ought to be. This idea occurs, also, I think, in the *Gorgias*, where Socrates inquires, "What have we children for, but that they may watch over our conduct, and keep us to our duty?" Similar in spirit is the remark made in Sir Robert Naunton, by the jocose recorder Martin, who, finding in the reign of James I. a number of minors in parliament, observed, that formerly it was the custom for old men to make laws for youth, but that now they had reversed the practice, by inviting children to legislate for their fathers.

The reply of Euthyphron, elicited by Socrates' account of his accuser, contains the most beautiful and remarkable thought in the whole dialogue. Appearing to accept seriously the interpretation which the philosopher had ironically given of the proceedings of Melitos, he says:—

"Would that it might prove so; but I greatly dread lest the contrary should happen; since, at all events, he begins with attacking the very Hestia, or household god of the state, by seeking to injure you. In what way, however, does he pretend that you corrupt the youth?"

"Why, in a way which, when plainly stated, appears most strange: he charges me with being at the same time a manufacturer of new gods, and a despiser of the old. Such are the grounds of his proceeding."

This observation introduces a fresh topic, the one which is the most difficult and obscure connected with the history of Socrates, —I mean the spirit which he said appeared to him from time to time cautioning him and restraining his actions; for it never counselled what to do, but only what to shun. This spirit, or, in the language of ancient Greece, *dæmon*, was, perhaps, nothing more than his own exquisite prudence, or conscience, of whose voice and intimations he may have spoken somewhat too figuratively, while he was interpreted and understood literally. He may even have believed that since the internal monitor in him, as in all other men, was more audible at some times than at others, it might have been a voice from God.

This would be no impeachment of his understanding; for, since God has indubitably revealed things to mankind, Socrates may have flattered himself that he was chosen to be the recipient of some kind of revelation. At all events, his language will often bear this kind of interpretation, and upon such grounds did his accusers in part proceed. Alluding to the philosopher's last answer, "I understand," observes Euthyphron, "he calls you a manufacturer of gods, because of the divinity which you say habitually appears to you. It is on this he founds his accusation of your innovating in divine things, and has brought an action against you in court, knowing that such matters are liable to be easily misrepresented to the people."

The conclusion of Euthyphron's speech is extremely curious in many respects. It shows with what Shakspearian accuracy Plato could paint the interior movements of the mind; and in the next place it discloses to us the estimation in which the art of soothsaying was held in those times. In the Homeric ages, as we have observed, augurs and soothsayers directed the march of armies and the affairs of kingdoms; but when Euthyphron addressed his countrymen in the public assemblies, and undertook to foretell what would come to pass, they laughed at him; though, as he himself avers, he had never made a single prediction which had not been accomplished. But, putting himself and Socrates in the same category, in the true Falstaff vein ("they hate us youth"), he says, "the multitude envy all persons like us; we must, however, pay no attention to them, but go our own gait."

From the reply of Socrates, we learn that he thought it no great calamity to be laughed at. Even to be suspected of being wise he considered a thing tolerable in itself, since the Athenians troubled themselves very little as to whether a man were wise or not, provided he permitted the people to enjoy their folly. But if he set up for a reformer, and pretended to impart his wisdom, they were quickly down upon him, "either," as he phrases it, "through envy, or through some other feeling equally creditible." The remark of Euthyphron on this point shows that he was wide awake.

"How the Athenians," he says, "might be affected towards me under such circumstances, I don't mean to try."

The worthy soothsayer had, in fact, no desire to become a martyr. His last observation convinced Socrates of this.

"I see now," said he, "why you are so chary of your own inward opinions, and have little desire to impart your wisdom. But for

myself I apprehend the Athenians have made the discovery that, through my philanthropy, I am not only ready to lavish upon every man what I possess, without reward, but that if I had any thing I would pay persons to listen to me. If, therefore, as I was saying, they were only about to laugh at me, as you say they do at you, I should think it no great matter to be dragged into court by jokers and scoffers. But if they enter upon the affair seriously, it must be uncertain how it will end, except to you soothsayers."

A very brief snatch of dialogue serves, as we have seen, to explain the motives which had brought Socrates to the Royal Portico, after which it becomes Euthyphron's turn to declare the nature of his business. In this part of the composition Plato displays extraordinary skill. Had he represented the diviner as in any degree doubtful of the rectitude of his conduct, he must have rendered him so utterly detestable, that it would have been impossible to experience any interest in his affairs. It is not intended, however, that he should be looked upon as a diabolical personage. At bottom, no doubt, there is a radical flaw in his character: but, superficially, he appears to be nothing more than a wrong-headed and pedantic moralist, who, having got hold of an hypothesis, imagines it to be incumbent on him to suffer it to ripen into all its consequences. As often happens, moreover, he is most proud of that which should have most deeply affected him with shame. The reason is, that falsely supposing himself to be wise, and imagining that it has been given him to soar above the vulgar, he seems to discover merit in departing from the ordinary practice of mankind, and in shocking the prejudices of the multitude. He, therefore, does not hesitate at all, as soon as the questions of Socrates afford him an opening, to declare that he is bent upon committing parricide, not according to the coarse method resorted to by ordinary murderers, but by rendering the state his accomplice, and employing the instrumentality of the law.

"And you, also, then," exclaims Socrates, "have some cause in hand; but what is it? 'Are you plaintiff or defendant?'"

"I pursue."

"Whom?"

"One, to pursue whom will appear to you to be madness."

"What, then, do you pursue some person who has wings?"

"Nay, he whom I pursue, so far from having wings, is a man well stricken in years."

"Who is he?"

"My father."

"Your own, my good man?"

"Exactly."

"What is the crime, and the nature of the accusation?"

"Murder!"

Socrates, at the announcement of so astounding a design, ceases to be a cold speculator, and becomes at once a man alive to all the impulses and emotions of humanity. He forgets utterly the barren generalizations of the *Gorgias*, which lie open to precisely the same objections as the actual proceeding of *Euthyphron*, and undertakes to convince the worthy soothsayer that the enterprise in which he has embarked is the most flagitious and unnatural conceivable by the human imagination.

But besides being a philosopher and a moralist, Plato aims also at being a judicious writer, and, therefore, instead of plunging his interlocutors at once into profound investigations respecting the principles and motives of human action, he introduces something like a short story, by Socrates requiring Euthyphron to explain the circumstances in which his parricidal prosecution had originated. This renders it necessary to allude to certain historical facts, which may in some measure be regarded as consequences of the great Median war.

In the year 446 B. C., the island of Naxos, one of the largest of the Cyclades, fell under the power of Athens; and, eleven years afterwards, Tolmides led thither a number of cleruchi, or colonists, for the purpose of strengthening the influence of the Athenians in that part of the *Ægean*. Among these emigrants, Pantios, the father of Euthyphron, appears to have been one. At least, we find him, in consequence of this act of colonization, settled at Naxos, and cultivating a farm there. The lots, or grants of land, thus obtained by the companions of Tolmides, must have proved highly profitable to them, since Naxos is one of the most beautiful and fertile islands in the whole Archipelago. On the north-west are several high mountains, covered with wood, and producing emery. Elsewhere we find a succession of hills and valleys, for the most part richly cultivated, and containing numerous vineyards and orchards, filled with a great variety of fruit-trees. Streams, too, cool and transparent, flow down the bottom of the valleys, and traverse the small, but rich plains which extend to the edge of the sea. The wines of this island, whether red or amber-colored, were anciently of so superior a quality, that they caused it to be considered as the peculiar abode of Dionysos, who, in his extreme liberality, is said, by the poets and mythologists, to have be-

stowed upon the inhabitants a fountain of pure wine. This, it is to be presumed, was intended for the gentlemen. For the ladies he had another, and, perhaps, more welcome gift: he abridged the period of their gestation to eight months, having himself inhabited no longer the bosom of Semele. To account for the name of this island, the Greeks had an abundance of traditions; some tracing it back to one of its ancient Carian inhabitants, others to a son of the moon-struck Endymion, while a third class of etymologists derived it from *νασται*, an ancient verb, signifying to sacrifice.

Whether Pantios busied himself in this kind of researches does not appear. But he seems to have been an active agriculturist, and certainly resided in the country on his own lands, the system of absenteeism not having then, perhaps, been invented. Like our brethren in the southern states of the Union, "we guess," he was a slaveholder too; but, not possessing a sufficient number of bondsmen, he was fain to hire day-laborers (*πελαται*), to assist in the cultivation of his farm.

Now the experience of all ages tends to prove two things; first, that rustics will sometimes get drunk: second, that being drunk they will be quarrelsome. This was exemplified by one of the hinds and one of the slaves of Pantios; for, a dispute arising between them, the laborer fell upon the slave and killed him.

There was no coroner in those days: otherwise he might, by the help of a proper jury, have brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide. But the verdict of Pantios was very different. He looked upon the *pelates* as a murderer, and, causing him to be seized, and bound hand and foot, had him cast into a moat,—that, probably, which surrounded his castle. Meanwhile, having the fear of the *Diecasts* before his eyes, he immediately despatched a messenger to Athens, to take the opinion of counsel as to what he should do with his prisoner. The winds may, perhaps, have been contrary, the messenger slothful, or the lawyers hesitating and slow. At any rate, several days elapsed before Pantios obtained a reply from Athens: and as, in the meanwhile, no attention was paid to the prisoner, the cold, hunger, and his chains, put a period to his life.

This event placed our friend Euthyphron in a novel and very extraordinary position. He had, of course, no enmity against his father, and, doubtless, was in no hurry to inherit his estate: but, entertaining the highest possible ideas of justice and equity, he at once conceived it to be his bounden duty—without

reference to relationship, without considering what might be the effect of his proceeding upon public opinion, and, moreover, without consulting a single individual among his friends or family—to prosecute the old man, his father, for murder. He soon, however, discovered that the several members of his household were less enlightened than himself. For, as he complains to Socrates, not one of them all,—no, not even the white-bearded octogenarian who was the object of the prosecution, could be made to perceive the justice or the piety of it. This extreme perversity on the part of the old gentleman was what most particularly touched the sensitive Euthyphron. He seems to have expected that Pantios would have congratulated himself upon the possession of so heroic a son, who could set the laws of nature at defiance, and despise the opinions of all mankind, in carrying out his own abstract ideas of right and justice. But he found both father and friends utterly incapable of following him in his sublime flights, through the mere ignorance of divine matters, and incapacity to distinguish between piety and impiety. But aware of the bold genius of Socrates, he did not doubt in the least that he should carry his sympathy along with him, and was, in consequence, evidently prepared to receive his condolences upon the silly persecution carried on against him by his family. He is, therefore, taken considerably aback when the philosopher, instead of falling in with his exalted views, takes his stand upon the same ground with the vulgar, and hints at the possibility of his being mistaken.

"By all the gods! Euthyphron," exclaims the philosopher, "dost thou pretend to understand divine things so accurately as to be certain that, in prosecuting thy father for such a cause, thou art not thyself guilty of impiety?"

"My knowledge would be of small use to me," he replies, "and Euthyphron would in this differ little from other men, if I did not comprehend all these things with the greatest nicety."

It is now that the dialogue enters upon its proper subject, which was to demonstrate two things, first, that the popular legends respecting the gods were to be regarded as so many poetical tales, either invented at pleasure by mythologists, or set afloat in those early periods of civilization, when men as yet understood nothing of God, and had formed no proper conception of the nature of religion and virtue; second, to show that virtue is not the creature of positive institutions, but that it rests on an eternal basis, established at the beginning by the supreme Author of all things.

But, in order to arrive at this conclusion, Socrates by no means assails Euthyphron with the formal powers of logic. He rather plays with him, brings forward and discusses mythes from the elder religion of Greece, and carries on clandestinely his war of extermination against the poets.

The soothsayer, in order to shield himself from public censure, alleges the example of the gods, observing, that since Zeus had bound and imprisoned his father Cronos, while the latter, in turn, had mutilated Ouranos, it would be impossible for such of his countrymen as acknowledged the piety and justice of these transactions to condemn him for following the example thus set him by the inhabitants of Olympos. Plato does not seem to have heard of that tradition, or to have thought that it would make for his purpose, which represents Cronos as swallowing certain animated stones, called Betyli, in lieu of the offspring of Rhea. Nor did he think proper to indulge in that system of allegory by which the fables of old times may be reconciled with the doctrines of philosophy. According to this system, Zeus—the living one, from the verb *ζω*, to live—may be said to bind and abridge the power of time, and deprive it of its sovereignty over creation, by producing faster than it can destroy. On the other hand, as the world is said to be the offspring of time, Cronos, by calling it into existence, may be said to have infringed upon the undivided sway of Ouranos, or that eternity *a parte ante* which existed before the world was.

The people, however, did not thus understand their mythology, but interpreted its fables literally, and derived from them a sanction for the very worst crimes they could commit. Socrates, therefore, was perfectly right in making war upon the popular religion of his country. For according to this wild system of theology, the gods were all of them imperfect beings, gifted some with more some with less knowledge, and endowed, accidentally, with weaker or stronger propensities towards goodness and rectitude. In determining, therefore, the nature of piety and impiety, or in the establishing of an unerring rule for the guidance of human actions, it would by no means do to adopt the theories which appear to be prevalent in Olympos.

For example, Euthyphron, siding with the younger divinities, maintained it to be perfectly right, under certain circumstances, for children to rise against their parents. But the partisans of Ouranos and Cronos, if there were any, would have argued differently, and denounced both the Metacronian divinities, and those who took them for patterns, as

guilty of impiety and rebellion. To establish the reality of virtue, therefore, and to demonstrate it to be binding on all created beings, at all times, and in all places, it was necessary in Pagan Hellas for philosophy to show that virtue did not derive its sacred character from the favor of the gods, but that, on the contrary, if the gods esteemed it, they did so only because of its inherent and inalienable excellence.

Happily, Christianity has delivered us from the necessity of making such inquiries; but it may, nevertheless, not be unworthy of a liberal curiosity to examine the foundations upon which morality rested among the wisest people of antiquity. Unfortunately, however, the speculations of Plato, more especially those in the *Euthyphron*, will not enable us to arrive at certainty in this matter. Socrates is here entirely satisfied with overthrowing, and not only does not build up himself, but omits even to point out the way by which we might build up for ourselves. It may be said, perhaps, that his object was particular, that he sought to maintain no general thesis, but contented himself entirely with prevailing on the soothsayer to desist from prosecuting his father, in which, according to a tradition preserved by Diogenes Laertius, he succeeded. This, doubtless, if we may regard the fact as historical, was a great triumph, and more richly deserved a crown than the achievement of those Romans who preserved the life of a fellow-citizen in battle. For, according to his own creed, he thus saved, perhaps, from perdition a human soul. Yet we, at this distance of time, may regret that, while alarming the conscience of the speculative parricide, while undermining and beating to the ground those battlements of pride and vanity which the poor diviner had erected about his hypothesis, he did not proceed a step farther, and show to us frankly and without disguise what he himself considered piety and impiety to be.

Probably a very attentive study of the dialogue may put us on the track towards discovering it ourselves. He inquires of Euthyphron, why it is that we worship the gods, and of what service our worship can possibly be to those eternal beings? From the reply to this query, we learn what was, probably, the popular notion on the subject. People thought, according to the soothsayer, that when they presented offerings, the gods ought to be pleased with them, since they were thus expending in adoration the things which they themselves most prized. Socrates, however, immediately puts this on a new footing, by inquiring from whom it is that men receive what they possess? which speedily makes it

evident that, while they obtain every thing from the gods, they imagine themselves to be singularly meritorious when they determine to give them back a small part of what is their own.

From this and similar considerations, the inference is soon drawn, that piety is not synonymous with offering sacrifice; and the inquiry reverts to the point whence it set out, which was to determine the nature and object of piety, and generally of every other virtue. Socrates, in the course of the dialogue, shows very clearly that the value of our actions, and, consequently, of the principle from which they proceed, is not to be estimated by the amount of their utility to the gods, since, when properly examined, our virtues are found to be of no service whatever to them.

This naturally directs the investigation into another channel, and suggests the question whether all actions be not virtuous or otherwise, in proportion as they are useful to ourselves. The theory of virtue shadowed forth by this demand may appear at first sight to be extremely narrow and onelevated; in fact, to be synonymous with utilitarianism. But truth is truth; and, after ranging through the whole region of nature and possibility, it is found to be beyond our power to assign to virtue any other purpose. But by insinuating this, Socrates is very far from seeking to establish such a system of selfishness as any man of the world would be willing to accept. According to the Socratic philosophy, the object of our existence is happiness, which consists in that perfect equilibrium of the intellect, passions, and affections, of old, by a figure now become trite and commonplace, denominated harmony. Every thing which brings us nearer to this state, or tends to preserve us in it, is virtuous, while every thing which checks our progress, or tends to throw us back when arrived, is vicious. But man, not being self-existent, and not existing alone in the universe, is conscious of being a subordinate and responsible agent. This consciousness impels him into many inquiries; first, he desires to ascertain to whom he owes his being, and what is the nature of that cause upon which he depends as an effect. This is the highest exercise of his intellect, and by employing it wisely he discovers that the cause in question is in perfect harmony with itself. From the next step in the inquiry he learns that the author of all subordinate intelligences has established certain laws for their guidance, by rigidly following which, they in their sphere, and each according to his capacity, may enjoy a measure of that harmony which constitutes the felicity of the Supreme

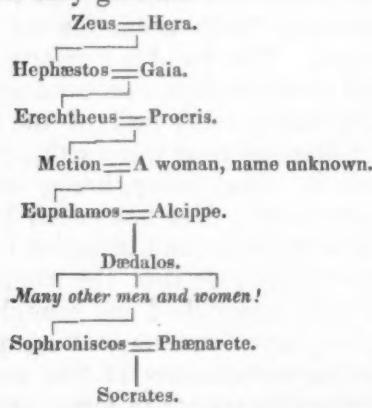
Being. Thus the science of ethics is erected on the relation subsisting between God and man; and habits and actions are found to be virtuous, not because they are pleasing to God, but because they promote the end designed by his providence, which is to secure our own happiness; and for this alone they are pleasing to him.

What I have here said occurs nowhere in the *Euthyphron*, or, so far as I know, in any other dialogue of Plato. Yet it is certainly Platonic, because it grows up spontaneously in the mind while we converse with the characters which he introduces speaking. And this is the peculiarity, and that which constitutes the excellence of this philosopher's remains. *Euthyphron*, as we have already remarked, is by no means an adept in ethical and metaphysical speculations, but an individual taken at hap-hazard from among the innumerable representatives which then existed of the popular style of thinking. This, which seems at first a circumstance to be regretted, is precisely the best thing that could have happened. For, as he occupies the common level of humanity, philosophy, in order to communicate with him, is compelled to lower her sphere and cause it to move parallel with the body to be enlightened by it. Had *Euthyphron* been a suitable reasoner, a lofty thinker, initiated in all the mysteries of philosophy, Socrates would probably have retired with him into the innermost recesses of ontology, and carried on a discussion little profitable to mankind in general. The humble capacity of the soothsayer renders such a proceeding impossible. Being short, every link of the investigation must descend near the earth, or he cannot touch it. Nay, more, being once confuted or convinced, does not satisfy him. He reclothes his error, and brings it forward under a new shape; so that the confutation, also, has to be remodelled and brought to bear, as it were, upon an ever-shifting point. Still, as to the inhabitants of this earth it is the heavens that appear to move around in mysterious dance, so to the soothsayer, it is not his own reasonings, but those of Socrates, that seem to resemble quicksilver, or, to borrow his own figure, the statues of Dædalos.

Concerning these wonderful works of art, ancient writers have preserved an extremely provoking silence; or rather, saying a great deal about them, they explain nothing. To them, however, Dædalos seems to have been what Steam-engine, perhaps, may prove to future generations. Every work of art beyond the reach of ordinary intelligence they attribute to him, and at length proceeded so far as to endow him with miraculous powers.

Even in minute and trifling matters, every thing curious was ascribed to Dædalian ingenuity. Thus the dolls which moved with springs were the invention of this artist; and, when Augæas was at a loss how to capture the thieves who robbed his treasury, it was to the wit of Dædalos that he applied for assistance. The story, we fancy, is familiar to our readers, how the great mechanician set his snares in the golden treasury; how Agamedes was taken; and how his companion, Trophonios, to avoid detection, cut off his head; together with the flight of Cerayon and Trophonios to Athens and Bœotia. But the self-moving statues remain still an enigma. It would seem, that wherever they might be placed, they would never stand still, but, mocking the hand of him who sought to grasp them, glide hither and thither like shadows; nay, though fashioned of bronze, they had almost the warmth and vitality of flesh and blood, so that, in order to keep them quietly upon their pedestals, it was absolutely necessary to chain them there.

No wonder, therefore, that Euthyphron, knowing the pedigree of Socrates, should have made merry with him upon his supposed logical artifices. Nevertheless the ancient genealogists, to whom we are indebted for the history of the landed gentry of Attica, have been guilty of a grievous oversight in tracing the descent of Socrates from the author of the Augæan snares. It is thus, however, that they give it:—



Now the son of Sophroniscos, a sculptor by profession, and an able one, too, since the beautiful group of the Graces which adorned the Acropolis was his, being thus descended from the Dædalian family, might, therefore, be supposed to possess the art of giving a sort of rotundity to his principles, so that they would constantly slip away from beneath the foot of reasoning. But he very earnestly, in his discourse with the parricide, disclaims this ability, and maintains that he had rather possess sound and immovable principles than be master of the wealth of Tantalos. Nevertheless the inclination

was certainly strong in him to examine the foundations of established opinions, to rock and shake them, and render people apprehensive of their fall, whether they were subversive or not. But a false notion he would quixotically go out of his way to attack. Thus in the present discussion with Euthyphron, he flies off into the realms of poetry, for the purpose of overthrowing an idea which two verses of Stasinos had rendered popular:—

*Ζῆνα δὲ τὸν φέξαντα, καὶ διὰ τὰδε πάντ' ἐφότενσεν,
Οὐκ ἐθέλεις εἰπεῖν· ἵνα γὰρ δέος, ἔνθα καὶ αἰδώς.*

“Where there is fear,” exclaims the bard, “there, also, there is shame.” But Socrates, desirous of convincing the soothsayer that popular opinions are almost always wrong, undertakes utterly to demolish the proposition of Stasinos. He shows, therefore, that fear may be where there is no shame; since we may fear the plague, but cannot be ashamed of it. On the other hand, if we be ashamed of an action, we are afraid to be seen committing it; and, therefore, observes the philosopher, we must reverse the poet’s saying, and affirm that, “Where there is shame, there, also, there is fear.” This criticism, however, is merely introduced by way of illustration, the object being to show that, although whatever is pious must be just, every thing just is not necessarily pious. From this he concludes that, although the father of Euthyphron might be justly prosecuted, it would yet be contrary to all the laws of piety that he should be prosecuted by his son.

Having proceeded thus far, and evidently awakened very serious apprehensions in the mind of the soothsayer, he presses him to develop completely his theory of piety. But the honest man had now begun to turn his eyes inward upon himself, to be troubled at the aspect of his own intentions, to be filled with doubts and misgivings, to distrust even his own lofty pretensions to divine knowledge. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he feels himself humiliated. His self-confidence gives way, and he finds in his own case a verification of the maxim he had newly learned, that where there is shame, there, also, there is fear. He is uneasy in the presence of Socrates, whose terrible powers of destruction in matters of opinion he has just witnessed. He, therefore, trembles for the safety of all his notions; and, lest not one of them should be left to him, he suddenly takes to flight, promising to renew the investigation at some future period, but manifestly with the solemn determination to break that promise. As we have said, however, the speculative parricide slays his father only hypothetically.

INTERMENT IN TOWNS.

From the *Athenaeum*.

A Supplementary Report [to the Sanitary Report] on the Practice of Interment in Towns. By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Presented to both Houses of Parliament.

THREE years ago, Mr. Walker, in his 'Gatherings from Grave-yards,' alarmed and shocked every body by his statements of the results of the practice of interring the dead amidst the habitations of the living, and the disclosures made in that work must have prepared the public mind for a general consideration of the whole subject relating to sepulture. Mr. Chadwick's Report now appears, and he enters on the inquiry with a comprehensive grasp, and fairly propounds the question, whether it is not the business and policy of a government to make the interment of the dead an object of national regard, and no longer to leave it to individual management.

Mr. Chadwick commences his Report by examining the evidence upon which the innocuousness of the emanations from human remains is upheld by some authorities, and he makes out a strong case (indeed we should say, a conclusive one) against the doctrine. He observes, that "Men with shrunken figures and the appearance of premature age, and a peculiar cadaverous aspect, have attended as witnesses to attest their own perfectly sound condition, as evidence of the salubrity of their particular occupations." Some curious evidence on this point is not of an unquotable description:—

"In the course of some inquiries which I made with Professor Owen, when examining a slaughterman as to the effects of the effluvia of animal remains on himself and family, some other facts were elicited illustrative of the effects of such effluvia on still more delicate life. The man had lived in Bear-yard, near Clare-market, which was exposed to the combined effluvia from a slaughter-house and a tripe factory. He was a bird-fancier, but he found that he could not rear his birds in this place. He had known a bird fresh caught in summer-time die there in a week. He particularly noted, as having a fatal influence on birds, the stench raised by boiling down the fat from the tripe offal. He said, 'You may hang the cage out of the garret window in any house in Bear-yard, and if it be a fresh bird, it will be dead in a week.' He had previously lived for a time in the same neighborhood in a room over a crowded burial-ground in Portugal-street; at times in the morning he had seen a mist rise from the ground, and the smell was offensive. That place was equally fatal to his birds. He had removed to another dwelling in Vere-street, Clare-market, which is beyond the smells from those particular places, and he was now enabled to keep his birds."

But on the many sections of this disgusting part of the subject, our readers will not require us again to enter. They were fully considered in our notice of Mr. Walker's book (see *Athen.* No. 630).

Great and painful, however, as are the details of interments, they do not equal those of the evils which are occasioned by the *delay* of interments. The evil of delay among the laboring class perhaps is hardly to be conceived by the upper and middle classes, whose domestic arrangements do not subject them to the same painful necessities. Numerous afflicting cases are recited in proof of these melancholy though unavoidable circumstances which we have not heart to repeat. But the evil does not stop with the mere sanitary part of the subject. A clergyman deposes—

"With the upper classes, a corpse excites feelings of awe and respect; with the lower orders, in these districts, it is often treated with as little ceremony as the carcase in a butcher's shop. Nothing can exceed their desire for an imposing funeral; nothing can surpass their efforts to obtain it; but the deceased's remains share none of the reverence which this anxiety for their becoming burial would seem to indicate. The inconsistency is entirely, or at least in great part, to be attributed to a single circumstance—that the body is never absent from their sight—eating, drinking, or sleeping, it is still by their side; mixed up with all the ordinary functions of daily life, till it becomes as familiar to them as when it lived and moved in the family circle. From familiarity it is a short step to desecration. The body, stretched out upon two chairs, is pulled about by the children, made to serve as a resting-place for any article that is in the way, and is not seldom the hiding-place for the beer-bottle or the gin if any visitor arrives inopportune. Viewed as an outrage upon human feeling, this is bad enough; but who does not see that when the respect for the dead, that is, for the human form in its most awful stage, is gone, the whole mass of social sympathies must be weakened—perhaps blighted and destroyed."

The expenses of funerals, as borne by all classes, are next brought under consideration. Perhaps there is no custom in which each class of society aims to follow more scrupulously the examples set by the class above it than in funerals. The array of the most "customary" funeral is strictly the heraldic array of a baronial funeral:—

"The two men who stand at the doors being supposed to be the two porters of the castle, with their staves, in black; the man who heads the procession, wearing a scarf, being a representative of a herald-at-arms; the man who carries a plume of feathers on his head being an esquire, who bears the shield and casque, with its plume of feathers; the pall-bearers, with

batons, being representatives of knights-companions at-arms; the men walking with wands being supposed to represent gentlemen-ushers, with their wands."

What a mockery of solemnity is all this mummary of mutes, heralds, pall-bearers, &c.!

When woes are feigned, how ill such forms appear,
And, oh! how needless when the woe's sincere!

It is estimated that the aggregate waste of money on funerals in the metropolis is between £600,000 and £700,000 annually; and the funeral expenses for Great Britain are not less than between four and five millions. The estimate for the funeral of a poor man's burial is about £5, for that of "a person of moderate respectability" from £60 to £100, both cases being, in the opinion of a large undertaker, susceptible of being reduced by 50 per cent. One of the strongest feelings among the laboring classes is the desire for respectful interment; whilst they will give nothing to educate their children, or for their own relief in sickness, they will subscribe for their burial:—

"In the town of Preston nearly 30,000 persons, men, women, and children, are associated in six large societies for the purpose of burial; the chief of these clubs comprehends 15,164 members, and has since its commencement expended upwards of £1,000 per annum, raised in weekly contributions, from a halfpenny and a penny to three-halfpence and two-pence per week."

But these Burial-Clubs must not all be considered as the "arrangements of the poor people themselves; they are evidence only of the intensity of their feelings on the subject, of their ignorance, and of their need of information and trustworthy guidance." Not a few of them are the joint speculations of the undertaker and the publican, who is generally the treasurer, and either lends the funds of the club to his brewer, or employs them as capital for himself. The premiums received are excessive; where an ordinary insurance office would be content to take a risk at 3s. 9d., one burial-club charges 7s. 10d., and another 11s. 5d. Drunkenness is one of the least vices fostered by these clubs, and infanticide is known to have resulted from them. The cost of a child's funeral varies from 20s. to 30s., whilst many of the clubs pay from £3 to £5 on the death of a child.

We shall not pursue farther an examination into the details of the evils which attend the present customs of interring the dead, but shall give some general results:—

"That the numbers of funerals, and intensity of the misery attendant upon them, vary amongst

the different classes of society in proportion to the internal and external circumstances of their habitations; that the deaths and funerals vary in the metropolis from 1 in every 30 of the population annually (and even more in ill-conditioned districts), to 1 in 56 in better-conditioned districts; from 1 death and funeral in every 28 inhabitants in an ill-conditioned provincial town district, to 1 in 64 in a better-conditioned rural district: such differences of the condition of the population being accompanied by still closer coincidences in the variation of the span of life; the average age of all who die in some ill-conditioned districts of the metropolis being 29 years only, whilst in better-conditioned districts it is 36 years; the variations of the age of deaths being in some provincial towns, such as Leicester, from 15 years in the ill-conditioned, to 24 years in the better-conditioned districts; and as between town and rural districts 17 or 18 years for the whole population of Liverpool, and 39 years for the whole population of Hereford: and the total excess of deaths and funerals in England and Wales alone, above the commonly attained standards of health, being at the least between thirty and forty thousand annually."

We shall glance at the remedies suggested, first noticing the practice in some other parts of Europe. In most of the German cities, the state has undertaken the regulation of interments; on the occurrence of a death, immediate notice is given to the authorities, who, if they see fit, cause the body to be removed to a house of reception, where it is submitted to proper medical examination—an arrangement which precludes the possibility of treating any one as dead who is not actually so, prevents the spread of infectious diseases, and reveals murders. At the receiving house at Frankfort—

"A private room is appropriated for the reception of each corpse, where regular warmth and due ventilation and light, night and day, are maintained. Here it may be visited by the relations or friends properly entitled. On a finger of each corpse is placed a ring, attached to which is the end of a string of a bell, which on the slightest motion will give an alarm to one of the watchmen in nightly and daily attendance, by whom the resident physician will be called. Each body is daily inspected by the responsible physician, by whom a certificate of unequivocal symptoms of death must be given before any interment is allowed to take place."

As a general rule the use of the reception-house is voluntary, but in cases of infection, the medical police may procure an order from the municipal authorities for the removal of the body.

We have already a sort of half-recognized functionary among ourselves, called a "searcher." This office, generally executed by some poor old woman, possibly took its rise from the orders of the Privy Council is

sued in 1595, during the Plague, when the ministers of the Church and certain householders were enjoined to view the bodies of the dead before they were buried. The Report proposes to convert the present almost nominal and useless parochial searchers into efficient officers of health, whose first duty would consist in the verification of the fact and cause of death, and its due registration. On this officer, too, would devolve the business of directing measures of precaution for the prevention of infection.

It is estimated that, under better arrangements, the total expenses of an interment, including undertaker's charges and cemetery dues, in the case of the gentry, would not exceed £38 10s. for adults, £14 for children; of first class-tradesmen, £16 10s. for adults, and £6 5s. for children; of artisans, £2 10s. for adults, £1 8s. for children; of paupers, 13s.; and that a saving of £374,743 per annum might be effected in the metropolis alone.

We shall conclude with some extracts from a communication by the Rev. Mr. Milman, in which, we think, there must be universal concurrence. He says—

"I cannot but consider the sanitary part of the question as the most dubious, and as resting on less satisfactory evidence than other considerations involved in the inquiry. The decency, the solemnity, the Christian impressiveness of burial, in my opinion, are of far greater and more undeniable importance. It must unquestionably be a government measure in its management as well as its organization."

Mr. Milman decidedly prefers cemeteries provided by the national funds, and under a general system of public management, to those by parochial taxation and under parochial management:—

"On the wise and maturely considered organization, and on the provisions for the careful, constant, and vigilant superintendence of the whole system, will depend entirely its fulfilment of its great object, the re-investment of the funeral services, and of the sacred abode of the dead, in their due solemnity and religious influence. Nothing can be more beautiful, more soothing under the immediate influence of sorrow, or at all times more suggestive of tranquil, yet deep religious emotion, than the village churchyard, where the clergyman, the squire, or the peasant, pass weekly or more often by the quiet and hallowed graves of their kindred and friends, to the house of prayer, and where hereafter they expect themselves to be laid at rest under a stone perhaps, on which is expressed the simple hope of resurrection to eternal life, and where all is so peaceful, that the tomb may almost seem as if it might last undisturbed to that time. I am inclined to think that some of the unbounded popularity of Gray's Elegy, independent of its exquisite poetic execution, may arise from

these associations. Of these tranquillizing and elevating influences, so constantly refreshed and renewed, the inhabitants of large cities are of necessity deprived. The churchyard, often very small, always full, and crowded with remains of former interments, either carelessly scattered about, or but ill concealed, is in some cases a thoroughfare, where the religious service is disturbed by the noises, if not of passing and thoughtless strangers, with those of the din and traffic of the neighboring street; and the new made grave, or the stone which has just been fixed down, is trampled over by the passing crowd, or made the play-place of idle children. Where, as in some of the larger parishes in the west of London, the burial place is not contiguous to the church, it is more decent, but then it is secluded within high walls, or perhaps by houses, and is only open for the funeral ceremony, at other times inaccessible to the mourning relatives. But will it not be possible, as we cannot give to the population of the metropolis, and other crowded towns, the quiet, the sanctity, the proximity to the church of the village place of sepulture, to substitute something at least decent, and with more appearance of repose and permanence: if not solemn, serious, and religiously impressive? The poor are peculiarly sensible of these impressions, and to them impression and custom form a great part, the most profound and universal influence of religion; and to them they cannot be given but by some arrangement under the sanction, and with the assistance, of the government. Private speculation may give something of this kind to the rich, but private speculation looks for a return of profit for its invested capital. To my mind there is something peculiarly repugnant in Joint Stock Burial and Cemetery Companies. But, setting that aside, they are and can be of no use to the *people* of the metropolis and the large towns. There always has been, and probably always will be, some distinction in the burial rites, (I beg to say, that, to the credit of my curates, they refuse to make any difference between rich and poor in the services of the church,) and in the humbler or more costly grave of rich and poor—

Here lie I beside the door,
Here lie I because I am poor;
Further in the more they pay,
Here lie I as well as they.

But it may be a question whether the very numbers of funerals, which must take place for a large town, with the extent of the burial places, may not be made a source of solemnity and impressiveness, which may in some degree compensate for the individual and immediate interest excited by a funeral in a small parish. That which at present, when left to a single harassed and exhausted clergyman, and one sexton, and a few wretched assistants, can hardly avoid the appearance of hurry and confusion, might be so regulated as to impose from the gathering of such masses of mortality, bequeathed together to their common earth, not (let me be understood) in one vault or pit, but each apart in his decent grave. The vast extent of cemetery which would be required for London (suppose six or eight for the whole metropolis and its

suburbs), if properly kept, and with such architectural decorations, and the grand and solemn shade of trees appropriate to the character of the ground, could scarcely fail to improve the reflective mind, and even to awe the more thoughtless. Our national character, and our more sober religion, will preserve us, probably, from the affectations and fantastic fineries of the Père la Chaise ground at Paris. From some of the German cemeteries we may learn much as to regulation, and the proper character to be maintained in a cemetery of the dead. * * One further practical suggestion occurs to me as likely most materially to diminish the expenditure of funerals of all classes, and therefore to render any great scheme more feasible. A funeral procession through the streets of a great and busy town can scarcely be made impressive. Not even the hearse, in its gorgeous gloom, with all the pomp of heraldry, and followed by the carriages of half the nobility of the land, will arrest for an instant the noise and confusion of our streets, or awaken any deeper impression with the mass than idle curiosity. While the poor man, borne on the shoulders of men as poor as himself, is jostled off the pavement; the mourners, at some crossing, are either in danger of being run over or separated from the body; in the throng of passers no sign of reverence, no stirring of conscious mortality in the heart. Besides this, if, as must be the case, the cemeteries are at some distance, often a considerable distance, from the homes of the deceased, to those who are real mourners nothing can be more painful or distressing than this long, wearisome, never-ending—perhaps often interrupted—march! while those who attend out of compliment to the deceased, while away the time in idle gossip in the mourning coach, to which, perhaps, they endeavor to give—but, if their feelings are not really moved, endeavor in vain to give—a serious turn. Abandon then, this painful and ineffective part of the ceremony; let the dead be conveyed with decency, but with more expedition, under trustworthy care, to the cemetery; there form the procession, there assemble the friends and relatives; concentrate the whole effect on the actual service, and do not allow the mind to be disturbed and distracted by the previous mechanical arrangements, and the extreme wearisome length of that which, if not irreverent and distressing, cannot, from the circumstances, be otherwise than painfully tedious."

The subject, in all its bearings, is important, and surrounded with points of difficulty arising from prejudices of all kinds. But the Government ought not to shrink from entering upon its serious consideration; and the way to induce the public to welcome improvements would be to lead the public to solicit them. Establish the Officers of Health and Public Cemeteries forthwith. If interments in public cemeteries are made less costly, and the ceremonies more respectful and impressive, the public of all denominations will not be slow in asking leave to participate in the benefits.

BERCEZ VOS PETITS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE CHEVALIER F. CHAT-ELAIN.

From the Court Journal.

'Tis eve—'tis eve,—the silver bells
Have rung their parting peal on high,
And sweetly o'er the senses swells
Their fairy minstrelsy.
And at that hour in former times,
How oft my nurse would sing me pleasant rhymes
Of quaint and ancient lore,
And fondly kiss my eyelids o'er and o'er.
Ye mothers, rock your babes to sleep,
And o'er their slumbers vigil keep.

Behold, behold the dewy rose
That bends beneath the breeze of e'en;
Behold the last faint tint that glows
Within the water's glassy sheen.
The moon's pale beam
Is rocked upon the surface of the stream
That breaks the silver ray,
And birds are cradled on the fragile spray.
Ye mothers, rock your babes to sleep,
And o'er their slumbers vigil keep.

When night, when night has closed around,
Then comes the reign of dreams—
With roseate hopes our brows are crowned,
That cradle us till daylight beams;—
Those soft, aerial forms,
Whose fairy troop our languid fancy warms,
Still charm our sense, however vain,
Albeit waking, but renews our pain.
Ye mothers, rock your babes to sleep,
And o'er their slumbers vigil keep.

And oft, oh! oft, when clouds are shed
Upon their infant brows—
When pallid hues their cheeks o'erspread,
And faint life's taper grows—
Then cradle them within your arms
Till sleep shall lull them with her soothing charms;
And let them dream, since dreams are bliss,
Until you greet their waking with a kiss.
Ye mothers, rock your babes to sleep,
And o'er their slumbers vigil keep.

C. DE P.

THE 'ORGANO HARMONICA,' invented by Mr. Evans, of Cheltenham, was exhibited at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday, when its various powers, as a compendious substitute for the organ, were displayed in fugues, preludes, &c., which were performed with tolerable effect. The instrument seemed to us an improvement on the seraphine in use behind the scenes of theatres—capable of more rapid execution, and possessing, perhaps, a larger range of stop; but, as in all former inventions of the kind, there is something in the tone which first satiates—afterwards becomes unpleasing; nor can we reconcile ourselves to the idea of this Harmonica becoming, by choice, the accompaniment to any performance, although its size and price may recommend it as a matter of economy.—*Ath.*

NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

Translated from *Le Semeur*, by S. J. A

Napoléon et Marie-Louise. Souvenirs historique de M. le baron Meneval, ancien secrétaire du porte-feuille de Napoléon, premier consul et empereur, ancien secrétaire des commandements de l'Imperatrice-régente. 2 vols. in 8vo. de 55 feuillets. Paris, 1843. Chez Amyot, libraire, Rue de la Paix.

THE historic souvenirs, published by M. the Baron Meneval, are not the only tribute he proposes to pay to the memory of the Emperor; he announces in the preface a more important work, for which the time does not appear to him yet come. Attached from the month of April, 1802, to the person of Napoleon,—subsequently called, in 1812, to fulfil the functions of secretary of commands to Marie-Louise, who was, shortly afterwards, declared regent,—M. Meneval ought to know a great many intimate details, full of interest, some relating to important events of the epoch, a greater number independent of it. The character, the habits of Napoleon, the words that he spoke, and which his secretary made haste to collect and preserve, a frown or a smile which no one saw but himself, some scenes of the interior which he had witnessed, letters which it devolved on him to transcribe—behold in these the rapid inventory of the first volume. Add to this, the charm of the book, which, without recommending itself by the merit of its style, offers the agreeableness of pleasant reading, and you understand the reception it has met, although it contains nothing less than revelations. It is a confabulation without pretension, where every thing is in its place, and where the end is missed if we would interdict every thing unessential; on the contrary, the frivolous anecdote enjoys there all manner of privileges; it is regarded by good right, as the mistress of logic. There would here, perhaps, be a particular kind of literature to characterize; but as these souvenirs do not aspire to be a type of it, it will be better to reserve our remarks for another occasion.

M. Meneval had been attached to Joseph Bonaparte, prior to his connection with Napoleon. Joseph had begun to write his novel of *Moëna*. M. Meneval has shown us the society which was accustomed to meet in his château of Martfontaine. It was there that Casti composed a part of his poem of the *Animaux Parlants*. Andrieux was also habitually there. At Plessis-Chamont, the residence of Lucien, the dominant taste was that of tragic representations; more serious

things occupied the attention at Malmaison. Joseph Bonaparte was charged to sign the Concordat on the part of France; the first consul had associated with him the counsellor of state, Cretet, and the Abbé Bernier, curate of Saint Laud d'Angers. The post M. Meneval then occupied near Joseph, placed him in a good situation for becoming well acquainted with all that happened at the time of this negociation. He tell us that the principal reason why this act was not communicated either to the tribunal or to the legislative body immediately after its conclusion, was not, as was said, the necessity of awaiting the demission on the part of some titular prelates of the ancient sees—this was only the apparent motive; but the fear of exposing it suddenly to the discussion of the tribune. The publication of the Concordat was postponed until the opening of the second session of the legislative body; in the interval, in order to the renewal of the fifteenth of this branch of government, and of the tribuneship, there took place a kind of coup d'état, intended to exclude from it the most violent opposition members. The mode of renewal was not determined by the constitutional act; the senate, in place of proceeding by lot, had recourse to election, and thus rid themselves of some men the most hostile to the government. The first law presented to the legislative body thus purged, was the Concordat; it was useful to recall some precautions they judged necessary then to secure its passage. M. Meneval, who freely mixes up small things with great, remarks here, that it was on the occasion of the *Te Deum* chanted at Notre Dame for the reestablishment of worship, that the first consul wore a livery turned up with gold lace. He devotes some space to his personal sentiments in the conclusion of the Concordat: "His respect for the doctrine of the Gospel was, he said, the result of his conviction, and of the impressions of his childhood, which were ever living in his soul; witness the religious ideas which were awakened in him by his hearing, in the garden of Malmaison, the clock of the church of Rueil, and his recourse to the consolations and succors of religion in his last hours, on St. Helena. In establishing the Catholic worship in France, he filled up the void which its absence occasioned in the state, but he, at the same time, obeyed a religious instinct."

The marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise shows him to us exercising a sort of discipline in the bosom of the church which he had elevated. The cardinals who had assisted at the civil marriage, except two, excused themselves from aiding at the eccl-

siastical marriage ; they alleged in justification that their absence from the ecclesiastical ceremony had no other motive than the non-intervention of the Pope in the dissolution of the first marriage. The emperor did not accept the excuse, and refused to agree to their protestations of obeisance and submission : they were exiled in different departments, with a prohibition of wearing for one month the red color, an external mark of their dignity, which caused them to be called Black Cardinals.

In order to give a certain unity to our citations, we prefer to select such details as have some relation among themselves. And here, again, we come upon religion. When Marie-Louise was nominated regent, the emperor conveyed to her from the army minutes of letters to be written by her, or of discourses which she must pronounce. We find there the project of a circular which he ordered the minister of worship to address to the bishops, to cause a *Te Deum* to be sung on the occasion of the battle of Lützen. The *Moniteur* having announced that the *Te Deum* could not be chanted at the Notre Dame on the 6th of June, because of the solemnity of the Pentecost, Napoleon wrote as follows to the regent : "In general, it suits to chant the *Te Deum* the Sabbath following. There is an awkwardness, however, in postponing it. I see not why the Pentecost should hinder the chanting of a *Te Deum*. If one event be postponed for another supervening, this would give rise to all sorts of inconveniences.—Have this day at St. Cloud a grand spectacle and a grand Court." The emperor did not wish, however, these ceremonies to be too frequent ; he thought that their rare occurrence rendered them imposing.

But if we can only gather up some anecdotes in the first volume of the souvenirs of M. Meneval, it is far otherwise in the second ; which carries us along day by day, and almost hour by hour, amid the scenes of the mournful drama of 1814. As the great facts relating to the end of the empire, however, have nothing perhaps so moving as the details of the interior, we will speak of household affairs, as M. Meneval makes them pass before our eyes. The emperor dictated each day at Fontainebleau one and often two letters, sent at different hours to M. Fain in order to instruct him as to the arrangements to be made. He gives him directions as to the large plate, what women must attend the empress, how they should convey the baggage ; nothing escaped his solicitude. It is said, he thus endeavored, by a thousand cares, to call off his thoughts from the void left by the sudden interruption of those innumerable occu-

pations which had busied his mind. No one could add as well as M. Meneval this page to the biography of the emperor ; it is not, by any means, the most important, but yet the absence of it would cause us some regret, and by the contrast it presents it is necessary to the effect of the ensemble of this prodigious life.

The close of the book is thus full of interest, although the interest is very different. The return of Marie-Louise to her family prepared a detachment, which it would be, at this day, vulgar to blame. We like better to show in exile the son rather than the wife of the emperor. Behold how M. Meneval takes leave of this child : "I remarked with pain his melancholy and serious air. He had lost that vivacity and childish loquacity which had such a charm in him. He did not come to meet me, as was customary with him ; and saw me enter without giving me any sign that he knew me. It is said that misfortune had commenced its work on this young head. Although he had been more than six weeks confided to the persons with whom I found him, he was not yet familiar with them, and he seemed to regard with distrust those forms which were always strange to him. I asked him in their presence, whether he would charge me with any commissions for his father, whom I was going to see again. He regarded me with a sad and significant air, without answering me ; then quickly disengaged his hand from mine, and retired silently into the embrasure of a distant window. The poor orphan felt that he was no more free, and that he was not with friends of his father."

This morceau, which we abridge, written with great simplicity, will give an idea of the best manner of the author. In general there is in his recital a great air of truth. It is apparent in every instance that the author aims less to produce effect than to give us his impressions. It is perhaps thus that one succeeds best in communicating them to others. The variety of topics is necessarily very great in such a book : the reader will have no need to complain of it, but it is an insuperable obstacle in the way of all attempt at analysis.

A résumé of the souvenirs cannot be given, without reproducing them entire ; so that our only resource is to commend to the reader the book which contains them.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILROADS.—It is stated that this principle is likely to be employed on many short lines ; and that the Blackwall and Greenwich Companies project its application.

EPISODES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LIFE UPON THE NILE.

Smooth went our boat along the summer seas,
Leaving—for so it seemed—a world behind,
Its cares, its sounds, its shadows: we reclined
Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
That whispered thro' the palms, or idly played
With the little flag aloft—a forest scene
On either side drew its slope line of green,
And hung the water's edge with shade.
Above thy woods, Memphis!—pyramids pale
Peered as we passed; and Nile's azure hue
Gleaming 'mid the grey desert, met the view;
Where hung at intervals the scarce seen sail.
Oh! were this little boat to us the world,
As thus we wandered far from sounds of care,
Circled with friends, and gentle maidens fair,
While southern airs the waving pennant curled,
How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace
We gained that haven still, where all things cease!

(Altered from) BOWLES.

READER! whoever you are, you may one day be induced to change the feverish life of Europe, with all its perplexing enjoyments, its complicated luxuries, and its manifold cares, for the silence, the simplicity, and the freedom of a life on the Desert and the River. Has society palled upon you? Have the week-day struggles of the world made you wish for some short sabbath of repose? Has our coarse climate chafed your lungs, and do they require the soothing of balmily-breathing breezes? Come away to the Nile! Has love, or hate, or ambition, or any other ephemeral passion, ruffled up a storm in your butter-boat of existence? Here you will find that calm counsellor Egeria—whose name is solitude. Have the marvellous stories of the old world sunk into your soul, and do you seek for their realization? Or have mere curiosity and the spirit of unrest, driven you forth to wander à l'Anglaise, as a man takes a walk on a dreary day for the pleasure of returning from it? Come away to the Nile. Here are sunshines that are never clouded, and fragrant airs, as gentle as a maiden's whisper, instead of northern gales, that howl round you, as if you were an old battlement. Here are nights, all a glow with stars, and a crescent moon that seems bowing to you by courtesy, not bent double by rheumatism. Here is no money to be lost or gained—no letters to disturb into joy or sorrow—none of the wear and tear and petty details of life. You never hear the sound of your native tongue, and somehow men don't talk, and therefore don't think so lightly, when they have to translate their thoughts into a strange language. In a word, here is the highest soul of monastic retirement. You stand apart from the world—you see men so widely differing from yourself in their appearance, their habits, their hopes, and their fears, that you are induced to look upon man in the abstract. As you recede from Europe further

and further on towards the silent regions of the Past, you live more and more in that Past,—the river over which you glide, the desert, the forest, the very air you breathe, are calm; the temples in their awful solitudes, the colossal statues, the tombs with their guardian sphinxes—all are profoundly calm—and at length even English restlessness softens down, and blends with the universal calm around.

* * * *

Cairo! for the present farewell. It was late when I issued from the gates, but it was impossible to be in a hurry on such an evening, and on such a spot. The distance between the modern metropolis and the river is broken by many a mound and chasm, that marks where its predecessor stood,—the distorted features of a city that has died a violent death. The metropolism of Egypt had an uneasy life of it. To say nothing of its youth at Thebes, it has wandered about lower Egypt, as if it were a mere encampment. Under the name of Memphis, it remained for some time on the western bank of the river. It fled from Nebuchadnezzar to the opposite side under the 'alias' of Babylon; paid a visit to Alexandria under the Ptolemies; and returned to Babylon, where it was besieged by Amrou. A dove built its nest in the tent of the Saracen general, and he, who had ruthlessly ravaged and laid waste the dwellings of man, would not disturb the domestic arrangements of a little bird. Babylon was taken, but he ordered a new city to be built from its ruins on the site where this dove sat hatching. Thus Fostát became the metropolis of Egypt. The nomadic instinct was too strong for its repose, however, and, under the Fatimites, it was obliged to start again, and remove to its present position, where it dwells under the name of Misr el Kahira, "the victorious city," or, in plain English, Grand Cairo. There are some remains of these former cities still existing, among which is a fine aqueduct, and some buildings, called Joseph's Granaries, which are still used for that purpose.

* * * *

Some hundred years ago there was a great scarcity of corn in Egypt—the people were daily perishing of want, yet some avaricious merchants hoarded up their stock until it became worth its weight in gold. Among these was an old miser named Amin, who had filled one of "Joseph's Granaries," at the last plenteous harvest. Day by day, as the famine wasted his fellow-citizens, he sat upon the steps of his corn-store, speculating on their sufferings, and calculating how he could make the utmost usury out of God's

bounty. At length there was no more corn elsewhere ; famishing crowds surrounded his store-house, and besought him as a charity to give them a little food for all their wealth. Gold was piled around him—the miser's soul was satisfied with the prospect of boundless riches. Slowly he unclosed his iron doors—when, lo ! he recoils, blasted and terror-stricken from his treasury. Heaven had sent the worm into his corn, and instead of piles of yellow wheat, he gazed on festering masses of rottenness and corruption. Starving as the people were, they raised a shout of triumph at the manifest judgment, but Amir heard it not—he had perished in his hour of evil pride.

* * * *

The sun was setting behind the pyramids when I embarked ; but night and day make little difference in this country, and the former is only associated with the idea of rest, when it happens to be too dark to see. It was bright moonlight as I mustered our swarthy crew on the river's edge. Their countenances were full of hope and eagerness, and when their inspection was concluded, each kissed my hand and placed it on his head in sign of devotion and fidelity. Their dress was principally a pair of loose cotton drawers, reaching to the knee, a long blue shirt, and the red cloth cap called a "tarboosh," which, on state occasions, is wound round with a white turban by the lower classes. The officers in the pasha's service always wear it plain. The crew consisted of a rais, or captain, a pilot, and eight rowers : with one exception we found them good-humored, faithful, honest, and affectionate fellows. Two servants completed the equipment. One of these, named Mahmoud, has the well-deserved character of being the best dragoman in Egypt. He had none of the indolence of his race ; always actively employed, his song was never silent except when exchanged for conversation ; strikingly handsome, keen, and intelligent, he had unbounded influence over the crew, and was welcomed eagerly by peasant and governor wherever we landed. From Cairo to the depths of Nubia he seemed intimately acquainted, not only with every locality, but with every individual along the river. He had accompanied Lord Prudhoe on both his expeditions into the interior of Africa, and spoke of him with gratitude and enthusiasm.

Now the cable is loosed, a long towing-line is drawn along the shore by the sailors ; the pilot perches himself on the spar-deck ; the rais squats at the bow ; and the Nile ripples round our prow, as we start on a two-month's voyage with as little ceremony

as if only crossing the river in a ferry-boat. Palms, palaces, and busy crowds glide by ; the river bends, and the wind becomes favorable ; the sailors wade or swim on board ; enormous sails fall from the long spars, like two wide unfolding wings. The pyramids of Gizeh on our right, the distant minarets of Cairo on our left, slowly recede, and the cool night-breezes follow us, laden with perfumes from the gardens of Rhoda, and the faint murmur of the great city ; the crew gather about the fire with

"Dark faces pale around that rosy flame,"

and discuss, in a whisper, the appearance of the white stranger, who reclines on a pile of Persian carpets, smoking his chibouque, and sipping his coffee as contentedly as if he had been born and bred under the shadow of the palm.

It was a lovely night. There was just wind enough to bosom out our snowy sails, that heaved as with a languid respiration ; the moon shone forth in glory, as if she were still the bright goddess of the land, and loved it well. No longer do the white-robed priests of Isis celebrate her mystic rites in solemn procession along these shadowy banks ; no longer the Egyptian maidens move in choral dances through these darkling groves, with lotus garlands on their brow, and mirrors on their breasts, which flashed back the smile of the worshipped moon at every pant of those young bosoms, to typify that the heart within was all her own, and imaged but her deity. These were fine times for that epicurean hermit, the man in the moon. No doubt Lord Rosse's new telescope will find the expression of his countenance sadly altered now. There are no more mystic pomps or midnight pageants in the land of Egypt ; he may look in vain for venerable priests or vestal virgin now. Yet still does Isis seem to smile lovingly over her deserted shrines, and her pale light harmonizes well with the calm dwellings of the mighty dead. These, with their pyramids, their tombs, their temples, are the real inhabitants of this dreamy land. The puny people who usurp their place have as little in common with it as the jackdaws have with Mucruss Abbey.

SONGS OF THE NILE.

"Oh music ! miraculous art ! that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul inexplicable feelings by the aid of inexplicable sounds ! A blast of the trumpet, and thousands rush forth to die—a peal of the organ, and uncounted multitudes kneel down to pray."

DE QUINCY.

FROM Memnon to Mehemet Ali all Egypt luxuriates in music. In the pasha's palace,

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LUNCY.

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palace,

in the peasant's hut, at the soldier's bivouac, on the sailor's deck, in every circumstance of the Arab's life, I have found it regarded as the chief source of his enjoyment. He is born, he is married, he dies, he is buried to the sound of music. It cheers his labor, it heightens his festival, it controls his passions, it soothes his miseries. Our crew sang for two months almost without intermission, yet never seemed to weary of their song. Among the items furnished by our dragoman as necessary to our outfit, were a drum and some Nile-flutes. The former consisted of a large earthen bowl with a skin stretched over it; the latter resembled the double flageolet, and was made of reeds; it seemed capable of a much wider range of notes than their monotonous music required. Its sound was somewhat shrill, but not unpleasing, and every sailor on board seemed a proficient in its use. I could detect but little variety in the airs, and the words were of the simplest kind. I listened as vainly for the songs of Antar among the Arabs of Egypt as I had done for those of Tasso among the gondoliers of Venice. The songs of the Arab sailor are generally of home, of the Nile, never of war, but most of all of love. Very few of these last are fit for translation, and as the home-made poetry of a people always takes for its subject that which is uppermost in their thought, I fear the sensuality of their muse must be taken as some index of their character. It is true that the songs of our sailors and our cottagers are not always of the most edifying character: but the popularity of some of the

"Old songs that are the music of the heart,"

the love ballads of Scotland, England, and, above all, of old Ireland; the enthusiasm for the compositions of Moore, Burns, and Dibdin, which linked in one sympathy the castle and the cottage, all this proves that there is an echo to a purer tone even in the rugged and too little cared for minds of our peasantry.

I do not pretend to give specimens of Arab poetry; but I subjoin one or two translations of Nile songs in verse, as un-artistical as their own. The first was given to me by a Levantine lady at Alexandria, and probably owes much of its delicacy to the fair medium through which it passed from the Arabic into Italian. The original is characteristic in its profusion of images, and unique, as far as I know of eastern poetry, in its tenderness, and purity of tone. Lady! should these desultory pages ever meet thy radiant eyes, let me be grateful that the veil of a strange language will half conceal their imperfections: thy gentle heart will do the rest, and whisper thee

besides, how much the wanderer owes to thee, if ever a bright thought illumes his "Wanderbuch."

THE ARAB LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.
Thou art the palm-tree of my desert, and thy glance,
so soft and bright,
Is the moonlight of my spirit in its long and dreary
night;
Only flower in my heart's deserted garden—only
well
In my life's wide, lonely wilderness—my gentle-
eyed gazelle!

II.
But the palm-tree waves in sunny heights, unreach-
ed by sighs of mine,
And the moonlight has its mission first on loftier
brows to shine,
And a wealthier hand will pull that flower—unseal
that stainless spring,
May'st thou be happy! even with him, while lone
I'm wandering.

Very different is the song which now swells from our sailor circle. One plays the pipes, another strikes the drum, *à la tambourine*, and all the others keep time with the wild, quick music, by clapping their hands. Each verse is first sang by a single voice, and then the two last lines are repeated in full chorus. The words are trifling, and seem to convey little meaning; it is the air, which to us seems to resemble "Young Lobsky said to his ugly wife," that is to them so full of association, lights up their dark countenances, and swells their voices with enthusiasm.

MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

I. THE MOTHER.

My daughter 'tis time that thou wert wed,
Ten summers already are over thy head,
I must find you a husband, if under the sun
The conscript-catcher has left us one.

II.
THE DAUGHTER.
Dear mother, one husband will never do,
I have so much love, that I must have two,
And I'll find for each, as you shall see,
More love than both can bring to me.

III.
One husband shall carry a lance so bright,
He shall roam the desert for spoil by night,
And when morning shines on the tall palm-tree,
He shall find sweet welcome home with me.

IV.
The other a sailor bold shall be,
He shall fish all day in the deep blue sea,*
And, when evening brings his hour of rest,
He shall find repose on this faithful breast.

V.
MOTHER.
There's no chance, my child, of a double match,
For men are scarce and hard to catch;
So I fear you must make one husband do,
And try to love him as well as two.

* The Arabs call the Nile "the sea."

These songs were for the most part humorous, and such they always chanted on approaching a village, or when gathered round their night-fires as the boat lay moored to the bank ; but they had also songs of a graver character, and more plaintive airs, which they sung on leaving their friends or entering upon serious undertakings. Thus, when we had reached the limits of our journey at the Second Cataract, and our boat's head was turned toward the north and home, they sung the following stanzas to an air not unlike "Vaga Luna," and kept time with their oars to the plaintive measure :—

I.

Allah ! il Allah ! hear our prayer !
Just Prophet ! grant that the breeze is fair,
And thy guiding moon her lustre lends,
To favor the guest whom Allah sends.*

II.

The stranger's home is far away,
'Neath the bright deathbed of the day,
O'er many horizonst his bark must go,
Ere he reach that home,—Row, Arabs, row !

III.

Tho' gentle Nile for the stormy sea,
Tho' for forest dark, the bright palm-tree,
He must change—yet his father's home is there,
And his love's soft eye is gloomed with care.

IV.

The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,
In cities afar, where his name is dear,
Your Arab truth and strength shall show ;
His hope is in us—Row, Arabs, row !

And they *did* row, sometimes eighteen hours at a stretch, only pausing to eat their scanty meals, or to drink of their beloved river. There was one Nubian in our crew, a harmless, inoffensive creature, who filled the indispensable situation of butt to his comrades, submitted to all their jokes, and laughed at them too, even when practised on himself. The day on which we entered Nubia, however, he came out in a new character, he knocked an Egyptian who had affronted him, overboard ; and, to the surprise of all, actually volunteered a song. It was received with great approbation, and repeated so often with shouts of laughter, that I obtained the translation of it, which I subjoin ; premising that the *refrain* "Durwadeega Durwadee," is Nubian for "My henhouse, oh, my henhouse," and that this henhouse is considered the property of the wife, which her husband is obliged to make over to her in case of a divorce.

* Mahomet taught that a stranger was a "God-given guest," which the Arabs naturally consider the best introduction.

† In the East they speak of distance by "horizons."

I.
A change came over my husband's mind,
He loved me once, and was true and kind ;
His heart went astray, he wished me away,
But he had no money my dower to pay.

Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

II.
For blessed be Allah ! he's old and poor,
And my cocks and hens were his only store,
So he kept me still, for well he knew
If I went, that the cocks and hens went too.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

III.
But I saw him pining day by day,
As he wished his poor wife far away ;
So I went my rival home to call,
And gave her the henhouse, and him and all.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

IV.
Then he tore his turban off his brow,
And swore I never should leave him now,
Till the death-men combed his burial locks,*
Then blessed for ever be hens and cocks.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

I make no apology for the simplicity of these songs. It would have been easy to have given them a more polished turn, and not very difficult to have put them into better poetry ; but I preferred preserving, as much as possible, the spirit of the original, as the songs of a people afford no trifling insight into their character.

MEMPHIS.

Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled spirit sighing roves ;
Now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The calm of Acherusia's lake.

MOORE.

Morning found us anchored off Bedrasheen, near the site of ancient Memphis. The valued friend with whom I was fortunate enough to share my voyage had been detained at Cairo, and I preferred waiting for him at the former metropolis ; although corn was growing where its palaces once stood, and palm forests were waving over the gardens in which Pharaoh's daughter used to hunt butterflies with Moses. The tent was pitched on a little lawn near the river, and in the East there is no such home as a tent supplies. It is spread with carpets, under which saddle and portmanteau duly placed, form undulations enough to be

* The Musselman's head is shaved, with the exception of one lock. This is retained for the convenience of the angel who has to pull him out of his grave. This "burial-lock" is reverently arranged by the men who prepare the corpse.

substitutes for chair or pillow; sabres, and pistols, and turban *capote*, hang from the tent pole. A large lantern within, and a large watch-fire without, give light to you and to your people; and an Arab sleeps across the door to keep off the wild dogs.

I wandered towards the forest of palms that embosoms the lake of Acherusia, and the few traces that remain of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. The former, with its gloomy waters shadowed by dark foliage, and only broken by a promontory black with blasted and gnarled stems, was a spot that Rembrandt would have loved to paint; with the vivid sunshine here and there bursting through the gloom, like bars of burning gold. Nor would he have forgotten Charon, with his spectral passengers, steering his demon ship to that vast necropolis, whose tombstones are pyramids. Some mounds among these forests are generally received as Memphis, the site of Vulcan's temple, and that where the bull Apis was kept, are supposed to be ascertained. Cambyses the tauricide, however, coming so soon after Nebuchadnezzar, and the desert, the most restless invader of all, have left little trouble to the tourist, little harvest for the antiquarian. The only inhabitant I saw was Rhampses the Great, who lies upon his face in the mud; the benignant expression of his countenance had rather a ludicrous effect considering his attitude. He is forty feet long, and with his wife and four sons, must have formed an imposing family party in front of the Temple of Vulcan. The lady and young gentlemen have disappeared; let us hope they are gone to the Elysian fields which ought to be somewhere in this neighborhood, but, as is natural, they are much more difficult to find than the *other* place which lies yonder. The quick twilight was come and gone as I wandered and wondered in this strange and lonely scene; the last rays of light fell upon the pyramid of Cheops, just visible through a vista of gigantic palm trees that opened from the lake of Acherusia on the distant desert. I stole down to the water's edge, to get within gun-shot of some pelicans, but the solemn and thoughtful aspect of the scene converted my murderous intention into a fit of musing, and I almost thought I could hear the old trees whispering the dread prophecy—"The country shall be destitute of that whereof it was full, when I shall smite all them that dwell therein; and Noph shall be desolate."

The next day I was sitting at the door of my tent towards sunset, enjoying, under the rose-coloring influence of my chibouque, the mood of mind that my situation naturally superinduced. At my feet flowed the Nile, re-

flecting the lofty spars of our gaily painted boat; beyond the river was a narrow strip of vegetation, some palm and acacia trees; then a tract of desert bounded by the Arabian hills, all purple with the setting sun-light. Far away on the horizon the minarets and citadel of Cairo were faintly sketched against the sky; around me lay fields of corn, beneath which Memphis, with all its wonders, lay buried, and farther on a long succession of pyramids towered over the dark belt of forest that led along the river. Suddenly the sleeping sailors started to their feet—a shout was heard from the wood—and I saw my long-lost friend slowly emerging from its shade, accompanied by some India-bound friends of his, who were escorting him so far upon his desert way. The tent suddenly shrank into its bag—the furniture was on board, and we four were seated round a dinner, to which, simple as it was, the four quarters of the globe had contributed. We passed the evening together, and something more, for morning blushed at finding the party then only separating—our friends for India—we for Ethiopia—*allons!*

ON THE FORMATION OF SILK.—M. Robinet's conclusions are, that the silk passes from a simple and membranous orifice placed in a conic and fleshy appendage adherent to the lower lip of the silkworm. It arrives at this opening by a single short channel, formed by the union of the silky tubes. The anterior portion of these is capillary, swelling in the middle to form a reservoir. The posterior part consists of a very prolonged slender cylinder, and is probably the secretory organ. The silk exists in a thick liquid state, gelatinous in the two posterior portions of the organ. It solidifies in the capillary tube. The worm compresses its thread by contractions of an elbow which the two capillary tubes form at their point of junction, and is thus enabled to arrest the excretion of the silk, and to suspend itself by its thread. The silk owes its color to a dye which it meets in the reservoir; it is previously colorless. The conic form of the thread is due to a progressive shrinking of the capillary tubes, which are to be considered the drawing-plates, or mould, of the silk. All the other phenomena which give rise to the supposition that the silk existed in the reservoir in the state of thread, are said to be easily explained by the fact of solidification in the capillary tubes before their union. The phenomenon of solidification, that is, the influence under which the liquid silky matter in the capillary tubes takes the form of a solid thread, remains to be explained. When M. Robinet broke the capillary thread of the silk-reservoir as near the junction as possible, he succeeded in drawing out the silk to many decimetres in length—a result which, he thinks, no one ever previously obtained. He effected it under water.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MISCELLANY.

STATUE OF MOLIERE.—The inauguration of the Statue of Molière, at Paris, was duly performed on the 15th instant, according to the programme which we had announced. France, as our readers have seen, by a multitude of similar notices in our columns, is busily engaged in repairing the wrongs of the past—elevating to the pedestals of sculpture her *own* heroes, so long expelled thence by the heroes of Greece and Rome, and making art the illustrator of her national greatness, by perpetuating the memory of those who made her great. All over her soil are springing up, in towns and villages, on the sites which the foot of genius had consecrated, the monuments which honor it. Such monuments are at once local and national, combining in one general homage to the genius of the country, and distributing through its several parts the feeling for art and the emulation of virtue. This spirit, new to France, is, as we have said, spreading there very rapidly. One by one, the men who have been the interpreters of her mind and the exponents of her true grandeur, are taking their places in the Temple; and thus, 170 years after his death (a period as nothing out of Molière's immortality, but long for the shame of ingratitude to weigh upon a nation), Paris has inaugurated a public monument to her great son, Molière! The whirligig of time is bringing about great revenges. The noble spirit to whose enclosing sanctuary priests refused their offices, as to its own forsaken one the Church denied a tomb—whose house, while yet the dead lay there, a mob of fanatics surrounded, diverted from their purpose of insult to the poor remains only by the vile argument of scattered silver—whose funeral *cortège* stole through the city streets by night, like robbers who had pilfered *from* a grave, rather than men who sought its shelter for an honored and beloved head,—has been at length “crowned in the Capitol” of France, amid the representatives of her intellectual greatness.—*Ath.*

SUBTERRANEAN VAULT.—A short time since, as a farmer, residing at Dammartin (Jura), was digging a trench in a vineyard near the roadside, he came to a large flag-stone, which, having been raised, laid open an orifice of about a mètre square, leading to a cavity below. The farmer's son descended a ladder, and to his astonishment found a vault, thirty mètres square, supported by twelve large columns in excellent preservation. On the north were twelve cases in stone, standing against the wall, in shape something like the sentry-boxes of the present day. When struck, they gave back a hollow sound, and one of them, having been broken disclosed a complete suit of armor, much corroded by rust, but all the pieces of which were still connected with thick thongs of leather. The armor, which was of an exceedingly ancient form, contained all the bones of a skeleton except the head, which was absent, leading one to suppose that the warrior had been decapitated. At the feet lay a purse, made of metal rings, containing twenty-three bronze and silver medals of small size. They were all of the Netherlands, except one representing Charlemagne. A reliquary was also found, which apparently had been attached by a chain to the neck of the figure. It was of octagonal form, and covered with chasing still perfectly clear and well-defined. From the taste and delicacy of the design, it would appear to belong to the eleventh or twelfth century. The letters L.P. were discernible in various parts. A massive gold ring was also discovered, without any other ornament than the

same letters L. P. Round the other three sides of the vault were similar stone cases, also placed against the wall. Some stones, with vestiges of Gothic inscriptions, appear to cover other tombs. In an angle a door is walled-up, which is apparently the ancient entrance. The Mayor had all the articles thus discovered placed in safe keeping, and gave notice of the circumstance to the Prefect of the department.—*Ath.*

TEA-PLANT.—A recent letter received from the Mauritius mentions the success which has attended the efforts of a private individual, M. Jaunet, in the cultivation of the tea-plant in the island. Chinese laborers have been hired to assist him in the farther culture of this important plant; the expense to be borne by the Colonial government: others have also been engaged for a similar purpose in the Queen's Botanical Garden.—*Lit. Gaz.*

A PROMENADE ON THE PRADO AT VIENNA.—Self-admiration is a feeling common to all living creatures, and though man's reason may control its extent, or render that extent unknown even to himself, it still exists in more or less force from the cradle to the grave. A child's first red morocco shoes are gazed at by the infant with as much delight when reflected in the glass, as the star on the breast of a nobleman, when in full dress he proceeds to wait on Royalty. In either sex, and at all ages, personal admiration holds a prominent place, and is inherent in the human race; but it may not have fallen in the way of many to remark its effect on animals; but that they also are strongly imbued with it, may be gathered from the following anecdote.

A young Austrian nobleman, anxious that his equipage should rival, if not eclipsé, all others on a certain occasion of a promenade on the Prado at Vienna, had spared no pains in ordering and examining the new harness, in which his Hungarian steeds were to be caparisoned for that particular display. His rich armorial bearings were blazoned to the greatest advantage; and, being by birth a Prince (though assuming only the title of Comte), he had a right to adopt, as a distinguished mark of his rank, a gold tassel, which is attached to the forehead, and hangs suspended between the eyes of the horse.

Before the equipage was brought round, the Comte descended to the court-yard, to pass sentence on the whole; and, really struck by the beauty of the horses under their rich and gorgeous trappings, he was seized with a desire to know if they would admire themselves. He ordered a Psyché to be placed at a certain distance, that they might see themselves reflected in it—and was not more astonished than delighted to behold the apparent admiration with which the horses gazed at themselves, throwing their heads from side to side; then nodding them, to shake their tassels, as a pleased child or a proud and acknowledged beauty would shake her plume of feathers. The horses appeared sensible of their own surpassing elegance; and their proud carriage on the Prado that day made them long talked of by all who witnessed the Comte's attelage.—*Court Journal.*

THE ROYAL PRUSSIAN ORDER OF “THE SWAN.”—Monarchical toleration in religious matters is a rare phenomenon. It is at the same time a most salutary example to people at large, and to other crowned heads. Adapted to meet the peculiar exigency which distinguishes the present condition and formation of European society from those

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which obtained in times antecedent to the Protestant Reformation, such a phenomenon is pregnant with important results. By establishing Christianity upon the great basis of brotherly love and inter-communion of churches, without inculcating indifference on the one hand, or suggesting eclecticism on the other, it does much towards overthrowing those national and sectarian prejudices, which, springing out of one common faith, present often insuperable difficulties to the statesman, and stand most decidedly in the way of a progressive civilization.

The first step taken by the King of Prussia, in manifestation of these high philosophic views, and truly Christian feelings, was the completion of the Cathedral of Cologne, an edifice consecrated to a form of church, different from that followed by the Monarch himself: yet in which great work his Majesty, actuated by the most praiseworthy zeal, got all the potentates of Germany to join. The second was, to obtain from Great Britain, who, from her power in the Mediterranean, was evidently best calculated to meet the responsibility, the appointment of a Bishop to Jerusalem, in order to enter into friendly communication with the Churches of the East.

These remarkable proceedings, which have met the approbation of all true philanthropists, have been followed up by a more domestic institution, but one which is strongly marked by the same admirable characteristics. It is, the revival of the ancient religious order of “the Swan,” an order founded four hundred years ago, by the King’s ancestor, the arch-chamberlain and elector, Frederick II., and never formally abolished.

The Royal Ordinance to this effect bears date last Christmas-eve, and the object of the order, as one of merit, is declared to be proof of Christian truth by deeds; the proof of Christianity not by dissent about creeds and forms, but in its spirit and its truth, by life and deeds. Attendance upon the sick, the criminal, the penitent—the alleviation, in fact, of human suffering, moral or physical, are afterwards pointed out as particularly likely to furnish the means and the material for the accomplishment of these ends. It is sincerely to be hoped that those generous spirits—of which Germany affords a worthy list—who have long labored in their own way, by eloquent and feeling appeals on behalf of the less fortunate members of the human family, will also come under the same category. The Order of the Swan could not be rendered more illustrious than by enrolling the names of those distinguished by their philosophic labors for human improvement—the supporters of the oppressed of all ranks, the abolitionists of slavery, the reformers of sanguinary codes, the alleviators of poverty and misfortunes, the opposed to none, but friends to all—the ameliorators of the human race.

His Majesty proposes to be himself the first Grand Master of the revived Order; and a principal characteristic of the new community is its profession of embracing persons of both sexes, without distinction of rank or religious confession. This is as it ought to be; the cause of humanity and benevolence has, in this country peculiarly, been as strikingly upheld by female exertion as by masculine endurance and perseverance.—*Court Journal.*

TRAVELLING IN CHINA.—Several weeks since the Rev. Mr. Milne, of the London Missionary Society, arrived at Canton overland from Ningpo, a distance of 1300 miles, which he accomplished in

38 days. He was dressed as, and passed of course for, a Chinaman. We understand that he represents many parts of the country as extremely beautiful; but others of large extent barren and thinly peopled.—*Canton Press*, September 16.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NATURE OF MATTER.—Mr. Faraday, before the Royal Institution, was led to dissent from the popular notions on this subject, by some phenomena in electricity. He entered on his subject by noticing the prevalent idea of the constitution of matter, *i.e.* that it consists of innumerable infinitely minute particles, held together in the *solid* state by the attraction of cohesion, neutral to each other in the *liquid*, mutually repulsive in *gases* or *vapors*. As this change of form in matter is usually referred to the effect of heat, it would seem to follow that this influence of heat is effected by detaching the particles from each other, so that the whole mass is made to occupy a larger space (as when water is converted into steam). Quitting this mechanical theory of the nature of matter, Mr. Faraday, rapidly touched on its modification in the atomic theory of modern chemistry. This theory, as is well known, consists in the assumption that atoms of elementary substances, when brought together by chemical affinity, form one atom of a compound body (as when an atom of hydrogen unites with an atom of oxygen, to form an atom of water). All these accepted notions of matter, Mr. Faraday declared to be mere assumption, involving, in some instances, absolute contradictions. The common physical law of bodies expanding by heat and contracting by cold is contradicted by the fact that water expands, instead of contracting, when below the temperature of 40° Fahr. On the other hand, the chemist is obliged to have recourse to *half atoms* (*i.e.* divisions of what he defines as *indivisible*), as in the salts of phosphorus and the oxides of iron and some other metals. But in the phenomena of electricity, the greatest difficulties to the general views of the nature of matter are presented. It is well known that bodies may be classed as conductors or non-conductors of electricity. Of two equally solid substances, copper conducts, shell-lac insulates; and yet if, according to the universally recognized opinion of matter, the particles of each are surrounded by space or ether,—why does this theoretical atmosphere exhibit properties so opposite? Why does it conduct in copper and not conduct in shell-lac? Again, in general, metals conduct worse when heated, and better when cooled, yet iodide of mercury will not conduct at all till it is fused. But the most striking anomaly in the popular opinion mentioned by Mr. Faraday is, the opposite electrical properties of the metal potassium in its metallic state, and when it is oxidized. In the former condition, it is lighter than water, and *conducts electricity*; in the latter, its specific gravity is doubled, twice the number of particles of potassium entering into the same space, and yet then it will not conduct at all. Mr. Faraday concluded by avowing that the impression produced on his mind by these difficulties in the received theory of matter was, that matter consists of centres of fires, around which the forces are grouped; that particles do touch, and that the forces round those centres are melted; that wherever this power extends, there matter is; that wherever the atmospheres of force coalesce, there the matter becomes continuous; that chemists need not group atoms together, as in the case

of berberine, or other organic substances, to make their composition intelligible, but that particles can penetrate each other.—*Ath.*

THE STATUE OF SIR DAVID WILKIE,—by Mr. S. Joseph, has just been erected at the National Gallery—in the umbrella-taker's hall. We particularize the site, to mark our sense of that very prevalent and most irreverent system of placing objects designed for public veneration in such vicinities. Monuments, however secular, let us observe, have a sacredness about them—they are twice consecrated, to personal worth, and to national gratitude—therefore should not be profaned by the vulgar details and littlenesses of common life carried on close beside them. It does much towards destroying their moral effect. But with these few words, more as a protest against bad taste than a project of reform, we re-advert to the statue under notice. It represents Wilkie in a mood of vivid abstraction, looking, or rather louring, at some vision before his mind's eye, which his spirit would fain wrestle with; the sharp-pointed tool he raises, however, leaves it a little dubious whether he is about to make a dash at a foe or a canvass,—whether his iron-bent arm yields a poniard or a pencil. The slight ambiguity of attitude we mention, seems countenanced, too, by the rather sullen expression of the features. We have considerable esteem for Mr. Joseph's talents, but imagine them better suited to domestic than public sculpture. His 'Wilberforce' we recollect admiring at the Royal Academy, as a portrait of the man himself, with all his queer individualism of character expressed in those criss-crossed limbs and serio-comico lineaments—a memorial just suited to a private mansion; at Westminster Abbey it shocked us by those self-same merits, being, as a sepulchral monument, preposterous, as an ecclesiastical decoration, quite repulsive and improper—save that, perhaps, its caricature style may be thought to harmonize it with the grotesque scroll-work and bizarre images of the gothic edifice around it. We cannot accord the Wilkie statue even this modified praise: if it have any great beauties they must be very recondite, as our utmost penetration could discover none of them. Over his left shoulder Sir David wears an immense cloak (the modern sculptor's recipe to make a figure "classical"!), which falls down upon the ground behind him, exhibiting ordinary costume beneath its folds. Do painters perform their not very clean work in long cloaks? or would such cumbersome paraphernalia facilitate the use of the pencil? Again, this statue stands beside the stump of a tree. Was Sir David a landscape painter? Doubtless supports for the marble mass were needful, but it seems maladroit to have selected as such accessories uncharacteristic of the original—anti-illustrative of his chief pursuits and peculiar genius. Nevertheless, we should overlook these minor blemishes, had the work even one perfection.—*Ath.*

THE CLIMATE OF FRANCE.—M. Fuster states that Gaul, under Julius Cæsar, had a very rigorous climate. The winters were very severe, and of long duration, and the frost so hard that the navigable rivers, including even the rapid Rhône, were frozen hard. The winters sometimes lasted from October to April, when heavy rains accompanied by tempests came on. In the time of Julian, the climate had undergone an extraordinary change; and when the Franks became masters of Gaul, in the 5th century of our era, the climate was still

milder, and the vine, which was unknown under Julius Cæsar, was flourishing even in the most northern parts of the country. The ninth century, says M. Fuster, marked the limits of the change, but the climate remained unaltered to the 12th century. At that time the winters consisted chiefly of rainy weather and storms, and vines grew and flourished in all the northern parts of the territory. The harvest in the north commenced at the end of July, and the vintage at the end of September.—*Ath.*

MELTING OF A WATCH IN THE POCKET OF A MAN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, WITHOUT HIS BEING INJURED.—During a violent thunder-storm, a fishing-boat, belonging to Midyell, in the Shetland Islands, was struck by lightning. The electric fluid came down the mast, which it tore into shivers, and melted a watch in the pocket of a man who was sitting close by the side of the mast, without injuring him. Not only was the man altogether unhurt, but his clothes also were uninjured; and he was not aware of what had taken place, until, on taking out his watch, he found it all fused into one mass.—*Jameson's Journal*.

VALUABLE COINS.—We are informed that the collection of Coins, &c., made by the late Mr. Thomas, a London grocer, and about to be sold by Mr. Christie and Manson, is estimated to be of the value of from £16,000 to £18,000!!

OBITUARY.

W. S. ROSCOE, Esq.—Oct. 31. At Liverpool, aged 61, William Stanley Roscoe, eldest son of the late William Roscoe, Esq.

To his father he in many points of his character bore a strong resemblance, and in none more than in his attachment to literary pursuits, which he displayed at a very early period of his life, and preserved to its close with undiminished ardor. He received the rudiments of his education under Dr. Shepherd, of Gateacre, and afterwards passed some time at the University of Cambridge, as a student of Peterhouse. At that period of his life he studied with great assiduity the classic writers of Greece and Rome, of which he continued the perusal till within a short time of his death. With several of the modern languages Mr. Roscoe was also familiarly conversant, but more particularly with the Italian. Of his poetical genius, which was developed in him at an almost precocious age, the fruits have appeared in a volume of miscellaneous Poems, published a few years since. In the cultivation of this talent he never ceased to find a favorite occupation for his hours of leisure, and, amongst other less voluminous productions, he has left behind him a translation, in blank verse, of Klopstock's *Messiah*, and of the *Api* of Rucellai.

Soon after leaving Cambridge, Mr. Roscoe, though his views were originally directed to the profession of the law, was admitted as a partner into his father's bank, and continued to be connected with that concern until its failure in 1816. This and similar disasters, if he was, unhappy, not qualified to avert, his conscious integrity, his placid temper, and well-regulated mind, enabled him to meet with dignity, and to support with fortitude. During the latter years of his life he held the office of Serjeant-at-mace to the Court of Passage at Liverpool. The health which he had uniformly enjoyed, some months since began to give way. In July

he was advised to try the effects of a change of air, and for this purpose he visited Germany, and thence extended his tour to Switzerland. The hopes which were reasonably entertained from this source, and from the anxious application of the most efficient medical treatment, were destined to be disappointed. On his return home he became gradually weaker, and in perfect resignation to the will of his Creator, he sank without a struggle into the arms of death. Under an exterior somewhat reserved, and great sedateness of manners, his affections in every relation of life were warm and enduring, and by the friends who knew him intimately his memory will be long cherished, and his virtues best appreciated." —(*Athenaeum.*)

REV. JOHN FOSTER.—Oct. 15. At Stapleton, near Bristol, aged 73, the Rev. John Foster.

He was born in Yorkshire, where in early years he attracted the notice of the late Dr. Fawcett, Baptist Minister, of Hebden Bridge. Through his means he entered as a student at the Baptist College in Bristol, where he studied first under the care of Dr. Evans, and afterwards under that of the late Dr. Ryland. After leaving the college he was settled during a period of many years at several places, the last of which was Downend, near Bristol; but the character of his mind not adapting him for the regular exercise of the pastoral office, being such as fitted him rather to a life of meditation, he retired from public engagements, and spent the remainder of his time in literary pursuits in Stapleton, where he resided for the last eighteen or twenty years, only preaching occasionally.

"The well-known character of his various Essays, instinct as they are with an energy of feeling and surpassing vigor of conception, such as at once make the reader feel himself listening to a spirit of pre-eminent powers, makes it unnecessary for us to attempt any lengthened portraiture of his massive intellect. Few writers in the whole range of literature possess in an equal degree the power to touch and set in motion the springs of serious reflection. A closer inspection of his mind convinced those who were admitted to the rare privilege of personal intercourse with him, that those really masterly productions, though much elaborated, were not exhausting efforts, but rather natural specimens of the thoughts and sentiments which habitually dwelt within him. They testify that with a mind profoundly meditative, deeply imbued with 'the powers of the world to come,' and ardently, even to impatience, desirous of the advancement of mankind in freedom, truth, and piety, he united vast stores of knowledge on a great variety of subjects, and an exquisite perception and appreciation of whatever was sublime or beautiful, whether in thought, nature, or art. The same strong principle of benevolence which has tintured his writings with so vehement a hatred of all that tends to make men vicious and miserable, communicated to his conversation and demeanor a kindness, and even gentleness, which could not fail to win for him the love as well as veneration of all who knew him. His piety towards God, and charity towards men, were as deep as they were unostentatious. He was an unaffectedly great and good man." —(*Bristol Mirror.*)

In 1805 he first published his "Essays, in a series of Letters to a Friend, on the following subjects: 1. On a man's writing memoirs of himself. 2. On decision of character. 3. On the applica-

tion of the epithet Romantic. 4. On some of the causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to persons of cultivated taste." These Essays have passed through several editions.

His celebrated friend, the late Robert Hall, bestowed upon them the following just and beautiful eulogium:—"He paints metaphysics, and has the happy art of arraying what in other hands would appear cold and comfortless abstractions in the warmest colors of fancy. Without quitting his argument in pursuit of ornament or imagery, his imagination becomes the perfect handmaid of his reason, ready, at every moment to spread her canvass, and present her pencil. But what affords us the deepest satisfaction is to find such talents enlisted on the side of true Christianity; nor can we forbear indulging a benevolent triumph on the accession to the cause of Evangelical piety of powers which its most distinguished opponents would be proud to possess."

THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS.—With feelings of deep regret we have to record the death of the Marquess of Hastings. The melancholy event took place on Saturday evening, at Southampton, where the Marquess, accompanied by his amiable Marchioness, had but lately arrived from Bournemouth, for the advantage of medical advice. In consequence of indisposition, the Marquess, early in the past month, was, at the recommendation of his physicians, advised to leave Dorrington-park for the Hampshire coast, in the anticipation that a change of air would prove beneficial to his health. Since then his Lordship has continued more or less unwell; and increased symptoms of a serious character induced his removal from Bournemouth to Southampton. The Marchioness, who has constantly attended the noble invalid throughout his illness, is overwhelmed by her bereavement, and it is feared that the shock given to her feelings may injure her health. The late George Augustus Francis Rawdon Hastings, Marquess of Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, Viscount Loudoun, and Baron Botreux, Hungerford, Molines, Hastings, Moels of Cadbury, Newmarch, Peverill, De Hornet, and Rawdon, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; Earl of Moira, county of Down, and Baron Rawdon of Moira, in the Irish Peerage, was second son of Francis, first Marquess, the distinguished Governor-General and Commander-in Chief of India, by Flora-Mure Campbell, in her own right Countess of Loudoun, who died in 1841. He was born on the 4th of Feb. 1808, so that the deceased had not attained his 36th year. On the death of his gallant father, Nov. 28, 1826, whose elder son died an infant, he succeeded to the honors of the family. The late Marquess married, August 1, 1831, Barbara Yelverton, in her own right Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, by whom his Lordship leaves issue a son, Palyn Reginald Serlo, Earl of Rawdon, born June 2, 1832, who of course becomes Marquess of Hastings by his father's death, and, we believe, four youthful daughters. The late Marquess has three sisters surviving him, namely, Lady Sophia Frederica Christina, born February 1, 1809; Lady Selina Constance, born April 15, 1810, and married, June 25, 1838, Captain Charles Henry, 56th Regiment; and Lady Adelaide Augusta Lavinia, born February 25, 1812. The families of Lord and Lady George William Russell, Marquis of Salisbury, Hon. Hamilton Fitzgerald, and many others of distinction, are placed in mourning by the Marquess's demise.—*Court Journal.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

The Enkheiridion of Hehfaistown concerning Metres and Poems. Translated into English, and illustrated by Notes, &c., with Prolegomena on Rhythm and Accent, by J. F. Barham, B. A. Svo, pp. 229. Cambridge, Deightons; London, J. W. Parker.

THE prolegomena are distinguished by learning and astute criticism, well deserving the attention of every classical reader. Even where the author propounds novel and startling views, his data and reasoning must stir up a useful spirit of inquiry; and where we dissent, we must have examined the grounds both for his propositions and our rejection. Such exercises are the best we can imagine for the revival of our rusted knowledge, and restoring us to the early springs of our almost obliterated instruction. For ourselves we can say, it has been quite a delight to us to be borne back by Mr. Barham to the recollection of times when the toil of conquering rhythms, and metres, and accents, was rewarded by partaking the fruits of ancient wisdom, and tasting the sweets of divine poesy. With regard to the treatise of the Alexandrian scholar of the second century, we are of opinion that, for the higher exercise of college, there is hardly a superior work.

And now we have only to mention Mr. Barham's stickling for the olden Greek, instead of transmitted Roman or any other, orthography and orthoepy. He may be perfectly right; but like later correctness in Arabian and Oriental translations, the unaccustomed look of the words is so apt to perplex the eye and mind of the reader, that we fear an absolute dislike to the entire class of literature has been the consequence. We hope it may not be so with the present attempt to enforce propriety and "perispoumens, oxytons, paroxytons, sunekfownehsis, khoriambek, poluskhemhmatista, akatalehkt, Aiolik, trokhaik, daktulik, paiowns, hippoumakteian, brakhukatalehkt, Anakreown, Kallimakhos, Akhilleus, Sofoklehs, Atreidehs, Kuthereia, and hadehs." When we have to puzzle, if only for a few seconds, to recognize the name of an author, or the meaning of a word, it is a great drawback on the ready and necessary understanding of the subject-matter in hand.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Germany.

Theologische Auslegung der Johanneischen Schriften. Von L. F. O. Baumgarten-Crusius. Bd. I. Das Evangelium. Erste Abtheilung, Einleitung und Auslegung von Cap. 1-8. Jena, 1843. (Theological Exposition of the writings of John. By L. F. O. Baumgarten-Crusius. Vol I. The Gospel. First Part, Introduction and Exposition of Cap. 1-8. Jena, 1843.)

The first exegetical work of the Author, now, alas, appears as an *opus posthumum*. The exquisite scholarship, the fine apprehension, the thoroughly independent and peculiar manner of the author, are here clearly evinced, especially in the Introduction. And that a man of so liberal aims, and of so impartial, genuine, historic bearing, places himself decidedly in the ranks of the defenders of the authenticity of the Gospel by John, is certainly a matter of no small consequence.

Zeitschrift Lutherischer Theologie.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. 9 (completion). Edinburgh.

Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Tayler, of Norwich; containing his correspondence with Robert Southey, Esq., and original Letters from Sir Walter Scott and other Eminent Men. Edited by J. W. Robberds, F. G. S. London.

Observations on the Mental State of the Blind, and Deaf and Dumb, suggested by the case of Jane Sullivan, both blind, deaf, dumb, and uneducated. By R. Fowler, M. D. London.

The Land of Israel, according to the Covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. By Alexander Keith, D. D. London.

Essay on the Physiognomy of Serpents. By H. Schlegel, Doctor in Philosophy. Translated by Thomas Stewart Traill, M. D. F. R. S. E. London.

GERMANY.

Die Schriften des Doctors Joh. von Stau-pitz. Von der Liebe Gottes u. vom christlichen Glauben, mit einer kurtzen Lebensbeschreibung desselben versehen von Dr. G. F. G. Goltz. Berlin.

Englische und deutsche Gespräche, nebst e. vergleich. Uebersicht d. Grammatik u. d. Idioms beider Sprachen. Zum Gebrauch beider Nationen, von J. H. Hedley. Leipzig.

A Grammar of the Icelandic or old Norse Tongue, by Erasmus Rask. Translated from the Swedish by Geo. Webbe Dasent. Frankfurt o. M.

DENMARK.

Evangelisk-christelig Postil eller Samling af Prædiken over Evangelierne paa alle sön-og Helligdage i Kirkearit, af E. Mau. Kbhvn.

Den Trankebarske Missions Historie, fortalt af Jo. Ferd. Fenger. Lic. The. Kjøbenh.

FRANCE.

Mélanges philosophiques, littéraires, historiques et religieux par M. P. A. Stapfer, précédés d'une Notice sur l'auteur, par M. A. Vinet. Paris.

De l'éducation populaire et des écoles primaires, considérées dans leurs rapports avec la philosophie du christianisme, par M. Prosper Dumont, ouvrage couronné par l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. Paris.

Mon tour du lac Léman, raconté à mes enfans, par M. N. Roussel. Paris.

REPLY TO E. LITTELL.

(Will all who see this do me the favor to read it, as a defence of defamed character?)

FROM my aversion to controversy, I abstained from saying anything in my January number which might be considered offensive: but when character and reputation are assailed, it becomes every man's duty to defend them. Especially is this incumbent when, as in the present case, there are insinuations as to the *profession* to which I have the honor and happiness to belong—insinuations which can but recoil on the author of them.

I shall say nothing, particularly, of E. L.'s appeal to the *sympathy* of the public—of his *very generous* offer to deduct *ten or fifteen cents*, (the postage which any may have paid,) from the year's subscription of those who will return the first number of the *Magazine*—nor of his dignified and very *moral* assurance to those who receive the *Magazine*, that they will “not be under any obligation to pay for it.”

Nor shall I, at present at least, enter at length into the history of the case, which would overwhelmingly upset the whole of his appeal. Allow me, simply, to say that a great portion of that appeal is *not true*, and that the whole implication of the thing is *false*. Any persons disposed to trouble themselves so far, can easily be satisfied where the *truth and the right lie*.

Let it be noted, that his appeal consists wholly of his *own averments*; and of the untruth of some of them, the reader himself can convict him, by a reference to page 3 of my January cover, and to the “*notice!*” sent with it.

But, why does E. L. thus thrust himself before the public? Is he the owner of the Eclectic Museum? Some persons would be glad to know the fact if he is, or has any interest in it. If he has not concealed his ownership from his creditors, Beaton Smith, and not E. Littell, was the owner when the contract to which he has referred was made and signed; or at all events, was so represented by B. Smith and himself.

But I haste to a brief reply, leaving any full history of the case for future publication, if events should require it. I refer to his paragraphs in order.

1. The “large and well established list,” of which E. L. speaks, consisted of about

1,200 names to a work then *suspended* for seven months, of which some 600 withdrew. Some 8 or 900 had also been sold to agents.

2. The “conditions of the union” are not truly stated: and he has falsely represented the contracts, by suppressing important parts of the contents, and especially by concealing the fact that the union was formed in contemplation of a *partnership* distinctly agreed upon, but which E. L. himself refused to consummate.

3. What is said about my “setting up a claim to the list, etc.,” does not state the *whole truth*, and of course, makes a false impression.

4. The “very small sum” I offered for *his* interest, was considered by my friends and counsel, a perfect *gratuity* on my part, and so will it be considered by all, when the truth is known.

5. The “proposal by a friend” (which friend was B. Smith, the real or professed owner of this same list) to say what *I* would give or take,—for this was the proposal—was an unfair one, not only because I had assumed heavy responsibilities (the whole responsibility) and had incurred large expenses on that year, which were yet to be met, to a great extent; but because they made no such offer themselves on their part.

6. I did submit, to the letter, to “the decision of the Arbitrators,” as you will see proved below, and had I not been prevented by E. L. himself, should have executed it.

7. What is said about the reference to Chancellor Kent and Rev. A. Barnes, *is not true*. I here copy Mr. Littell's proposal made in writing: “I will refer the matter already decided by the Arbitrators to Chancellor Kent; provided that, when the decision shall have been made, *the whole list shall at once become the property of one party or the other*.” i. e., should he decide as the Arbitrators, that the *list must be sold*, then the *whole* was to become at once, the property of E. L. or B. Smith. My friends said, “No man should place himself in that situation; and with your responsibilities, he having none whatever, it is a shameless proposal. It is an unjust position and an unrighteous request.” But mark! I did immediately write to E. Littell as fol-

lows: "I am now willing, as I ever have been, to refer the whole matter to Chancellor Kent, and to abide by his decision as to our properties and rights; and I will be at the expense of the reference." I also offered, feeling so confident of Chancellor Kent's decision, to give E. L. \$100 more than I otherwise should, if Chancellor Kent should decide as the Arbitrators had done.

8. What he says about the Magazine having been "announced as a continuation of the Eclectic Museum, and distributed as such," is absolutely false, as the Magazine itself, and the notices accompanying it, will show. And in respect to the other assertions of that same paragraph, they will appear *very different* when the facts are known. As to the imitation, the decision of the Vice Chancellor, and the appended attestations of the auctioneer and others, will set that right.

9. "The purchaser of the list made affidavit"—He was *not at the sale*: and his agent, who was, made *no affidavit*.

10. What I answered, "under oath, that I had not sold the subscription list under the decision of the arbitrators, but under an entirely new agreement," I re-affirm: and the attestations below will prove the truth of the affirmation. I did *not*, in my answer, make oath "that the purchaser of the list had promised, by two gentlemen" (viz. E. Littell, and the agent of the purchaser) "not to interfere with the publication of Mr. Agnew's Eclectic Magazine," but that they assured me he would not interfere with *my work*. They both well knew my publication was about to be issued, and here is a trickish play upon the words *Ec. Magazine*. One of these "two gentlemen," I am persuaded, cannot testify contrary to all others who were present, and *he has not*. As to "Mr. Agnew's letters" to prove the contrary of his oath, let the public see them entire. I know what they are, and am willing they should be published.

11. "Mr. Agnew will be stopped." This, I presume, is intended to embarrass my accounts with subscribers: but let them understand that we feel *firm, and are entirely without apprehension on this score*.

(3rd page of cover of E. L.'s Museum.)

12. "The Vice Chancellor," says Mr. Littell, "did not undertake to decide what were the conditions of the sale." This makes a false impression. He did dissolve the injunction, because, as he said, "the evidence as to the conditions of the sale, and these proposed by E. L. himself, was such as to make it clear that there was reserved, to either of the parties which might fail to buy, THE RIGHT to issue such a work as Mr. Agnew has, and send it to the subscribers, and that in so doing Mr. Agnew has not imposed on the public, nor violated any right."

13. The next paragraph is not true. Our readers, by referring to what I have said "on the cover" of the January No., will perceive that I have not "stated as the decision

of the arbitrators," what I have there stated. The arbitrators are not mentioned in the whole paragraph, and my meaning will be apparent to all, who read this brief "Reply."

14. What is said of the Vice Chancellor's "not doubting that, when the contract was made, it was the intention of the parties, on its dissolution, to sell the *whole right*," leads me to believe that the gentleman has not taken accurate, if any, notes of what the V. Chancellor did say. He said that "it was no doubt the original intention of the parties to do this, on the dissolution of THE PARTNERSHIP intended to be formed," and which E. L. declined forming. This I grant. This I have always believed. And even on the dissolution of our late "connexion," in which E. L. was a clerk on a salary, I proceeded to sell "*the whole right*," and was prevented by E. Littell, as the testimony below will show.

15. What he says of my "imposing my work on subscribers to the Museum, as a continuation," is utterly false. Directly *the reverse* is true, as the Vice Chancellor himself remarked, saying, that "Mr. Agnew had taken sufficient pains to inform the public that it was *not the same work*." Besides the large name on the cover-title, and what is said on the 3d page of January No., of the *Museum's having passed out of my hands*, the very language about continuation, viz., "it will *answer as*," shows that it is not the continuation. See, also, the "Notice!" sent out with the numbers and published in several newspapers: "We wish it distinctly understood by all, that we do not publish the 'Eclectic Museum,' nor do we profess to publish that work, nor *the continuation thereof*."

Let this suffice.

J. H. AGNEW.

Testimony.

We the undersigned—being the only persons who were present at the sale, except E. Littell, E. W. Dunham, Agent of the purchaser of the *Museum*-list, and J. H. Agnew—do hereby declare, as we have already under oath, that Mr. Agnew proceeded to sell the list of the Eclectic Museum, without any reservations, according to the award of the arbitrators,—that it was thus sold, and bought by J. F. Trow, another party than E. Littell's; that E. Littell then declared to J. F. Trow, the purchaser, "that he had only bought a list, and that he, having the books, would furnish him a copy. That the GOOD WILL was not sold, and that he and his party would go on to publish a like work, and send it to all the subscribers to the Eclectic Museum, and get all they could of them." Mr. Trow then refused to take the property, and the auctioneer decided that it was no sale, that Mr. Trow could not be bound by his bid. Whereupon Mr. Littell and the agent of that party withdrew for a minute; then returned, and Mr. Littell proposed, "that there should be a second sale on these conditions, viz., that the list contained in the mail books and

the old title shall be sold, without the good will, and with the understanding that the party which failed to purchase, should be at liberty to publish a like work, and send it to all the subscribers, and get all of them they could. This was agreed to, the sale thus conducted, and the old title bought by E. W. Dunham, agent for Dr. J. S. Bartlett, who himself was not present at the sale, and of course did not know the facts.

J. W. MASON,
JOHN F. TROW,
GEO. A. LEAVITT.

Affidavit of the Auctioneer.

Josiah Richards, of the city of New-York, one of the firm of Bangs, Richards & Platt, auctioneers in the said city, being duly affirmed, deposes and says that he is the auctioneer by whom the sale of the name and title of the "Eclectic Museum" was conducted.

That the offer was made by this deponent as auctioneer to sell the subscription list of the subscribers to the said Eclectic Museum and the name and title thereof—that the highest sum was offered by John F. Trow, and the same was struck down to him as such highest bidder.

That immediately thereupon and before the sale was definitively closed, a question arose whether the good will of the said periodical, so as to prevent or hinder either party from publishing any work they pleased by a different title, and from soliciting the subscriptions of the persons named in the said list, in any manner thought proper, was included in the said offer for sale and bidden for by the said Trow.

That it was then distinctly stated, and especially by Eliakim Littell, that such good will was not sold, nor authorized nor agreed to be sold, or words to that effect, and that he and his friends intended and should go on to publish a similar work, and send it to

the subscribers named in the list, and endeavor to obtain therefor all of the subscribers that could be obtained.

That the said Trow represented that he had not so understood the offer, and thereupon the said sale and purchase was relinquished, with the concurrence of all the parties, upon the *distinct understanding* that another offer of sale should be made by this deponent, which should *not include the good will* of the said periodical or list of subscribers thereto, but **ONLY** the name or title of the work, together with the mail books containing the names of all persons who were theretofore subscribers thereto—and that upon such second offer, the said John F. Trow and Edward W. Dunham bid as before, and the highest sum bidden was offered by the said E. W. Dunham, and the same was struck down to him for John S. Bartlett, for whom he acted.

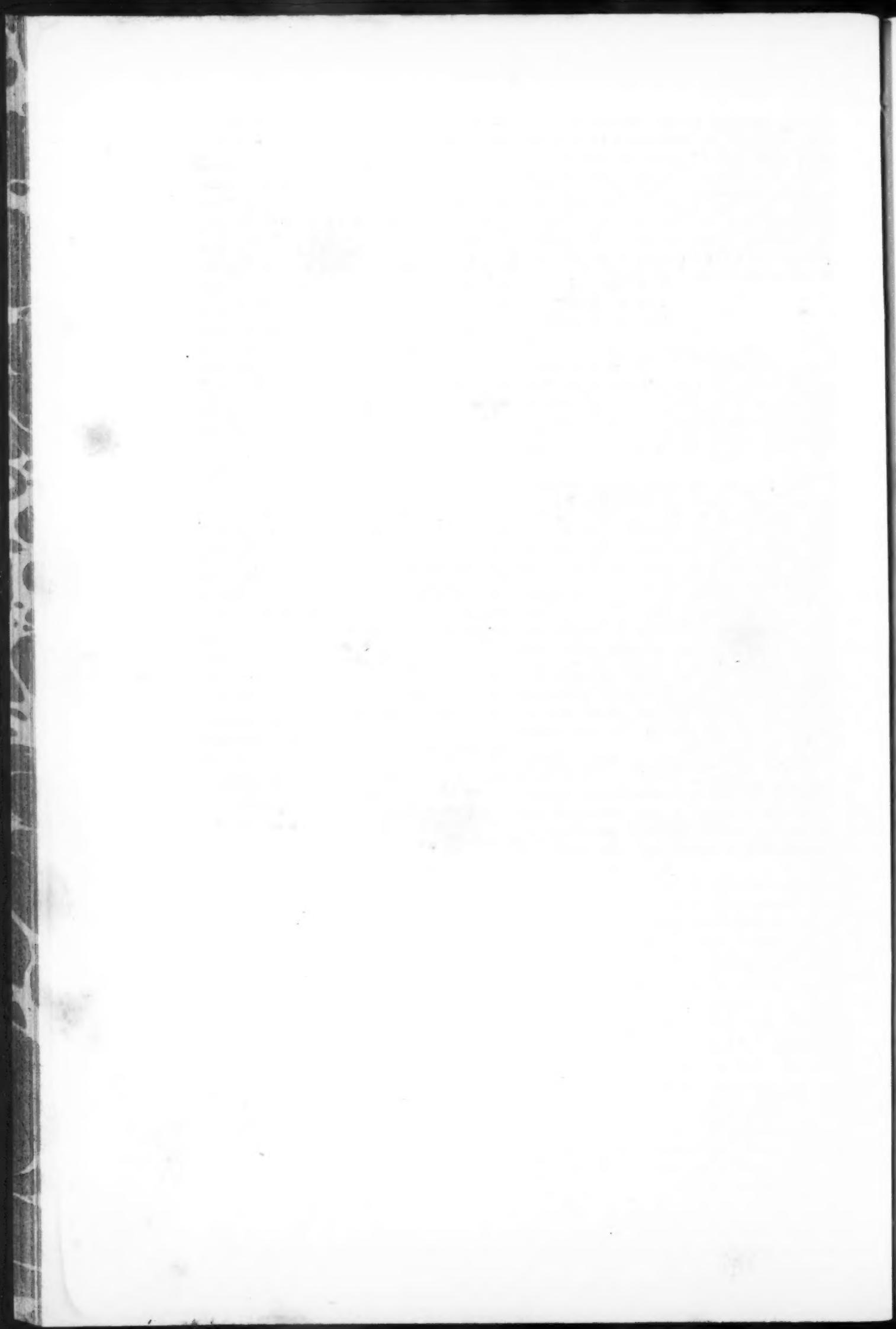
And this deponent further says, that it was *distinctly understood* at the time of the said second offer for sale, that both parties intended to publish a similar work, and obtain all the subscribers thereto in their power, and the said sale was *not to hinder nor prevent the party, failing to purchase, from using any other name than the "Eclectic Museum," or from obtaining any subscriptions in his power from any persons, whether included in said list or not.*

That the cover or embellishments of the cover, or the plate thereof, nor any or either of them, were in any manner sold or authorized or agreed to be sold, nor in any manner offered at such sale.

And that the said Edward W. Dunham, the agent of the said complainant, was present, and fully aware of all the terms and conditions and reservations of said sale.

JOSIAH RICHARDS,

Affirmed, January 6, 1844, before me,
J. N. CUSHMAN, Com. of Deeds.



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